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MANY MINDS

WORKS BY
MAURICE
HUTTON

Many Minds
The Greek Point
of View

HODDER AND
STOUGHTON
Ltd., London

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MANY MINDS

By MAURICE HUTTON

Author of "The Greek Point of View"

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE papers in this volume were originally composed either as popular lectures to miscellaneous audiences in Ontario *λόγοι προτρεπτικοί*, or *λόγοι ἠθικοί*, or *λόγοι μαιεμτικοί*, as an older sophist of Greece υ? would have called them: or—in other cases—as lectures to University societies, authors' societies and the like in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa: or, in the third case, were printed in the periodical called "The University Magazine," which represented in its day the Universities of Dalhousie and McGill and Toronto.

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POPULAR LECTURES

AT the inauguration half a century ago of one of the minor English Universities, " Ladies and Gentlemen," began the Founder, pointing proudly to two young gentlemen fresh from Oxford and to two Cambridge men a trifle more mature, " here I offer you a University eddication free of cost."

The University of Toronto in somewhat the same fashion is wont to send out, on Friday evenings, members of its staff to deliver popular lectures in the various cities, towns and villages of Ontario.

On such occasions it is obvious to anyone who will reflect a moment that the audience cannot be treated in the high-handed fashion recommended once by the Master of an Oxford College to a youthful and conscientious extension lecturer, who was finding it hard to hold his hearers. " What concessions, Master, must I make to the limitations of the audience ? " asked a youthful economist. The answer was unexpectedly emphatic : " Damn the audience."

We in Ontario dare not do so ; we humour them generally ; which means that we attempt to impart humour even into the subject of economics or even into more serious subjects.

A single instance will illustrate sufficiently and is taken from my own experience. After I had endeavoured to sketch the ancient Roman, the ancient Greek, etc., to a small Ontario country town of Scotch origin and had received the customary vote of thanks, I was asked to convey a message to my colleague due on the following Friday. " Will you kindly tell Dr. Blank that this village likes its subjects handled humorously." "Certainly," I said, "and what is his subject?" "The creation of the world."

A large portion of the book that follows is taken from the exercises of these flamboyant Fridays, so to speak; a smaller portion from the sinister Saturdays that succeeded them: when, I mean, suffering from the reaction, one spoke in more serious fashion than usual to one's usual students in University College.

It is already clear that popular lecturing itself invites a popular lecture "handled humorously." I can only skirt the fringes of a fruitful theme, confining myself to my own entertainments and those of my familiar friends and colleagues.

When I was first imported into Canada from Oxford fifty years ago, a babe and suckling thrown into the midst of the wise after the flesh and the children of this world who are more prudent in their generation than the children of Oxford, I was sent to a mercantile centre to introduce "The Women of Greece."

I did my best and waited for the reporters' verdict. My friends painfully and earnestly sought to keep the next morning's papers from me; but I outwitted them and found a passage which then and afterwards brought me such enlightenment and such entertainment as often sweeten these intellectual gymnastics. "The lecturer's delivery," I read, "was monotonous and his accent distressingly Oxonian; but the subject-matter unexpectedly turned out to be not without interest."

After fifty years the subject-matter remains the same; but in the other qualities there has been time, I believe, for some improvement.

Other places helped to rub in these useful and needed lessons. At Niagara Falls (Canadian side) I once trod upon the toes of an Irish reporter by my lecture on Roman, Greek, etc.; he said quite fairly that it should have been called rather a lecture on Rome, Athens, London and Paris; but he began his report with more vivacity. "Professor Hutton lectured here last night, if reading in a monotonous voice from MSS. can be called a lecture; however, his accent was less unpleasant than that of Professor Z., who preceded him last week and who was understood to say, after George Eliot, that 'Jyne was in the cowl-house'; (Professor Z. had come to us from London.) The morning papers contained this criticism, but a later morning's paper criticized the critic: "I have looked up 'lecture' in a dictionary," wrote "Working Man," "and I read 'a reading from MSS.'"

The reporters of those days were more vivacious than those of to-day. One of them introduced me in happy fashion somewhat as follows: "The polished head of University College lectured here last night"; those who were present appreciated the mot. A similar reporter in the mercantile centre recorded above wrote in a similar vein of a colleague: "From such of the remarks of the reverend gentleman as percolated to us through his beard we gathered," etc.; or, again from Niagara Falls, where the roar of the cataract makes distinct enunciation necessary: "Many of the learned lecturer's remarks missed us and went astray in his whiskers."

Of course the humours of these evenings were much increased by casual circumstance. It was my fate to deliver the long screed on the Roman, etc., for the first time and when the ink was hardly dry in a manufacturing centre, which turned out with extraordinary keenness; the whole population seemed to be present—men, women and large numbers of innocent children. I was taken aback and astonished, but waded through the luminous-voluminous record with such speed as was possible, when I had to stick closely to the text. When I had finished, to my own relief and every one's, I was greeted with a vote of thanks which has remained embedded for forty years in my memory. "Next Friday," said the chairman (I know his name but willingly forget it), "we are to have Dr. Blank, who, I am thankful to say, does not use notes." This was the same Dr. Blank who was to handle humorously the creation of the world: what notes indeed would have served him?

The chairman's views of "notes" is still the prevalent view, though it is not universal, and would have been fatal to much literature: to Newman's sermons, for example.

At Paris (Ontario) I remember gratefully that I stayed with a cultivated artist, who put in a word for me (and for Newman). "If you knew," he said to a malcontent and critic, "what a comfort it is to me to sit under a man, who will never hem and haw, and lose himself and repeat himself, but go on without turning a hair, turning only leaves, to the bitter and better end, to the haven desired by all, you would not talk so much nonsense, nor—hear so much."

Of course the ideal method is to have your MS. all written out fully in front of you, but to know it all by heart; but this ideal is only reached honestly and without unprofitable exertion when the lecture is in constant and almost continuous demand, and has been given to the public, say, in its seventieth edition, or has been forgiven to the lecturer even unto seventy times seven.

This was almost my fortune at one time with the often quoted "Roman." It was competing, quite vainly, with a lamented colleague's "Water-babies." The babies had reappeared three hundred times; the "Roman" had only reached his seventy-fifth metempsychosis when my colleague's demise ended the unequal rivalry. Since then the "Roman" with no new world to conquer has largely rested in camp, waiting for other barbarian babes to fight; but the babes—like the Christianity which is based upon them—dominated the civilization of pagan Rome.

Sometimes I was the unwilling and unwitting agent of matrimonial triumphs and of a husband setting down his wife: "There, my dear, you see I was right; you have been advocating an Athenæum for this village all this time. Professor Hutton lectured last night for an hour and a quarter and said 'Athenian' a score of times and never once 'Athenæum.'"

Sometimes a personal triumph wasted away on further inquiry. I lectured at Morrisburg and was accompanied by the whirr of skates upon the ice of an adjoining rink. My audience contained one man with a large number of ladies; I thanked my one faithful ally (for whom I was minded as before and since to open the lecture "Ladies and Mr. X.). "Sir," said his wife softly to me, "he is not only lame but stone-deaf."

Occasionally I have been subjected to the chequered experience of being helped out by another and almost simultaneous entertainment. When I had exhausted half the ancient Roman once at Dunnville or some place in that vicinity I was invited to sit down and take breath for a time, while a capable and excellent singer revived the audience for a further effort of listening to me.

I was not ungrateful, knowing what I knew, that some of my colleagues at Collingwood had been sandwiched for the same reason with nigger minstrelsy.

It goes without saying that the chairman often on these occasions, as at all lectures, furnishes the comedy or the tragedy of the evening. One of my colleagues in history was sent a few months after the outbreak of "The Great War" to lecture at a hamlet on the shore of Lake Simcoe. The chairman, a local politician, took the chair at 8.15 p.m., and at 9.15 was still pointing out to the audience how much Sir Edward Grey had been helped in unravelling the twisted skein of European diplomacy by the experience which he had acquired as Governor-

General of Canada. Canada, he pointed out truly, has more politics to the square inch and more square inches for politics than almost any other country on the face of this earth. My colleague was left with only thirty minutes in which to develop his ideas of the sources of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy. Nor was it only the chairman who sometimes added to the humour of these occasions; occasionally it was the local pastor when he gave board and lodging to the itinerant lecturer. I remember one of these hospitable clergymen who prayed "for the stranger who is within our gates that the Lord, to whom all things are possible, may touch even his lips with fire, so that his words may not merely instruct but edify and inspire, and may confirm the church."

The indulgence of the audience often helped us out. One of us once with professorial absence of mind left his MS. in a railway carriage when he had occasion to change from one railway line to another; he arrived at his destination without the proper ammunition. But did he fail? Far from it; never had he achieved, never had any of us achieved a greater *succès d'estime.* The audience providentially was made up of the pupils of a ladies' college. My colleague, providentially again, had his dress suit with him; providentially for the third and fourth time he was a fine-looking man, and best of all he wore a monocle. He put on the dress suit, he adjusted the monocle and he held a reception of the young ladies. Never has a lecture before or since gone so well.

At other times the success and joy of these entertainments has been reaped later after many days. I took up some years ago, for example, the subject of Lewis Carroll; it seemed to go all right, but the real triumph of the lecture was withheld for many months, and only came to me in fact the other day from a young woman in the Public Library at Toronto. She confided to me how a dear old lady—since dead, God rest her soul—had come to the Library and said: "I have heard that Professor Hutton is to lecture on Lewis Carroll; I suppose I ought to read *Alice*." *Alice* was given her. Within twenty-four hours *Alice* was returned. As she slammed her down on the desk she said: "I thought I had to read this book; I took; I have read it from cover to cover; there is not one word of sense in it."

And yet I should give a very different impression from that which I ought to give, and should unduly emphasize an unfortunate experience of Professor Huxley's, if I handled this theme of popular lecturing humorously and humorously only.

Professor Huxley has somewhere recorded how he was facing in some despondency one day a popular audience, when his eye caught a responsive look in a bright and feminine eye. "Come," he said to himself, "I can venture to talk about the cerebellum even to these people; there is one intelligent eye at least among them"; and he ventured and talked the subject out. At the close, and after the vote of thanks, the owner of the intelligent eyes came forward with profuse thanks. "There is only one small question, Professor, I should like to ask; I did not quite gather from your charming lecture whether the cerebellum is in the head or in the feet."

I, on the contrary, have never known an occasion, however unpromising, when I have not profited as well as preached, and learned as well as taught; and not merely those lessons of accent and delivery already noticed,—much more serious lessons. At the little village of Ayr I found an interested and interesting critic in the local minister, later to become my friend in St. Andrews (Scotland) and in Toronto—Mr. Thomson. He not only contributed some bon mots which seemed to me to illuminate the subject of ancient Rome, but he gave me the first information I had received of that quaint speculation which finds negro blood to be the source of the character of the

Romans. I have always known, I repeat, that no man who has faith, hope and charity can try popular lecturing without finding profit therein; he will find appreciation and knowledge to interest him in the most unlikely places.

One of my colleagues, e.g., lectured on Shakespeare in Madoc, a small and very hard-worked community in an out-of-the-way mining quarter of Ontario. The whole population was present, every one but the overdriven driver of the local bus, and he was absent unwillingly. "I apologize, boss," he said next morning, "for not being at the lecture; it was splendid and I hated missing it; but the missus was bound to be there, and I had to mind the baby." At Madoc a lecture was a real relief and refreshment. There was neither bridge nor cinema nor skating carnival to dispute the right of way; and the audience was in proportion much better attuned to Shakespeare, and much more fully repaid the accomplished lecturer.

His mind may even turn regretfully to Madoc when he is confronting his own students; some of these, especially the young women, attend but do not attend, to speak after the manner of the Athenian. They are out not so much for a degree, B.A. or B.A.D. (Baccalaurea Artis Domesticæ), though they may reach one, not being fools by any means, still less for knowledge and thought, as for those weekly, nay nightly dances, for which a modern University seems to furnish an unwilling, unwitting occasion. Some of them, it may safely be assumed, will be like Hippoclides: *ἀποϱχήσονται τὸν γάμον·* they will dance away their marriage.

CHAPTER I

THE MIND OF HERODOTUS

(1) HERODOTUS is called the "Father of History"; dubitative persons, full of scruples and misgivings, prefer to call him the "Father of Lies." Naturally; for history is the statement of facts about past events or persons, and, if its facts are not so, it is a series of lies; but there is nothing so difficult to discover as a fact about past events, except facts about persons past or present; these are past all discovery. Herodotus knew this; he starts out, therefore, with a maxim absolutely abhorrent to the more credulous and thoughtless persons who have fancied themselves historians since his day: "it is not my business to believe what I hear, it is my business to report it."

(2) But he was saved from writing lies solely or chiefly by another element in his nature more fortunate than his passion for reporting; he was not an historian only, but a poet. He looked at persons and events in the large; he saw men and facts in masses; he generalized life and history.

(3) And this brings me to a new point: I have said Herodotus was a poet as well as an historian. I now say he was an historian, also; for the true historian, as we well know, does not write much of accessions, coronations, royal births and deaths and marriages, wars and rumours of war, campaign and march and countermarch, laws and lawyers, but of what people in the mass said and thought; of their religion and ideals of life, of their habits, their habit even, their general make-up. Measured by this

standard, Herodotus is the truer historian than Thucydides.

(4) Then why are they so misjudged ? The reason is near at hand : we are living under democracy, the government of the man in the street ; and this is well enough, but something follows which is not well : we allow ourselves to think that great men do not count ; that whatever happens is due to the average man and the spirit of the age ; comes from the general stream of tendencies which make the age ; from far-reaching impersonal laws ; from fate. So with Thucydides ; he also lived under a democracy and believed in fate ; in commercial forces, political forces, geographical forces, not in the real influence of individuals.

This is a scientific view, and, therefore, Thucydides is called a scientific historian, and, in this sense, Herodotus is not a scientific historian ; he is so fond of human character in the individual—I seem to be contradicting what I said before, that he saw men and women in masses, but it is not really the opposite. I mean that he loved human nature in the mass and in the individual, and always preferred to speak of men and women rather than of impersonal tendencies and forces, of nationality and geography—therefore when he speaks of a war he tells you the gossip about it, the interesting personal quarrel which put a match to the kindling wood, rather than the larger and less personal forces which were the fuel maintaining the flame.

(5) But even here he is not so unphilosophic as people fancy ; for, after all, individuals, especially kings, queens, and courtiers, were not always so helpless as they are to-day ; they used to have power, and to make war for their own opinions without their people's consent, even as to-day the peoples or the newspapers make wars without their rulers' consent ; the latter are only rulers and kings, so they have to follow. " Quicquid delirant Achivi

plectuntur reges," said the witty German yesterday. So much the less reproach, then, to Herodotus for telling us of the personal trifles out of which wars arose. So much the more credit to him that, in that age, when kings and courtiers counted for so much, he has written so much of ordinary men and women.

(6) Take an illustration of his love for personal causes: the Persian war was traceable in part to the Greek physician Democedes, who lived in gilded slavery, as he called it, in Persia. Unable to return home, like a wise man he went to the Sultana, whom he had cured of cancer,—surgery was something in those days,—and told her, if she wanted to repay him, to persuade the Sultan to make war on Greece. She did so; she told the Sultan she must have some Greek tirewomen; they were even then the best hairdressers and the most ladylike ladies' maids in the world.

(7) Now here I have stumbled on a feature in Herodotus which I cannot defend, though I can defend a good deal: he reports this whole conversation between the Sultan and Sultana in the small hours of the night as though he were an American reporter stowed away beneath the royal four-poster. "What is truth?" is so hard a question. Herodotus did not think it involved verbal accuracy in details; he did think that the use of the imagination in details brought the central fact more home to the mind; he was, after all, hardly farther from the truth than Dr. Johnson in his reports of the Parliamentary debates of his age.

(8) Let us get a little closer to our historian's character, and, in his own spirit, become more personal. Herodotus, like all men frank, simple, and straightforward, is very fond of talking of himself: of the things he has seen, the places he has been to, the persons he has met, the stories he believes and the stories he does not believe, the ideas he approves and the ideas he reprobates.

(9) As to the extent of his travels, he is charged with lying. This is a more serious form of lying than the other lying, which was merely the permission of a vivid imagination, and natural to the historians and reporters of old. It is asserted that he confounds an island with a city; that he claims to have been in Egyptian Thebes, yet never mentions its labyrinth, though he has made much of a smaller labyrinth elsewhere. It is said, even more ungraciously, that when he says he will not mention a god for religious reasons, it is only because he does not know what god to mention; for he has already mentioned half a dozen times the same unmentionable god; it is said that when he likens the language of the Egyptians to "the twittering of birds," he convicts himself of never having heard much of it; rather, of course, he convicts his commentator of criminal dullness. The "twittering of birds" is, of course, a Greek phrase, like our "double Dutch." Herodotus means only that Egyptian was like "double Dutch" to the natives of Epirus; and now it is in order for the same commentator to prove to me that Egyptian is not in the least like Dutch. It is said, finally, that he implies a visit to Babylon; and that yet his mistakes about statues, temples, and town walls prove that he was never there.

Some of these charges look true. I am afraid Herodotus *has* magnified his travels and has seen in his book some things he never saw in his body, and has been to places where he was not; but I venture to assert that no case has been made out against him of lying deliberately and wilfully where anything serious was at stake; or of bearing false witness against any state or individual, Aeginetans or others.

(10) One ancient writer has written about his cynicism (*κακοήθεια*). It is kindly, genial cynicism, a pleasant spice of acidity in his overflowing tolerance and good humour,—the result as much as the cause of his tolerance. For instance, about the siege of

Troy, some people said that Helen never went to Troy, because it is incredible that the Trojans would have suffered ten years' siege and ten years' hardship all for one little woman. They would have surrendered her long before the end, and so Herodotus thinks. That seems a rather cynical and unimaginative argument; but, after all, it is a matter of opinion. It is echoed by modern historians: by Mr. Grote and Mr. Payne Knight.

Here is another amusing passage of mild cynicism. The Persian war was in part the result of ancient quarrels. Herodotus' theory of them is very picturesque and personal: If you want to know why East and West have never agreed, says Herodotus, the answer is simple, *cherchez la femme.* First of all, some Phœnicians stole Io, while she was incautiously cheapening trinkets on the beach; then some Greeks landed at Tyre and stole Europa; these would be Cretans (interpolates Herodotus, demurely); this was only tit for tat, *ἴσα πρὸς ἴσα*; but after this the Greeks began it again and stole Medea; and then Paris, to equalize matters, ran away with Helen. So far, continues the historian, quoting Persian opinion, not much harm had been done, but from this point Greece was grievously to blame. She collected a vast armada to recover the lost princess. Now, to carry off young ladies is wicked, but to worry about those carried off is worse than wicked —it is silly; for manifestly, if they had not liked it, they would not have been carried off. And so— we are to understand—the patient, philosophic East had taken no account of its light women stolen, but the childish, feverish, restless Western mind vexed itself even then, as ever it vexes itself still, about trifles.

Parts of that argument are rather cynical, rather suggestive of Gibbon, of whom it was said that he never failed in human sympathy except when some young woman was being deceived. It is not quite self-evident that the princesses all wanted to be carried off; it is, perhaps, an illusion of masculine vanity. All literature has been hitherto an unconscious conspiracy against one side of the truth, the woman's side; but it is exploded now, that conspiracy, and to-day we are shooting skywards among the fragments thereof.

(11) I say that Herodotus perhaps misunderstands Io and Europa, but when he understands a woman —and even that is not beyond his powers—no one is more kindly. He has as keen an eye for the witchery of childhood. A certain Corinthian innocent, whose father's name was Eagle, was marked out for massacre by the local Herod; but the child providentially smiled upon its murderer, and he, too pitiful to slay, passed it on and on and on, till it came back to the mother, who hid the child in a chest, and he survived and was called "Chester" and became a mighty king and put his enemies under his feet, that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake, saying:

> "An Eagle is with child; the child, a lion,
> Shall loose men's knees and be a soul of iron.
> Beware, all Corinth! Mark, all ye who dwell
> By her fair cliff and frowning citadel."

This is one of the charms of Herodotus' work; it bears the spirit of the Old Testament. He is living in the midst of prophecies which every one knows and repeats and waits to see verified, which often, therefore, verify themselves.

(12) His own attitude to such things is thoroughly characteristic, thoroughly natural. He has no cut-and-dried system; he is full of inconsistencies like the rest of us; he has all the moods and fancies, which pass in turn, according to circumstances, across the average mind. Every shade of religious emotion —doubt, caution, disbelief, belief—is mirrored in his history and woven side by side into the same page,

even as they blend into one another in the same twenty-four hours of most men's lives; he believes, that is, or he disbelieves, according to the prophet or according to the mood. And so with regard to oracles. When Herodotus finds the prophet Bacis saying that "after Athens has been destroyed, Divine Justice shall quench Masterful Satiety, the son of Insolence; and the son of Cronos is bringing on the day of liberty for Greece," he is satisfied at once that there is something in oracles, and he will neither disbelieve himself nor suffer others to do so. And yet, conversely, when he is told that the oracle of Dodona of the oak tree was established by two black doves arriving from Egypt and speaking with human voice, he is perfectly incredulous. He is of opinion that two Egyptian priestesses arrived and founded the oracle. They were swarthy and therefore were called black. Any lady may properly be termed a dove. Their language was at first gibberish to the natives, and therefore was called bird-twittering or bird language. When the women had learned the local dialect, the natives said that the doves now spake with a human voice, and so the whole fable of the black doves originated in the use of simple metaphors.

In other words, Herodotus is perfectly frank and natural; and yet, or and therefore, perfectly devout, entirely anxious neither to abdicate his own reason, on the one hand, nor yet to speak lightly of dignitaries and of sacred things, on the other,—a god-fearing man, who does not think that the god he fears requires him to be a fool.

(13) But let us return to his kindliness; his large tolerance is of the essence of his character. Herodotus is always charitable, even to his rivals,—the uttermost test of charity. There was a rival historian somewhat his senior, Hecatæus of Miletus, and the worst shaft he permits himself to aim at him is a little Voltairean satire: "When Hecatæus the his-

torian was in Egypt constructing a pedigree for himself and tracing himself back to a god, the sixteenth in ascent above him, the priests of Zeus in Thebes did for him what they also did for me, who had no family tree to construct; they showed him three hundred and forty-five statues of human father and son in succession, and argued from them that for three hundred and forty-five generations no god had appeared on earth." In another passage he permits himself to say that he laughs when he sees "somebody's" maps. "Somebody" is supposed to be Hecatæus.

One who bears so lightly on the foibles even of a rival is naturally indulgent to all other men. A certain Delphian, to oblige the Spartans, took a bowl for holy water, presented by Crœsus to the temple, and engraved upon it an inscription recording Sparta as the donor. Herodotus knows his name, but will not mention it. A certain Samian detained the property of an unfortunate Persian nobleman impaled by Xerxes. Herodotus knows *his* name, but willingly forgets it. The Egyptians were the first to discover the immortality of the human soul and its transmigration after death into the body of one of the lower animals, its passage thence into other creatures of earth, air and water, and its return after three thousand years into human shape. Some Greeks, both in ancient and recent times, have claimed this doctrine as their own discovery. Herodotus has *their* names upon his list, but does not record them.

The same indulgence shows itself in the wider field of national shortcomings. The state of Argos had been accused by her neighbours of coquetting with Persia. Herodotus is content to give the Argive version, and the neighbourly version, and to conclude as follows: "I know this much, that if all men were to bring together each people its own grievances into one place, wishing to exchange them for the grievances of others, each people would be glad, after looking at their neighbours' grievances, to take back their own; so Argos is not the worst offender."

(14) As a poet he naturally demands poetic justice, something juster than the justice of this world; and so he improves the occasion, as we say, and adds to the dramatic effect of his history—which is, after all, a drama more than a bald history—by introducing characters and scenes, the historical reality of which is open to serious, question: e.g. there is Crœsus of Lydia; "he thought himself the happiest of mankind," says Herodotus, "and therefore I imagine came to sorrow." And therefore Herodotus is careful to keep alive this discrowned king, this living instance of the vanity of riches and power, long after his fall, in order to preach this moral. He is the chorus in Herodotus' drama, a King Lear, a tragedy king. So, and in the same vein, Herodotus tells us of the death of Cyrus on the battlefield. He ought to have died so. This is Herodotus' thought; and therefore that version of his death which makes him die so is to Herodotus the most reasonable version. The historian Xenophon conversely says that he died in his bed; it is most possible, most probable. That is how things happen in this prosaic world; poetic justice is rare.

(15) But here I have stumbled upon Herodotus' religion; it is curious and worth study. He is full of the idea that God is stern even to jealousy; he clutches, therefore, eagerly at every legend which illustrates the idea; everywhere he sees the jealousy which puts down the mighty from their seat, which introduces a cycle, a rotation, a see-saw of happiness among men and nations. His very first words strike this note: "I am going to set forth the history of little states alike and of great; for those which once were great are now small, and those which once were small are in my day great; knowing, then, that prosperity has no abiding stay, I shall speak alike of both; the cycle rolls round." The best-known story

in Herodotus illustrating this faith is, of course, the ring of Polycrates.

(16) But this doctrine of divine jealousy has obviously a lighter and a brighter side, and passes into the law of compensation. Herodotus, though he is both sad and saddening, is much too devout not to draw this comfort from it; the lofty are laid low, but the humble are exalted; he ransacks both nature and the life of man for illustrations—sometimes quaint to grotesqueness—of this principle. There was once, e.g., a Magnesian farmer, who had accidentally killed his son; this man received, in the just Providence of God, a special compensation—a windfall in the wreck of the Persian fleet off his farm—so that he was not wholly unhappy.

Again, the battle is not to the strong; it is the meek who inherit the earth, the weak and meek who multiply while the ravening and dangerous multiply slowly or not at all (and the proud and over-civilized commit race suicide). The rabbit is the only creature which presents the phenomenon of superfetation, while the lioness has but one cub and that once only; the mother-serpent throttles the father; the young destroy the mother; but harmless garter-snakes are oviparous and multiply freely; and here is another far-fetched illustration: the goat is a sufficiently pungent creature, but Herodotus points out with triumph that nature inspires him to rub his beard in the sap of certain deliciously aromatic trees, whence he provides his owners with one of the favourite perfumes of commerce; and so once more in the intelligent, if paradoxical, economy of nature, out of the strong has come forth sweetness.

But apart from biology, the broad doctrine of compensation is so deep-seated in Herodotus' heart that he dwells upon it with his latest breath; his history flickers out—it hardly seems to end—in an expression of this doctrine. "Soft lands breed soft peoples," he reflects, "but empire belongs to lands that are poor and to people who live hard lives;" and there, it seems, he paused as if to weigh the thought again, and there his fate overtook him, and he added not another word to bring his history to a more formal conclusion.

(17) Herodotus is very quick to catch national and racial peculiarities, and to hit them off by an anecdote or apophthegm; it is his superiority to national prejudices, his broad philosophic appreciation of all nations, which makes him so weighty an author in spite of all his levity. Herodotus lived among democrats, all exalting their own country; but he is no Chauvinist, and he never writes buncombe. His is a temperate patriotism, and not the refuge of a scoundrel; conversely, if he was not a jingo, still less was he a spurious cosmopolitan, the friend of every nation except his own.

(18) And yet if I were to leave the impression that he cared only for men and women and character, personal or national, it would be entirely unjust to his many-sided nature, his multiplex personality. There is nothing he did not care for; sometimes he is quite wrong, as to the causes, e.g. of the flooding of Egypt in summer by the Nile; more often he is right, and those of his tales which have been most ridiculed, then or since, have later been established.

But some of the amazing stories for which modern writers abuse him are only told by him, because they are amazing, and he tells us carefully that he does not himself believe them. Such is the story of the Phœnix, for which a reverend professor living in Oxford has condemned him for credulity; this is the same gentleman, by the way, who tells us not to believe that the Egyptian language is like the twittering of birds, not to believe that Herodotus ever talked with the Egyptian priests. Herodotus could not understand Egyptian priests, he assures us. Time has its revenge, you see. Now it is the priests and the Egyptologists who cannot understand Herodotus.

(19) Historians have especially derided Herodotus' version of the political debate in Persia on the merits of democracy, monarchy, and aristocracy. Herodotus knew he would be derided; he was derided even in his own times. "All the same," he remarks, with patient philosophy, "the debate did take place." Whether it did or not, commented Grant Duff a score of years ago, at any rate after all these ages there is little new light to be added on these difficult questions; so sound, so sensible, is the debate. And now, in this year of grace 1927, we find at last all our journalists shouting at the top of their lungs that East and West are one, and that Chinamen and Persians are just as much entitled to democracy or republicanism as we are ourselves. The journalists are building better than they know. They are building on Herodotus.

(20) So, then, in conclusion, whatever Egyptologists, priests, and historians may say in disparagement of Herodotus' judgment, wisdom, or accuracy, though they charge him with vanity, with credulity, with romancing,—after all the reasonable charges have been allowed, and the necessary deductions from the value of his history admitted, we may rest assured that he will still remain most amiable, most witty, most wise, most pitiful, most entertaining, a very lovable historian. We shall read his books and laugh over them; we may laugh, also, when we see his detractors' books; we need not be at equal pains to read them. Some of their names we know, but very willingly we forget them.

CHAPTER II

THUCYDIDES AND HISTORY

THAT the personality of an historian is a large factor in his history is the merest truism: if only because in history, as in metaphysics, there is no such thing as the fact in itself: *ding an sich*: but all so-called facts are strained through the moulds furnished by the special nature of the writer.

But this subjective element will vary immensely in direct ratio to two forces, not identical though converging: to the depth and force of the writer's personality but also to the theory which he holds of his function as historian.

Theories of history, like theories of life itself, will modify largely the play of temperament and personality. No man was temperamentally gayer or lighter hearted than Matthew Arnold: his theory of life nevertheless went a long way to diminish the gaiety and high spirits of his writings.

There are broadly two theories of history. There is the large and chiefly modern school of historians, who almost seek to turn history into a record similar to the records of the investigations of the naturalist or mathematician. History is to record facts ascertained by severe and laborious research into the original authorities. It is to be documented by reference to these authorities. It is to turn largely on the constitutional development and constitutional changes in a nation's life: on its economic changes: on the influence of geography and climate. In short, it is to be an unfolding of law, law human as unfolded in constitutions and institutions, and law natural as illustrated in economic, geographic and climatic forces. It is to fight shy of the merely personal factors in life: the characters of individual men and women: partly because these are of less importance in a broad view of life, but even more because these are past finding out. The influence of moral and religious ideas in the same way must be left without treatment for the same reasons that these things are of little importance apart from economic, geographic and climatic forces, and that in any case they are too subjective for discussion. They seem to raise the thorny question of free-will in man. History had better adopt, as a working hypothesis at least, the doctrine of necessity, and assume that, so far as the historian is concerned, his work is to be a record only of the results of law: like the records of the naturalist and mathematician: and that the virtues and vices of men are equally the results of law, of conditions and environment, and are not affected by the metaphysical figment called free-will.

If a man holds such a theory, as many do, it is obvious that even a marked and vivacious personality will not obtrude itself into his history: that his history will become almost impersonal on principle: that though the writer be a Bishop, it may be, his history will not be a hand-book of morals, a collection of inspiring anecdotes, a fountain of moral edification: that it will not improve the occasion, as the phrase is. For all such efforts, the writer will turn to such other functions as he may be in a position to discharge, the functions of a Bishop, or a schoolmaster, or a father, and the like.

Bishop Stubbs, for example, was a man of marked personality, of caustic humour and masculine good sense, intolerant only of trivialities, of humbug and affectation and waste of time. But we know this from sources other than his histories: and if he was a voracious reader of fiction as well as a veracious historian we are entitled to surmise that it was because he found history, as he conceived it and made it, so dull, that he turned instinctively to the opposite field of literature for relief and refreshment. If he had held a less dry theory of history he would have written better history and have read fewer novels : both his writing and his reading would have gained.

The historian of to-day, says another academic historian, Lord Acton, dines in the kitchen : if he does so, he does so of his own will and judgment and no one else need complain : if *he* does not. But it is a different matter that he should make his readers dine there with him. After all, it is usual for the cook who prepares the entertainment in the kitchen to take her own entertainment there : it is not usual for her to ask the guests to join her at her repast.

I trust I am not flippant beyond measure. Quite seriously, it does not really and rightly follow that, because history involves a lot of dull spade work and heavy research, the result, when served up, should be also dull and heavy. Goldwin Smith was not. Gibbon was not : he avoided it by footnotes. We may suppose that he was always learned : that he read Thucydides amid the diversions of the nursery : but his learning sits lightly on him and the easy reading which he furnishes is the best tribute he desired to the hardness of his work.

There is, however, and always has been a conception of history diametrically the opposite of that which imposed itself upon Bishop Stubbs : the conception that the historian is also or almost a poet. A true historian will give his imagination free play in the interpretation of the difficult and bygone minutiæ of time and place and nationality, and will lift them up into the atmosphere which is familiar to himself and his readers, and will make modern history of them, and will re-write them in short for his own age and in the language of his own age, and in so doing will, in a sense, universalize them, in spite of certain obvious risks in so doing. Shelley said that every good historian was a poet. Carlyle illustrated Shelley's contentions in his history of the French Revolution. Froude illustrated it in a less degree in his histories, and has been alternately exalted and depreciated since by students of history according as they follow Shelley's or Aristotle's conception of the function of the historian. (Aristotle said that history was the antithesis of poetry, that poetry was more serious and more philosophic.)

If after this preamble we turn to the historians of Greece, the same antithesis even there presents itself in germ at least, if not highly developed.

Herodotus is frankly expansive, personal, imaginative. He desires to produce a certain general effect, and to produce this effect it is as nothing to him if some of his details be obviously imagined, be manifestly devoid of evidence. He is willing that it should be so. He is willing that any reader of his shall say "And now I know all and more than all that is known of this or that great man": provided that the reader can add with some confidence "but not more than the angels know," that is, provided that the added and imaginary details furnished by Herodotus from his inner consciousness are true in spirit to the details actually known: provided that they are *ben trovato* and furnish suitable diet for the intellectual repast of angels and other beings who live in the spirit.

Nay more, Herodotus does not conceive that truth, even when conceived in this broad sense, is his only or his primary object. No: he is called upon rather to chronicle belief and word, fancy and conversation, superstition or scandal, anything and everything which occupies man's thoughts, rather than the historical facts, if any, beneath the words and fancies or scandals. He is not required to believe everything, nay, anything that he has heard, but he is required to chronicle it.

But Herodotus redeems his dangerous theory by his choice of his anecdotes, scandals, superstitions: if there are a few stories introduced only because they are macabre, grotesque, or gruesome, if occasionally Herodotus suggests a modern "realist," that is a writer of matter so exceptionally nasty as hardly to be real in a broad sense any longer, still on the whole he selects his anecdotes—however unauthentic—for their serious inner truth, for their profound moral significance. It is for this reason that he has become a storehouse for the moral and anecdotical historian who is more concerned with human nature than with constitutions or economics. Men have been inspired to take up classics for their vocation by Rollin's history: but Rollin was first inspired by Herodotus. We do not learn from him, we have to wait for twenty centuries to learn from Mr. Leaf, that the Trojan War was akin in spirit to the Gallipoli campaign of 1915, that it was a battle for the economic control of the waterways of the Black Sea and the Ægean and of the grain trade which issues through those waterways. But his own special and picturesque theory of the cause of the Trojan War and of other great wars between East and West, though it wholly overlooks the play of economic forces, cannot be said to overlook the play of other true causes, and other real forces in human history, underlying life in all ages and modifying it here, there and everywhere, and far more likely to-day to be under-rated and under-stated than exaggerated: *cherchez la femme* is no mere flippancy or cynicism as an explanation of events, and is not antiquated and out-of-date because our historians have learned also to take more account to-day of the impersonal and less picturesque factor of economics.

When we turn from Herodotus to Thucydides we are already opening the preface of the volume of scientific history: we are passing from the expansive and personal historian who parades—like Byron—before his readers the pageant of his heart and mind, to the reserve and the silence and the *mauvaise honte* of the modern scientific historian, of the man who counts it beneath him, or above him, to have moral judgments, who counts it still more unworthy of his functions to write emotionally, whose good taste or *mauvaise honte* rejects as egotism all reference to himself, whose æsthetic sense or *mauvaise honte* leaves his story always to speak for itself and suggest its own morals.

I was speaking of the doctrine of necessity which underlies the work of the scientific historian. It certainly underlies the work of Thucydides. He assumes in one of the best-known passages of his introduction [1] that human nature is the same in all ages, that—as Aristotle puts it—πάντα σχέδον εὕρηται—"pretty well everything is known" which is to be known; and that accordingly the history of the future will follow the lines of the past as similar conditions geographical, climatic and economic recur. His book will therefore be no mere picture of local and ephemeral conditions—to which Aristotle condemns the historian—but like the work of the poet, a book of reference for all times and lands.

If his work is not as baldly scientific and dry as that of his modern admirers, it is only because even with him as with Herodotus, the dramatic element still lingers, and his history, like the history of Herodotus, seems still in part modelled on tragedy. As Herodotus, in effect, retains a chorus to strike the note of the impartial spectator and comment suitably on the tragic history of men, some Crœsus or Artabanus who lingers on in the history, after his own part is over, to point the moral (as Margaret of Anjou lingers on in Shakespeare's plays), so even Thucydides seems to entertain the doctrine of the Divine Irony as set forth by the Athenian dramatists, and presents the hour of triumph and of pæans as the hour preceding downfall: the insolent exultation of Athens over Melos, the arrogance of the Athenians at the Melian dialogue becomes a sort of Bacchic chorus, ushering in the fatal Sicilian expedition with its motive of "world empire or downfall," even as the triumphant Bacchic chorus of Sophocles' Antigone heralds the suicide of Antigone Hæmon and Eurydice.

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[1] Book I, 22.

And in a few other passages—notably at the end of the third book in the Ambraciot episode—there is a dramatic and artistic value wholly foreign to severely scientific history. But these poetic touches are the rare exceptions which relieve at long intervals the impersonal and colourless narrative: scarcely even when the events narrated are most appalling and appealing will the writer let it be seen that the appeal has reached himself. When the brutal Thracian mercenaries of Athens—the Albanians or Bulgarians of Thucydidean Thrace—break into an elementary school of bucolic Bœotian children and murder all the pretty babes [or heavy babes] at one fell swoop, faint and far seems the echo of the humanitarian sentiment of the sentimental Athenians which we can catch in the comments of their very unsentimental and academic historian. It is no jest but sober truth which Professor Mahaffy expresses when he remarks that Thucydides' emotion is discernible here only in the extra contortions and crabbedness of his syntax.[1]

This is a crucial instance of that *mauvaise honte* of the scientific historian which banishes emotion and indignation from his pages, and which regards expansiveness as the unpardonable sin in history.

Herodotus breaks out to record his personal dissent from the mild and abstract proposition of some contemporary Darwin that man is only an animal and need not be more careful of his behaviour in temples and holy places than animals are seen to be. "The proposition is displeasing to me," he tells us: Thucydides will not let his personal disgust be seen even when infants are butchered. It seems to be beneath the dignity of history: to be an unworthy concession

[1] VII, 29.

to popular feeling and superficial sentiment, to be a playing to the gallery and the groundlings.

But note, however, how this *mauvaise honte* and this reserve defeats itself in a sense and debars the historian—scientific though he may be—who is its victim, from discharging one of the chief functions of history. It is the merest commonplace that history should record not only wars and battles and royalties and constitutions, but the general life of the people themselves, social, industrial, artistic, moral and religious, and this quite apart from the modern or democratic conditions, which give more or less to the mass of the people the control of their governments, and therefore give the people of necessity a place in history.

Even under autocratic governments, such as those of the East in Herodotus' time, and since, we expect that the historian shall not confine himself to the doings and sayings of royalty, but shall describe the life of their subjects. This is what Herodotus has done, and though he might fairly and scientifically have argued that history *was* made in those days by kings and generals and that therefore their deeds and words were of the essence of history, he has yet gone far outside them and has described everything he saw and heard discussed : the customs, beliefs, even the dress and food of the ordinary man : the servants he kept or did not keep, the ornaments the women wore, the uses to which they put them : the soil and climate : the yield of different cereals and fruits : the physical structure of the land and of its inhabitants : the flora and fauna : the life-history of great rivers and their effect on geography : the sources of the Nile, the circumnavigation of Africa and so on. He is an encyclopædist, and an encyclopædist all the more useful because he writes with verve and enthusiasm and is brimming over with a sense of the importance of his function as a reporter.

The scientific historian Thucydides, on the other hand, is debarred by *mauvaise honte*, by his unfortunate sense of the dignity and impartiality or even neutrality—that most abused of all words—the neutrality even, which he thinks incumbent on the historian. He is not to report frivolities and trivialities: he is not to become a tattler and a gossip *ἀνθρωπολόγος*: he is not to descend to personalities: he is not to mention women: he is not to describe the petty local and picturesque occasions which serve as the odorous sulphur match to light great conflagrations; the occasion, for example, of the revolt of Mytilene from Athens. He is to confine himself to the great conflagration—the revolt itself. All else is unnecessary and superfluous and supererogatory. He is not even to mention the names of speakers, when speeches are recorded. The speech is to show the great lines of thought, which animated peoples during the Peloponnesian War—the lines of thought will be blurred or at least reduced to insignificance, if the speaker's name be obtruded: a merely personal note will seem to detract from their larger import.

Life is full of trifles but art of dignity, and the trifles of life—though they be also its tragedy and comedy—are unworthy a place in the history, which is to go down to posterity for a book of perpetual reference: and therefore though the Peloponnesian War touched Greece closely on every side and affected every one and every thing, Thucydides has not condescended to give much more than its military operations and its broader diplomatic history. Only three continuous chapters have been given to its moral effects (one of them accounted spurious): apart from his account of the plague, the military and diplomatic history have been relieved only by those strange speeches so curiously blent of scientific and unscientific elements: unscientific, since they are frankly not Hansard reports or anything approaching them; ultra-scientific, since they exclude all the personal note and all topical allusions, and leave only a skeleton or outline of political or national principles—very eloquent sometimes, as in the Funeral Speech, and very instructive, as in the speech of Cleon, but much more natural in the reflections of a philosophic historian, than on the lips of a popular orator. It is hard to believe that the real Pericles was not more topical, it is impossible to believe that Cleon was not. Lord Bryce some years ago in a service in honour of Mr. William Gladstone referred to the loss of young life in the Great War, and quoted from the Funeral Speech of Pericles " the year has lost its spring." Now the words are not in Thucydides' version of that speech and perhaps he thought them " tosh " ; perhaps he just forgot them : in either case it was Aristotle who had sufficient sympathy with poetry to treasure up from the Funeral Speech this little touch of the poet [1] : none the less poetic even if it was not original exactly on the lips of Pericles but a quotation from Gelo (Herodotus, VII, 162) much improved by a nobler application.

Thucydides could have enlightened us in a million ways about the daily life of Greece, the outer and the inner life, and have shown us the soul of its peoples. He has put aside the task as unworthy of a severe and scientific thinker, has left it wholly on the shoulders of Herodotus and Plutarch, and only rarely—very rarely—has let us see that any personal opinions or emotions were evoked in him by the course of the war.

This is high art it may be said : the highest art : the historian lets his facts speak for themselves and thereby enables them to speak with tenfold force. Thucydides has so successfully concealed himself that no one ever suspected personal bias even in his account of Cleon, until the democratic enthusiasm of Grote, on behalf of demagogues, threw a light into dark places and cast a shadow on the seeming impersonality of the historian's history. The defence may be an adequate defence of the silence of Thucydides on moral themes, of his comparative silence about the " frightfulness " of Athenian policy or the " frightfulness " of the war generally: I think it is: but where the facts do not speak for themselves, where they need interpretation, it is a dead loss to the modern reader that Thucydides either records facts without explanation, as, for example, the mutilation of the Hermæ, or does not think them worthy of record at all.

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[1] Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, Book I, 7. 34.

If Herodotus or Plutarch had covered the same ground with the same advantages, what a different place the Athens of Pericles and Socrates would be for us to-day! How infinitely more real and more alive! Plato and Aristophanes have done something to fill the gap but neither can be expected to fill it well: and each is justified, and even compelled, by his special subject matter to leave it largely unfilled. We had a right to expect from Thucydides as an historian records which cannot be required of dialogues on philosophy and still less from the frank caricatures of ancient comedy: and least of all from the conventional and, so to speak, Sunday-school sermons and religious services of ancient tragedy.

After all this generalizing and all this more or less vague beating of the air in which Thucydides moved, let me come down closer to details and endeavour to seize a few points of his mind—" unseized " it may be " by the Germans yet "—and publish them.

It appears to me perhaps the most curiously salient or crucial passage for plumbing the depths of Thucydides' personality is that in Book VII [1] which records his judgment on the career and character of Nicias. It is an extraordinary verdict. Here is a general, who has been condemned already in the history, at least by implication, for lack of vigour: who has been condemned explicitly for superstition [2]: whose unscrupulous politics in the matter of Pylos,

[1] VII, 86.

[2] *θειασμός*, VII, 50.

where he risked defeat for Athens for the sake of discrediting a rival, have been frankly stated: whose selfishness in remaining in Sicily rather than face complaints and recriminations at home, obviously sacrificed Athenian to personal interests and was afterwards emphatically contrasted for this reason by Plutarch the moralist with the unselfish patriotism of a much more obscure general, one Leo of Byzantium: whose craving for life even at the bitter end, when everything else but life was lost, has been recorded without comment: and yet after all these materials furnished us for a verdict more or less unfavourable to Nicias, the historian concludes:

"This or something of the sort was the cause of his execution: of all Hellenes of my time he had least deserved a fate so unhappy: when his practice of every customary virtue is taken into account."

The historian's verdict throws more light on his own temperament and point of view than on the peculiar hardships of Nicias' fate. Why was this conventional, wealthy, reputable and hitherto lucky Athenian general held up for special commiseration? Grote has argued that his repute testifies to the inner conservatism of the Athenian people, who chose this typical conservative to lead them. But why did Thucydides also choose him for a special tribute of pity?

I can only suggest that the historian, himself an "intellectuel," as the phrase goes in France, a member of the "aufklärung," as they say in Germany, one of the "illuminati," as the Italians have it, had arrived very positively at this conclusion from the use of his intellect and his illumination, that intellect and illumination are a very dubious advantage to their owner and his countrymen—from the political point of view; that after all that man is the best citizen who sticks to the old paths and does not see beyond them; that those laws are best which are the laws of one's own country; and that that religion is truest which is the religion of one's own country—the answer which the oracle of Delphi by the way also once had given to an over-speculative inquirer after absolute truth :—and therefore his praise of Nicias.

It is not an unfamiliar point of view of course. It finds support from Aristotle when he comes to eulogize the same Nicias and to criticize the reformer and idealist Hippodamus of Miletus. There is a brilliant array of Frenchmen of our own day, who similarly exalt on general grounds a conservatism and an orthodoxy which some of them can hardly be supposed to augment with their personal convictions ; which most of them perhaps endorse with their judgment rather than with their private emotions, Barrès, Bazin, Brunetière, Bordeaux, Bourget, Bergson : but I do not know that a stranger and stronger instance of this conservatism of experience and judgment can be found than the eulogy of Thucydides—the disillusioned historian—pronounced over the pietist, traditionalist and in every sense commonplace character of Nicias. It suggests that to Thucydides' mind the ultimate truth of politics is that " dullness with honesty "—average honesty at any rate, " is better for a state than cleverness with recklessness ; cleverness without balance." The words are the words of Cleon.[1]

And that aphorism leads one to the very curious and piquant difficulties which surround the relations of Thucydides and Cleon.

The aphorism is one of Cleon's : it belongs to his speech on the Mytilenæan question as reported by Thucydides himself.[2] The whole of the speech is along similar lines : a plea for common sense and practical prudence in dealing with enemies as against newfangled ideas of humanitarianism, or as against philosophic idealism or as against mere ingenious sophistry. The speech is extremely powerful as an indictment of Athenian humanitarianism, idealism, ingenuity and sophistry. It seems to me to be the best speech—I had almost said the best passage—in Thucydides, with the possible exception of the Funeral Speech. But that only makes it doubly difficult to gauge the relations of the speaker and the reporter of the speech. How comes it that Thucydides has reported so vigorous an expression of what we may call Tory-democracy, an expression by a democrat of the old Tory creed of horse-sense and common instinct and natural nationalism against fads, ideals and 'ologies of every kind ? and has supported it by an emphatic tribute to Nicias, the incarnation of old conventions (though not of democracy) and yet has no word of commendation for the speaker, but on the contrary has taken away his character with posterity ? And all the more successfully and artistically because with so much self-restraint, that no one before Grote suspected prejudice and unfairness and a personal grudge.

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[1] III, 57.

[2] 3. 37.

No one supposes that Thucydides' speeches are close reports of their originals : all the more difficult is it to understand the real force and eloquence of Cleon as reported. And there is a further contradiction and mystification in this matter. Thucydides writes or reports, or writes partly and partly reports, Cleon's protest against Athenian many-sidedness and susceptibility, Athenian idealism and scepticism ; Cleon's trenchant conclusion that democracy is an impossible form of government for the conduct of foreign politics (for foreign politics must have continuity and principle, and democracy is the government of fits and starts, of snap votes and see-saw emotions). Thucydides goes out of his way—as though in order to supplement Cleon—to exalt the humdrum moderation of Nicias, and yet—*per contra*—he implicitly and explicitly condemns Cleon as a violent demagogue, despite the large element of Toryism common to Cleon with Nicias. Further, in his famdemoralization, revolution

ous chapters of reflection,[1] Thucydides laments the ill repute and unpopularity which by reason of the war came to be attached to academic thinkers, to the enlightened and the scrupulous and the best educated men in Athens. Owing to the war—he says—moderation came to be regarded as a mere excuse for cowardice and to know everything—people began to say—was to do nothing.

Is not this "trying to have it both ways"? Who was it who said "to know everything was to do nothing"? Not merely the Athenian public, if we may read between the lines, but the historian himself also. What can his fantastic praise of Nicias mean, except that to his own mind also as well as to the popular mind, there seemed no help for the city from its best educated and most intelligent people, and more help from the stolid conservatism and stubborn unintelligence of Nicias? And what does the brilliant speech of Cleon mean except the same thing? And if Thucydides feels the force of Cleon's speech and the force of Nicias' timid orthodoxy and of his blind obedience to customary virtues, why should he complain that the most intelligent and best educated were forced to the wall? On his own showing that was the only place for them. They were incompetent to help the State in a crisis. They had no beliefs or habits or sheet-anchors left and in the storm of the war sheet-anchors were beyond all things necessary: and the man who had one—even a Nicias—was the best citizen of the State: and the man who deprecated high-flown novelties and far-fetched sensibilities—even a Cleon—was a good citizen.

I have tried to penetrate the ideas underlying this strange eulogy of Nicias. I have assumed that the tie uniting two men so different as Nicias and Thucydides was the political conservatism of each. I have assumed further that they represent between them the two schools of thought into which conservatism has ever been, still is, and perhaps will continue to be divided: the conservatism of unthinking loyalty to the past, conventionalism, traditionalism, or even mere class and economic interests: and, on the other hand, the conservatism of profound scepticism and doubt: doubt which reaches so far that it accepts the established always just because it is established; and feels that any change may be for the worse, and no change in politics can be demonstrated to be for the better, since politics is not yet a science, and since even beneficent changes open the door to unsettlement and discontent, and break down that sense of finality and settled order on which the contentment and therefore the happiness of a State depends.

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[1] Book III, 82–83.

Sir Walter Scott, to take an illustration from our own history, or a greater man, Edmund Burke, represent more or less the romantic conservatism of the first kind. Gibbon, Hookham Frere, Canning, Mansel and all the Saturday Reviewers represent the conservatism of the doubters. Aristotle has given voice to the two spirits of conservatism: one in his chapter on Hippodamus and one in his eulogy of Nicias. Thucydides has anticipated Aristotle in expressing them.

I assume yet further that the conservatism of Thucydides has led him to give vivid and vital expression to that glorification of selfish common sense and rough nationalism or national egotism which we find in Cleon's argument: to that depreciation of scruples and humanitarian sympathies which we find in Cleon's arraignment of Athenian susceptibility: but that, this vein of sympathy with Cleon's speech by no means prevents him from heartily disliking and distrusting the speaker. He sympathizes with him as a Tory and dislikes him as a democrat and a man. The sympathy is merely intellectual and never personal. The dislike is profound and personal: a dislike of taste and feeling. There is no agreement between him and Cleon except in opinions. Thucydides was divided like other men between his judgment and his personal tastes, like the great Lord Falkland, for example; his friends were all among the educated and the refined and sensitive: his judgment was against his friends, at any rate in politics, as too sensitive and scrupulous and undecided for the rough business of politics. His taste and judgment met together again and were reconciled when he encountered the personality of Nicias, a man of the upper class, " a gentleman " as we say, and yet an unhesitating and confirmed conservative: hence the extravagant praise of Nicias and the very mixed verdict and uncertain sound with which Thucydides expresses himself on the cultivated and refined members of his own circle: the men who knew everything and did nothing. When he coined that epigram I cannot but think that to him it expressed something more than a democratic scoff, a Cleonic scoff, at mugwumps and kidglove politicians and independents. It expressed something of a serious truth. These academic thinkers were not of the stuff of statesmen: were too many-sided and undecided: independents are people who cannot be depended upon: professors and philosophers are the worst of statesmen: they think they can arrange the world with essays and lectures. They make bad Presidents.

Whatever else we can read between the lines of his history is consistent with these assumptions and explanations. It is pretty obvious that Thucydides had a great admiration for Pericles. It is not from him but from Plutarch that we hear that Pericles was like other great reformers; that he had to begin by playing to the gallery, if by so doing he could advertise himself and get a following, and prepare the way for serious and conservative reforms later on. Thucydides admits no such opportunism. Pericles is with him the ideal reformer who aimed at conciliating all opposites and making Athens the union of all conflicting virtues: the seat of liberty, yet the home of law and lawful authority : the temple of art, yet the city of severe simplicity and economy : and most of all, the very fountain of free thought, free speech, free life and philosophy, and yet the nursing mother of soldiers, sailors and men of action : a sort of Platonic Callipolis reconciling and embracing the opposite virtues of Athens and of Sparta : that Sparta to which Thucydides with Plato and all the Athenian intellectuals—even Socrates—so fondly turned amid the noise and blather, the babbling and bubbling, the blabbering and blubbering of Athenian democracy.

It is not from Thucydides that we hear that the Periclean ideal was impracticable. He certainly implies that it failed ; but he does not put the blame on Pericles for its failure. He seems to suggest that it did not fail as long as Pericles was present to inspire his countrymen with his ideals. Periclean Athens to Thucydides is Athens at her best. Periclean Athens was nominally a democracy—he writes —in reality she was a city governed by her first man.[1]

This is perhaps a sort of Carlylean or Ruskinese hero-worship ; it is certainly not the expression of a Lincoln-democrat. Government for the people was Pericles' aim. Government by the people was hardly even Pericles' practice, so far as we can judge. And it was certainly not Thucydides' idea of good government. There is, or was, a Society of St. Michael, I believe, to which Ruskin and Carlyle belonged at least in spirit : a society intended to protest that in politics as in religion a man best shows his free will by surrendering it freely to the grace given him from above, from a God or a god-like man, to whose will he submits himself : after that it is not he who works but the grace, the will of the higher nature, which works in him. Obedience—a free and willing obedience to such grace—is his salvation. Thucydides, I think, belonged to the same school :

[1] II, 65.

the very antithesis of the modern and characteristic school of the Socialists. "Enough of great men" is *their* cry: "nous en avons assez." "Do not think of me, do not magnify me," said Francisco Ferrer, a genuine and sincere martyr to this cause. "The future does not depend on individuals but on classes and communities: the individual is henceforth nothing. He has had his day and ceased to be."

I turn from Thucydides' politics to his religion. A man's religion, says Carlyle, is the most interesting thing about him. It may be so, but it is not on that account the most easily discoverable. Herodotus' religion is both interesting and discoverable: the old doctrine of Divine Jealousy pushed to its logical conclusion, illustrated with fantastic modern instances but relieved by the other Herodotean doctrine—the complement of jealousy—of Divine Compensation: the same God who puts down the mighty from their seat is careful to exalt the humble and the meek, and to see that the meek and not the mighty inherit the earth (that the French-Canadians and not our ambitious and exacting race populate Ontario). There is nothing so picturesque and definite as this in Thucydides' religion. It is much nearer the sombre creed of Tacitus, when he claimed to have produced evidence to show that Heaven, if it is not careful for our peace of mind, is careful at least to punish our offences.[1] That seems to be the conclusion very tentatively put forward by Thucydides in Book I.[2]

The point is important because it is customary to say that Thucydides derided oracles and portents and was purely negative, scientifically negative on the question of religion.

It is scarcely so. If he does not propound a definitely religious reason for the calamities of Nature, earthquake, pestilence and famine, he comes as near to it as man so sceptical can come. He sympathizes with the religious point of view, if he does not exactly endorse it, just as he sympathizes with Nicias, whose religious extravagances nevertheless he has had occasion to deplore.

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[1] Tacitus, *Hist.*, 1. 3.

[2] 1. 23.

There are some three passages on this subject and they are fairly consistent. There was an old oracle that a Dorian war would come and with it *λοιμός* pestilence or *λιμός* famine. (The passage of course is of prime interest to the students of pronunciation ; it seems to establish almost beyond demur the proposition that the classical pronunciation of " oi " and " i " was identical, or nearly so, as it is identical in modern Greek : both " oi " and " i " are the French long " i " and the English long " e.") When the Peloponnesian war came and pestilence with it but not famine, people quoted the line with *λοιμός*. If there had been a famine, remarks Thucydides, they would have quoted it with *λιμός*. Some readers read a scoff at oracles here : there is no scoff at oracles, only a mild reference to the weakness of human nature, which adjusts its memory and its evidences to the accomplished facts.

Still less can hostility to the oracles of Greece be found in his comment on another oracle. This oracle said " *τὸ Πελασγικὸν ἀϱγὸν ἄμεινον.*"[1] Accordingly people argued that when the plague broke out in Athens after the occupation of this forbidden district the plague was Heaven's punishment for a violation of Divine Law. Thucydides interposes a mild protest, which certainly does not scoff at oracles. Rather he commits himself to the somewhat hazardous proposition that the prophet foresaw that when the days should come for the occupation of the Pelasgic district they would be days of mourning. The prophet foresaw that it would never be occupied to advantage : and that is all (Thucydides says) his oracle meant. That is to say, Thucydides has rationalized away the theory of Divine Vengeance as expressed in the special locality of the plague, but he has contrived to do so without disputing at all, rather while accepting, the authenticity and the historical accuracy of the ancient oracle.

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[1] 2. 17.

And in the last and crucial passage of Book I[1] he will not even consent to rationalize away the theory of Divine Vengeance. Rather he covertly suggests—he throws it out as a natural hypothesis—that the prevalence of Natural calamities, of earthquakes, eclipses, tidal waves and plagues, drought and famine, concurrently with the Peloponnesian war was *not* a mere coincidence. He will not pledge himself to the proposition that these things were the Divine penalties for an unnecessary, degrading, unnatural and impious war, for this would be going perhaps beyond the province of history. But he will at least support this proposition of the conscientious and God-fearing people of the day, to the extent of adding his testimony to the alleged synchronism: there *was* a synchronism. There actually were more cataclysms of Nature during the Peloponnesian war than during any other period of similar extent.[2] When a historian goes out of his way to call attention to this synchronism, it can hardly be doubted that he would have liked to go further, had the spirit of his circle and the growing science of the day permitted him to do so.

I will dwell yet a little longer on his sense of the "frightfulness" of the Peloponnesian war, and of the shock which it gave to God-fearing people. Thucydides seems very full of that sense of horror. Modern historians like Mahaffy sometimes claim credit for deprecating and depreciating the eternal and internecine feuds of the Greeks. They even extend their indifference and contempt to Athens' battle for freedom against Philip, as if Athens ought to have despaired of herself, like Phocion, or ought to have sacrificed herself on the altar of futurity and humanity, in order that Alexander might the sooner over-run the East, and spread Hellenism and civilization over Egypt and Asia Minor: whence, viâ Rome, it would reach the whole world, East and West alike, and go down to all ages. But whatever be thought of Demosthenes and Philip, and even though it be preposterous to expect of Demosthenes that sacrifice of Athens for Europe's sake which the modern reader of Demosthenes may to-day accept with resignation and even with satisfaction, there will be a general tendency among the modern readers of Thucydides to accept his reprobation of the civil wars of the Greeks, and of the Peloponnesian war in particular.

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[1] 1. 23. [2] 1. 23.

His reprobation of the Peloponnesian war has two aspects one of which at least will commend itself. Thucydides, like Plato, if not like Aristotle, has no sympathy with or enthusiasm for Imperialism: for an Empire to be built up by Athens or any other Greek State over other nations, including in these other nations many Greek States; he no doubt followed the policy of Pericles, who advocated the maintenance of the then Empire and the then sea power of Athens by means of a strong fleet but not the extension of the Empire. Pericles seems to have assumed that it was hopeless to unite Greece and to conciliate Sparta, and therefore to have advocated against Sparta "a preventive war" as the Germans call it: but he warned Athens against the policy of adventure and world domination, such as came afterwards with Alcibiades and the Sicilian Expedition. If the other policy—the policy of domination in the East, instead of in the West, over Asia Minor and the Persian Empire, instead of over the Greeks of Sicily, had ever been seriously suggested to Pericles, as it suggested itself to Isocrates and to Aristotle and to Alexander, it is conceivable that he might have agreed, for this would have meant domination over Asiatics not over Greeks. But there was no room for such a suggestion in the divided state of Greece and its internal feuds.

Be that as it may, Pericles remained opposed to wars of conquest, and Thucydides evidently both in principle and from bitter experience followed Pericles. It may be even that he would have agreed with Plato, that the ideal Athens was not even the Athens of Pericles with the Athenian Empire of the year 431, but just the city of Athens and the adjoining Attica, just a Greek πόλις living in friendly relations with other Greek πόλεις; just a municipality as we call it; or a free city of the middle ages, Genoa, Venice, Bremen, without their external possessions. It may be that even to the same degree as Plato, Thucydides, was a little-Athens man (μικροπολίτης). At any rate there is nothing to show that he would have disliked or did dislike, if he knew it, the Platonic ideal.

Modern British readers are less friendly to the city-state and to this intense and extreme decentralization, which comes to them as doubly "suspect"; "suspect" on account of all their associations, experiences and prejudices derived from the history of 2,000 years, and twice suspect as associated not with the name of Greece and the Greek πόλις and Plato and Thucydides, but with the ideals of Rousseau and a number of impracticable modern doctrinaires, French and others: Karl Marx and Bakounine and many members of the Paris Commune of 1871, who wanted to break up France into communes like the municipality of Paris.

But the other and second aspect of Thucydides' dislike of Imperialism is much more modern and commends itself just now to all of us. Thucydides' idea of Imperialism was far removed from the ideas associated with that word by reasonable Canadians, Australians, Africanders and by the majority of the people of the Mother Country: the idea of a united Empire of free peoples, bound together in a perpetual defensive alliance with the minimum of machinery for that bond and therefore the maximum of good feeling and mutual forbearance: the idea of a generous loyalty to the past and its traditions: of a generous repudiation of narrow nativism and know-nothing-ism. Imperialism to Thucydides was rather the idea still suggested by the word to the minds of a few fanatics and doctrinaires of Radical temperament in Great Britain, the idea of militarism, jingoism, flag-waving, red-painting. It was even worse than this, it was the idea suggested to Thucydides by the bitter evidence of the Peloponnesian war and to us by the bitter evidence of German "frightfulness." It was the idea that "Imperialism" means the most ruthless militarism and ambition in the conduct of war and the most shameless materialism and the most unscrupulous Macchiavelism in the conduct of diplomacy.

Thucydides discerned a progressive brutality and a progressive materialism in the Athenian treatment of the enemy and of the neutral states. It is no wonder that he became a little-Athens man.

The received rules of war were barbarous enough to begin with and before the Peloponnesian war began. On the other hand, the Athenian temperament was humanitarian enough—before the war—to largely cancel these rules. Athens was the one State when Pericles delivered his Funeral Speech, in which "virtue" ἀϱετή stood not for virtus—valour, not for the religion of valour, but for benevolence—humanity—generosity—charity: the men of "virtue," says Thucydides in his account of the plague, that is to say, the kindly man and the charitable[1] died of the plague in the largest numbers. Athens before the war in fact had been the one Greek State which was to a certain degree Christian before Christ. And all this was lost by the brutalizing influence of the war, or at least by the influence of the brutalized and materialistic spirit in which the war was waged. No wonder that Thucydides had ceased to be—if he ever was—an Athenian Imperialist.

[1] 2. 51.

Thucydides has told us that he wrote for all time and that his work would never be out of date.[1] If anyone wants to test that soaring ambition let him do what I was able to do recently. Let him sit down quietly and listen to two young students of Greek reading alternately from Thucydides, the dialogue at the end of Book V called the Melian debate. One reader represents the unhappy and weak neutral—Melos: the other, the callous, cynical, militaristic and aggressive Athens. The readers translated almost literally: changed nothing but the names: put Belgium for Melos: and Germany for Athens: and Great Britain for Sparta. For nothing else needed to be changed; and we heard coming to us from the year 416 B.C. the first proof, the first edition, of the identical debate between Belgium and Germany, which was republished under other names and at various times between 1860 and 1914: but never so closely to the original as in 1914.

Thucydides therefore did something more than put forward a claim to anticipate future history, he did more than claim that history repeated itself. He did more than claim that history is written for the future, that the future may guide itself by the experience of the past: or—in the somewhat romantic and extravagant terms which are familiar to some of us from our school days—that history gives a young man all the advantages of age without its infirmities—all those claims I mean which have been definitely repudiated by some historians like Ranke, and which obviously leave out of sight the familiar experience, that no man, and *a fortiori*, no nation, will agree to be taught by any experience except his own—these claims were not only put forward by Thucydides, but so successfully established by him, that a dramatic debate, like the Melian dialogue, can be pitch-forked bodily into the year 1914 as a *précis* of the diplomatic history of Belgium and Germany in that eventful year.

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[1] 1. 22.

That debate indeed is doubly dramatic, as has been already suggested. It is not only dramatic in its form, its dialogue, it is dramatic no less in its intense though unspoken irony. It precedes Books VI, VII, and Books VI, VII introduce the fall of Athens. "Strength goeth before a fall" is the religion of Herodotus. The same religion, but spiritualized, deepened, purified, is the religion of Thucydides. By painting strength in darker colours as pride, by heightening the picture of Athenian arrogance and cynicism towards Torone, Scione, Mende, Melos, and the rest of the cities and states which resisted Athens, he has given the Creed of Divine Jealousy a more righteous cast, a more humane interpretation. The humanitarianism of Athens—the better mind of Athens—is overheard in Thucydides confessing the justice of the Divine retribution which has fallen on her: not merely because she was powerful and ambitious, but because her subservience to her ambition and to her lust of power had dimmed and blighted all her greater and more characteristic qualities. "The war up to 415 B.C. made Athens great and Athenians small": that is the comment to be read between the lines of Thucydides.

No man can say that modern Germany has not applied history to her politics—in spite of Ranke: her politics have almost been made by her historians. It is a pity that her historians have not gone to ancient history, and in particular to Thucydides and the history of Athens, when they were looking for historical omens. The Melian dialogue might have warned Germany off Belgium, if they had still cared for their classics. Curiously enough they did see the parallel between Great Britain and Sparta but not between themselves and Athens, or between Belgium and Melos.[1]

There is little else to be found I think in Thucydides' history capable of throwing much light on his mind and personality. A man who so veiled his moral, religious, and artistic bias that the former is not easily understood (as in the verdicts on Nicias and Antiphon), while the two latter have been overlooked more or less entirely, until recently, is not likely to declare himself freely in smaller ways.

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[1] Vide *What Germany Thinks*, p. 205, and footnote on Professor Reinhard Frank of Munich and Tübingen (p. 193).

There is occasionally a touch, a hint of dry sarcasm. The Spartan Admiral Cnemus missed attacking the Peiræus, so *he* said, by stress of weather. "If he had wished to make a better pace the weather would not have been an insuperable obstacle,"[1] observes Thucydides. There is just one speech which is not merely dramatic, like the Melian dialogue, but full of personal colour or at least of national colour: the speech of the Spartan ephor Sthenelaides.[2] Thucydides actually gives the speaker's name in this case, apparently because the speech is so full of character as to be too full of character, except as an individual type: too full even for a type of Sparta: more Spartan than the Spartans.

"The greater part of the Athenian argument I cannot understand. They have said a great deal in eulogy of Athens but they have not shown that they are not injuring our good allies: if they behaved well against Persia all the more shame on their behaviour to-day."

There seems a touch of individual portraiture here. If the name were not given, it might almost seem a touch of caricature: probably that is why the name is given. But this speech is exceptional, not only in its caricature, if there be caricature, but in the giving of a name to the speaker. Thucydides' craving for the impersonal, his ambition to record the laws of history and not the feats of passing and ephemeral individuals, banishes names, broadly speaking, from his history, where other historians of all ages would record them.

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[1] Book II, 93.

[2] Book I, 85. 86.

There is little else that occurs to me. Thucydides believes in fate. He is a fatalist even to the extent of believing that he can read fate and forecast the future, human nature being the same in all ages. Is it a sort of natural compensation that the man who believed in so little in which other men believed, who believed in so little that he glorifies conventionalism and conservatism just because it is conventional and conservative: who liked the conventional and conservative Nicias just because he appealed to his taste, his sense of manners and moderation: who canonizes nothing in his history except the moderation of aristocrats—*ἀριστοκρατίας σώφρονος προτιμήσει*[1] —a moderation which no doubt, he would himself have admitted, is no special virtue, virtue being merely a matter of circumstance, condition and opportunity or—lack of opportunity; which is no special virtue in the aristocrats but the natural result of their interests and their advantages, and therefore all the more useful and punctual, just because it is not dependent on the off chance of real virtue but is a natural product of conditions; is it a sort of natural compensation, I say, that this man who could see his way before him so little, who is so dubious of human effort, should at least conceive so confident a belief in Fate and in his power to read Fate?

It may be so. Nature abhors a vacuum. Some Faith a man must have obviously to write history at all: and if no other, then faith in fate and in the reign of laws which can be deciphered and interpreted; let it be counted to Thucydides for righteousness that he sometimes manages to anticipate the future so closely.

Again, is it a contradiction to be so impersonal and fatalistic and yet to desire the government of a State by its chosen spirits, by the elect, by a Pericles, when a Pericles is born at long intervals to guide a State?

[1] III, 82: compare VIII, 24, *μόνοι οἱ Λακεδαιμόνιοι εὐδαιμονήσαντες ἅμα ἐσωφρόνησαν.*

I do not think so. Thucydides believed in fate: even in democracy as a result of fate, as an inevitable and disagreeable product at a certain stage of culture when universal education has made all questions open questions and has destroyed the rule of convention and old-established aristocracy. He disliked democracy as government from the street, as government without reflection, without knowledge, without experience of the past, without true education: as a government which has neither pride of ancestry, nor hope of posterity: as a government where the ordinary statesman can only take short views, for no views which are long, which are based on long experience, will commend themselves to the man in the street. The ordinary statesman must adapt himself to democracy in such an age, for democracy is an inevitable result of popular and universal education.

But if fate should produce at intervals a great demagogue—in the best sense of that term—a popular leader or demagogue who can yet by his force of eloquence and force of character impose himself upon the street and the State, upon popular opinion, a Pericles in fact, is it not better, is it not common sense, to exalt that demagogue and his government and to canonize his rule—however short its duration—and human life being short his rule will be short—as a happy incident, a blessed respite for a moment from the anarchy and see-saw which must otherwise mark the tragic career of democracy?

There are only two faiths possible, I think, to an historian: such a faith in Fate which I have endeavoured to interpret as the faith of Thucydides, pessimistic enough though it be; and the other faith—which is very modern and Christian—in the perfectibility of human nature, even under democracy, or especially under democracy; a perfectibility which will enable even the man in the street to listen more and more to the teachings of experience, and to give even to his democracy that sweet reasonableness and that moderation which are natural enough without special virtues, just by force of circumstances and personal interests, to an aristocracy : to the wealthy, well-born and well-educated. Thucydides had no such faith in progress or in the evolution of human nature by itself and from within and by the very law of evolution : human nature is to be the same in all ages : its germ-plasms do not change.

Evolution implies a terminus *ad quem* as well as *a quo*: but many of us forget the terminus *ad quem*, or at least we assume that the terminus *ad quem* of evolution and democracy is the stage which we ourselves have already reached, and practically we only think about the terminus *a quo*. That is, we all recognize clearly and consciously that society has developed from barbarism but we assume vaguely and unconsciously that it has now reached its zenith. So Thucydides : he recognized—no man more clearly —that Athens had evolved from piracy and general barbarism : that it had evolved to a certain stage of general education and thought : but,—he seems to have thought—Athens having reached that culminating point could go no further and must even recede into the degeneracy and anarchy which education and thought themselves produce : must fall before the more brutal powers like Macedon, which, without education and thought, yet retained the more brutal and masculine virtues : the will to fight, the will to power, the power to raise armies, and a rough indifference to all the luxuries of thought and the artificial and hot-house life of the theatre and the law courts and the public assembly, " the fountains and the fooleries " called civilization. Then in time evolution would take its turn with these uncivilized powers : and they also would begin to decay by reason of their new virtues, their thought and education, before new barbarians. Fate destroys nations by their very virtues, and the terminus *ad quem* is soon reached, and the cycle starts afresh from a new deluge of some sort. Fate leads nations in a cycle: evolution is from one end of the cycle to the other: but the wheels soon revolve full circle, and then the evolution is over: at least for a time and for that nation. It is not a continuous evolution: it is strictly limited, with its beginning, its culmination and brief transitional period of glory—Athens under Pericles—and its decay. (This, by the way, I believe is also the doctrine of Chateaubriand's first essay, his essay on Revolution: he was a student of Thucydides.)

It is not a cheering creed, but is it scientific? Can it be said to be unscientific just because it is not cheering: just because it offends a certain deep and sanguine instinct? That is a question for the theologians. Thucydides had no such theology as could make it seem unscientific to his mind. His mind was academic: the mind of an academic liberal: who is next door to a conservative: who lives in a semi-detached house with conservatism occupying the other half. Like Jowett, for example, Thucydides was liberal in theology and conservative in politics: liberal in education but conservative in broader and deeper things. He was of two minds about education and religion. He distrusted religion in details and in given cases—in the case of Nicias' superstitions about the moon, for example—but he welcomed it as a conservative force, as a force modifying the wheels of change, putting a brake upon them. Conversely, he trusted education in details, wanted it for himself and men of his class, an upper class: but he distrusted it broadly and on larger grounds and in the field of politics as a solvent of the existing order of things, as a harbinger and herald of universal doubt and of that ever widening horizon of open questions, which is the mark of democracy and universal education, and of the plague of books and lectures; and which ends in anarchy. Culture—universal culture at any rate—is anarchy. It is

" sensibility without bread " as Goldwin Smith used to say. To know everything is to do nothing. Thucydides coined the epigram, resented it, but perforce illustrated it in himself. He was the scientific officer who lost a campaign because he had more science than energy : the type of officer with whom we have all been familiar of recent years, since the day when one scientific general failed to swear his boats up the Nile in time to relieve Gordon, and a second failed to hold the crest of Majuba against the escalading Boers. Science can do much in warfare—especially in modern warfare—but it cannot supply energy. It may easily diminish the energy of native will and natural force of character : " the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." Thucydides could do nothing in the Athens of his days, or in the war in which, unfortunately for his reputation, he took an academic and a very ineffectual hand, except record its history.

CHAPTER III

PLATO AND POETRY

THE tenth book of Plato's *Republic*, or the first part of it, at least, is a Platonic " Bull " against poetry. And there is something of the " bull " about it, in more senses than one. Surely it is piquant in an unusual degree to find the great litterateur of Greek literature denouncing poetry, to find the great stylist of the philosophers of Greece denouncing style. It is pathetic, even more than piquant, to find the unsuccessful reformer of Syracuse, the academic adviser who proved too academic to advise Dionysius, the philosopher who had to return to his books and give up his dreams of administration, to find him in this book pleading so vehemently for action, for deeds, for life, protesting so eloquently against our writing history when we could be making it, holding up to our admiration not his own class and his own type, not Plato, not the writer, the dreamer, the speculatist, the ironical humorist, but the statesman, reformer, and man of action—all in fact that he himself, before or after this time, essayed in vain to be.

This book has the piquancy and the pathos of literature confessing her unworthiness ; of style sitting in sackcloth and ashes ; of speculation confessing that she is an unprofitable servant. It reads like the expression of the mood which comes and comes again to every student ; wherein he feels the vanity of study ; wherein he feels that he is giving up his life to words, words, words ; that he is plucking from the tree of knowledge instead of from the tree of life. He wishes that he were a man of affairs instead. He does not know, poor innocent, that that, too, is vanity; and that, as Professor Clark Murray used to say, we are all, yes positively all of us, spinning webs out of our brains, which we call facts—and, by no means least, those of us who are men of affairs, the bankers and stockbrokers at the present moment in the city of New York, as much, or more so, than the theologians and men of science.

Carlyle reproached himself that, whereas his father had made bridges, he only made books. Plato is in that Carlylean mood; and too absorbed in it to notice that some books sometimes are the best of bridges; and the only bridges whereby weak men can cross some of the deepest of rivers, as, for example, the sufficiently deep river of death; which many men have, in the ages since Plato, crossed by means of one of the very few books, perhaps the only book, better fitted than Plato to effect a crossing for them.

This indictment by Plato of poetry appears to fall into three chief counts. Poetry is imitation, not creation, not action. Etymologically and in Greek, poetry *is* creation, and the poet is *par excellence* the creator, and the creator the poet. But this is only the perversity of language. In fact poetry is the antithesis of action, and is imitation, says Plato. Here is a curious and ominous beginning. The word imitation has now become the orthodox definition of poetry; because it was caught up and repeated, but in a much broader sense, by Aristotle. It has come down through superstitious veneration for their usage to modern times. It is quoted, for example, in the last book on the subject, that by Mr. Courthope, till recently Professor of Poetry in Oxford.

But, inevitably, some reviewers of Mr. Courthope's book, more clearsighted in criticism than learned in literature, objected to the word. They protested that poetry is not imitation, but rather the deepest expression possible in words of the profoundest passion that words can express. Words, it is very likely, never express the profoundest passion, and the passion which they do express is less profound; but that does not alter the truth of the definition, "the deepest expression possible *in words* of the profoundest passion *words* can express."

Plato missed this word, "expression." There is no word for it in Greek, and he used instead this unhappy phrase *μίμησις*. A word is a fatal thing and leads its user far afield. At the very outset Plato is pre-occupied, obsessed, by the implications and suggestions of this unfortunate word. It has caused him throughout to reduce poetry to the level of painting. He has been describing in earlier books the democratization of Greek society, the spread of education to lower classes, and the consequent influx into the learned professions of men of humble origin, insufficient manners, and imperfect culture. Philosophy he likens racily to a maiden heiress whom her natural suitors, men of birth and breeding, have deserted for leadership in politics and social life; but in their place come little, bald-headed plumbers just out of prison, "their sentence quashed, their faces washed"; and they court her for her prestige and her "genteel" surroundings—a picture corresponding, as Nettleship dryly observes, to the democratization of the Church to-day. Well, Plato seems to find a parallel to these spurious philosophers or sophists in the poets. They too—he seems to say—are interlopers, imitators, reaping where they had not sown, gathering where they had not strawed. They have phrases and catch-words in abundance. Colours, scents, and echoes from real life hang about their verses; but it is all imposture. They do not know whereof they write. They only parrot and make believe. Plato will not even go as far as he goes in his *Ion*, or in his *Apology*, and concede that, if they do not know, they have at least an instinct, a tact, an unconscious prompting, an inspiration which takes the place of knowledge.

Rather, he brushes aside their work as wholly frivolous and artificial. It is pretty; it is musical and ingenious; but strip away the gimcrackery of art, the "sensual caterwauling" of music; the artful aid of alliteration, the combinations, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, of "*p's*," "*v's*," and "*f's*," or other mystic letters whose magic chemistry lies at the root of poetry, and explains the secret of the quickened heart-beats with which we hear it; tear away these things and nothing more is left; the charm is gone, the illusion snapped; it fades away into the light of common day—yes, poetry is just trifling; just dabbling in sound and phrase; just a tickling of the ear; just sensuous artifice; it is not serious work, not even scientific work. And, besides, no literature, not even scientific work, is worthy to be compared with action. A *man* makes history; he does not write it. The use of knowledge—and the poet has not even knowledge—lies in action, not in itself. You notice how far Plato goes. We can hear from others than Plato that exact knowledge is fatal to ornamental gifts; that it is fatal to the journalist, the politician, the orator, the conversationalist; and we can all agree—to avoid argument for the moment —to throw in the poet with journalists and conversationalists. We all know silent men of science, who are silent in half-a-dozen languages, and despise literature. It hardly invalidates the argument that some few poets themselves, like Browning, have shared this feeling and have begged that they be not mistaken for "damned literary men."

But Plato goes further: he has little use here even for men of science. Knowledge is to lead to action, instead of being a very general bar thereto; and *men* are to make history, not write it. The man of action comes first and he is the only man whom Plato recognizes as a man of knowledge. The man of mere knowledge, if it be worth while distinguishing between nonentities, would no doubt come next; and the poet who has neither action nor exact knowledge comes last; but it is not worth while so to distinguish between two nonentities. Plato has met, one supposes, silent men of action—Laconians, no doubt—conceivably, also in Italy, an unknown stranger or two from far-off Rome. He has marked their scorn for literature; and he has not also marked that, so far as knowledge goes, these men of action are as badly off as poets; and sometimes indeed are poets; and have borne the name of Solon or Aeschylus. He has made two classes, men of active knowledge, and men of ignorant dilettantism, where the rest of us see three classes, men of action, men of thought, journalists and litterateurs, the poets being found, according to their style and quality, in all three classes. Poetry—Plato knows it well in other dialogues where he is not holding, as here, a brief against poetry—poetry is one of the voices of youth, with love and with religion; but as love has its counterfeits, calf-love, sensual love, animal appetite or Whitmania, ambition, self-love and the like; and as religion also has its hypocrisies and its idolatries, so poetry—in this book—is lost behind the swarm of inferior spirits who burlesque it.

(2) He goes on presently to his next count. These imitators imitate only the material and visible; the outward shows and semblances of things, rather than solid facts. Their method is a picturesque sensationalism, not a sober record of life. They are realists, as we perhaps should say, if a realist is one "who dabbles in the muddy shallows of life and fancies he is sounding its depths." Plato, no doubt, is thinking of Euripides; of an Athenian theatre given over to the drama of realism; to spectacular displays of poverty and life in the slums; to tales of mean streets; to problem plays; and to dirty, disagreeable doubtings: illicit love, like Phædra's, is the motif;

or just poverty, hunger, and dirt like Telephus': these things find "the gods," and we are living in a sentimental and humanitarian age where the little finger of the man in the street is thicker than the loins of caste, and privilege, and culture, and the sheltered life.

So far, so good; and Plato is at least not flagrantly inconsistent yet with himself or with his gospel of work *versus* faith: of action *versus* thought. We may, perhaps, refute him with Browning:

"But all the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature, all purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;
Thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow act;
Fancies that broke thro' language and escaped;
All I could never be, all, men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

But, then, we might also refute Browning with Browning:

"And the fault I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin
Tho' the deed be a sin, I say."

(3) But, soon after, Plato introduces what purports to be a new objection to poetry, and one which surely contradicts his own previous argument. Poetry, he says, appeals to the emotions, and to reach the emotions it sets forth "actions and emotions, not character." There was a hint of this in the last count. It portrays a man acting and feeling, not thinking and being: it portrays rage, despair, love, grief, murder, and suicide—though the two last are apt to be less obtrusive in a Greek play than in a modern—not character. But man at his best thinks and is: man at his best is not in love, nor in rage, nor in despair, still less does he weep and tear his hair; he is silent, self-composed, austere; he is a stoic. The poet will not portray a stoic; indeed he cannot. A stoic on the stage would be a stick; so the poet

portrays only the weaker brethren, or man in his weaker moods of action and feeling.

But where now is Plato's glorification of action? Before it was action against literature, or mere thought. Now, the deepest and highest life appears to be, not in action, but in thought and being, not in what a man does but in what he is; not in his works but in his faith. Plato began by glorifying activity and action; now he abuses actors and acting. Yet there is a real connection between the two sets of words, though only the Latin and English languages show it, and the Greek by what might seem a strange freak does not—strange, because one would expect the actor's art to be magnified by the Greek language instead of by the Latin and the English, the artistic side of it being surely as conspicuous as the practical; but of course the reason is the one already noticed, the Greek language has identified action with the more subjective, the more spiritual art of the poet; it cannot, therefore, identify it also with the objective and material art of the actor. But what am I saying? After all the Greeks have used their secondary word for action, at any rate the substantive which means an action, for an "act" by actors on the stage; our own word "drama," I mean.

Now, if the end of life rather lie in composed character, austerity, and pride than in theatrical and violent actions and emotions, why then the men who make history, who act bloody parts and are possessed of headstrong passions (the headstrong man, by the way, is the man weak in his head), these men seem to be relegated to a back seat at the Platonic feast of life; and the student, and the philosopher, and the historian, and the man of science seem to be invited to sit down above them at the board. This may be sound Platonism. Generally speaking, I think it is. But is it consistent with the early chapters of this same book?

(4) But the most difficult and debatable portion

of Plato's attack on poetry is not the proposition that poetry is playing with life and not living, imitation of life and not creation, nor that it is the imitation of crude life, the mere life of action and emotion instead of the life of thought.

The first of these propositions is obviously true of minor poets ; untrue of any considerable poet : who, because he is a considerable poet, has been a considerable man first. He has thought and suffered beyond other men. He has been torn up and transplanted from the society of other and more ordinary men, from the others who remain reeds shaken by the wind, and has been fashioned by the knife and iron of thought and suffering into the reed-made flute or pipe, the mouthpiece of some great god, Pan, some spirit greater than humanity. The true poet, as the phrase goes, learned in suffering what he taught in song.

The second proposition again is implicitly inconsistent with the first, since it involves what the first denies, the deeper reality of the world of thought over the world of action. With the second Plato has himself refuted the first ; and has made it somewhat unnecessary for his readers to take the first seriously.

But the third count in his indictment, to the latter part of which I have already referred, is that poetry addresses itself to the emotions, that is, as he says, to an unreal element in human nature. This is the count which is difficult of interpretation, and which has been very differently interpreted.

"What is truth ?" asked Pilate, when he heard the word used in argument. "What is reality ?" is the question somewhat similar, which Plato's continual use of this vague word provokes. The unreal element in human nature—according to Plato—is the element opposed to that in us which weighs, and measures, and calculates. It is the element opposed to cold-blood reason and logic. When we have suffered a great loss of any kind, the emotional element raves like a tragedy queen over the past; the element of reason takes stock of our position and gathers up the fragments that remain. So far, so good; but what we want to know and what we never distinctly learn from Plato—whence the different interpretations of his argument by different interpreters—seems to be this: what is the extent and nature of this emotion which he banishes, and of this cold-blood and logic which he enthrones in its place?

Mr. Gradgrind, also, in *Hard Times* enthroned cold-blood and logic, and many an ancient Gradgrind of the Cynic and Stoic persuasion enthroned these apathies. The philosopher who, hearing of his son's death, retorted that he never supposed that he had begotten an immortal; the other philosopher who, losing his wife and children, consoled himself with the apothegm that the sage is independent of circumstances—this is the somewhat unattractive guise in which resignation expressed or concealed itself in the poor pagan world. But can we make anything worth having out of apathy, unless it be an apathy towards the trivial rendered natural and becoming, because its house is already swept and garnished and possessed by some absorbing passion or devotion to some one or a few high ends? Can cold-blood, and logic, and so-called reason so absorb and possess man's soul? or does not "emotion" cover all forms of high passion and devotion? Can all emotion be banished rightly? Is Plato objecting only to "the skin-deep sense of our own eloquence," which is the poet's besetting sin, and his substitute often for "the pure emotion of a high devotion," or is he really asking us to forego emotion altogether and live as merely rational cold-blooded creatures? It is the old problem of Greek philosophy. What is the relation in Plato and Aristotle of the moral nature (of those aspirations after generosity, courage, forgiveness, faith, hope, and charity, which Aristotle calls "moral" or “ethical”), and the reason which alone Aristotle pronounces to be divine?

The moral is of the earth earthy, says Aristotle. It is the handmaid, not the mistress; the mistress is reason and philosophy. Plato’s is not an analytical intellect like Aristotle’s; and he has never so sharply distinguished between moral and intellectual. Righteousness and Reason go generally hand in hand in his *Republic*; and yet the partnership never seems quite essential in his eyes; but always temporary rather and, as it were, conditional and contingent; and in his eyes the divine nature—as also in Dean Mansel’s system, and in all systems based on Aristotle—seems to stand apart from the petty and anthropomorphic moralities of human life. Hence the interpreters have parted here, and one school interprets Plato in what I am tempted to call a Christian rather than in a Platonic sense.

Mr. Prickard, in his very interesting little book on Aristotle’s theory of poetry, interprets the tenth book of Plato’s *Republic* to mean that Plato is deprecating “sentimentalism”; the sentimentalism of the literary man. The world is divided—so I presume the argument would run—between the literary and the silent races. The Greek spends himself on expression. He is the Æolian harp which answers to every wind of doctrine or feeling, and therefore he never really feels. Before he has really felt he has expressed and dismissed his nascent feeling in expression; and the moment after he has expressed, he feels another and a different emotion, and expresses *it*. He is elastic to the core of his being. He is a child all the days of his life, with the child’s frivolity, the child’s delight in mere living, and the child’s volubility and volatility. His emotions are real while they last; indeed, it is absurd to call emotion unreal (as Plato does) just because it is not permanent; for emotion as opposed to passion is essentially transient. But he is so impressionable that he is never really impressed; he is the actor, the journalist, the poet; the natural man in a southern and tempestuous population, the democratic man who acknowledges no aristocracy or hierarchy of instincts and impulses, but obeys each in turn, as it comes to him, and recognizes each as equal, each as counting for one and none for more than one in his moral democracy. The opposite type to this is the Spartan; unsympathetic; unemotional; silent; but capable of devotion to a single absorbing purpose; capable of passion, undiluted and unaltering; and capable of martyrdom. Plato, living in Athens, reacts, as a philosopher will, towards the unpopular and alien, the foreign and opposite type. He sighs for Spartan doggedness and tenacity of purpose. If Athenians did not express their emotion in language, especially in poetry, they would have sufficient emotion to carry them through life; even through the stormy life of politics. They would be able, that is, to act instead of talk; for you cannot, as the poet Clough has quaintly said, have your emotion and yet express it also.

Plato had seen, or at least had heard of, the whole Athenian people bursting into tears of idle pity, and fear, and wrath, at the portraiture of the capture of Miletus by Barbarians: he wanted their pity to be expended on practical politics, on the political humiliation of Hellas. He wanted their fear and wrath expended upon nerving the soldier's arm and strengthening his weak knees. He hates to see all feeling evaporate in literary expression.

In short, Plato's feeling for poetry and its besetting temptations seems precisely akin—if Mr. Prickard be right—to the feeling of Cardinal Newman, as expressed in certain verses which I am accustomed to repeat *ad nauseam* to my habitual pupils.

"Prune thou thy words; the thought control
That thro' thee swell and throng.
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

"But whoso lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Faints when hard service must be done,
And shrinks at every woe.

"Faith's meanest deed more favour bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade."

This seems to me an admirable picture of the seamy side of poetry and literature; even more admirable than Matthew Arnold's "Stagirius," which is his version of the same theme:

"When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride,
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save."

Plato, surfeited with Athenian emotionalism, humanitarianism, and infirmity of purpose, represents his Athenian philosophers as repenting of their Athenian or feminine temperament, and seeking like women for some nature stronger, less sensitive, and more masculine. They seem to say:

"We, too, have felt the load we bore
In a too strong emotion's sway.
We, too, have wished—no woman more—
These starting feverish hearts away.
We, too, have longed for trenchant force,
And will like a dividing spear,
Have praised the keen, unscrupulous course
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear."

Such is Mr. Prickard's interpretation of the 10th Book, and it reconciles us to Plato, if only it be correct. But is it correct ? I see no sign that Plato has ever really faced the question : "How much emotion is to be discarded, and what is to take its place ?" He is preaching Stoicism—but, then, Stoicism, if it mean fortitude at one stage, will pass, and pass by ever indistinguishable shades, into a later stage where it means mere apathy. The Red Indian, who was a Stoic in his own sufferings, became after a time at once incapable of suffering himself, and capable of inflicting monstrous suffering upon others. To preserve at one and the same time "kindness in another's troubles, courage in one's own" remains a difficult ideal, composed, like all perfection, of opposing and well-nigh incompatible elements. Plato never seems to ask himself even the elementary question. "Is it the expression of feeling or the feeling expressed which is objectionable ?" "Is it composure of bearing or composure of feeling which is desirable, and which is presented in the Spartan type ? If the latter, how far shall this composure of feeling be permitted to go ? Are our philosophers to be wholly apathetic or merely too proud of their high purposes in life to be shaken by life's trifles ?"

Now these are critical and crucial questions ; and in the exact kind and even in the exact degree of composure lies all the difference between fortitude and apathy. The two are not essentially divided, rather, there is direct communication and continuous progression from the one to the other ; and yet there is all the difference of right and wrong between them. How are we to distinguish where the right ends and the wrong begins. Where is the quantitative analysis to show us how much fortitude there be in Spartan endurance, and how much apathy ?

Nature does not help us to distinguish these elements in the Spartan, or other soldier. Nature does not help us to read aright those of our own race who are silent and seem apathetic. Sometimes they seem heartless, because they are so careful not to wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at and interviewers to report. A young Canadian—the member of a more emotional race than that which created our Empire and inhabits its seat—writing from England, recently, notes the scanty vocabulary of the upper class there, and their aversion to vivacity and verbosity; they do not talk themselves; and they look suspiciously at talkers; only a Prime Minister should talk; he cannot help himself; it is the price he pays for his bad eminence.

But are all these people really ashamed of all emotion? Do they really live only for golf and brandy-and-soda, for bridge and other brigandage? Perhaps the cynic who should so assume—who should assume that their *mauvaise honte* and silence covered nothing but materialism—perhaps he would find in an appreciable number of cases that, like the *mauvaise honte* of some schoolboys, it covered the other and the nobler source of silence—the silence of the philo-Laconian Laches in Plato's dialogue of that name. Laches cannot abide talking and talkers, because their talking takes the place of action—their preaching of practice: *he* does not propose to take a seat in a church whose apostle is himself a castaway; and Laches does not seem to see how Nature, herself, by her method of division of labour, tends to divide men into hearers of the word (or preachers) who are not doers, and doers who are not hearers: into men of action who understand neither themselves nor the history they are making: and men of thought who understand both themselves and their times but contribute nothing towards making the history they write. He does not seem to see that thought and the expression of thought is one man's *métier* in life, his *forte* and his action, just as action is the only conscious thought and expression to which another man, unintelligent and silent, ever attains.

Laches, therefore, cannot tolerate eloquence, unless in one of those rare cases where all a man's eloquent words are but the reflexion of an eloquent life ; where all the ideals upon his lips have risen thither from deep springs of passion, and have spoken in a thousand nameless, unremembered acts, before they were permitted to find tongue.

Tongue-tied races and tongue-tied people are sometimes silent, like Laches, because they hate hypocrisy ; because they hate to speak without acting, to profess more than they can practise. It is because they aspire more and not less to living on a high plane that they tune their words religiously to a minor key, and talk only of trivialities and field sports.

And surely the best poetry, like the best practice, must proceed from this sincere passion to be real and serious. The best poetry surely cannot be the fitful experiments of impressionists, the trivial moods of dilettantism ; and there lies the source of the misgivings and demurrers with which we read Plato's attack on poetry.

CHAPTER IV

FRANCIS BACON

WHEN it was first suggested to me that I should lecture on Bacon, I at once objected that I had no interest in the subject, except a strong prejudice against the hero proposed for me. But I was weak enough to add that perhaps after all a strong aversion for a man, was the next best qualification for writing of him, after a strong liking; and after those words of weakness and folly, there was no escape.

That happened some years ago, and of course it only took me two weeks to realize the egregious fallacy of the argument; there is nothing in it, it is a fallacy of the cave. If in large things nothing can be done without love, so in small. If one cannot base a happy life for Ireland upon hatred of Great Britain; if one cannot build a new civilization for France upon "La Guerre Sociale," upon hatred, that is, of the capitalists and the upper and the middle-classes, so neither can one even write a popular lecture on Bacon to any good purpose without heartily admiring Bacon.

Enlightened dislike is almost as near a contradiction in terms—not quite as near—as enlightened selfishness; or to put it the other way round, to know all—as the audacious French proverb says—is to pardon all. Or if it is not quite that, at any rate it is to have much sympathy for all; and nothing can be made—not even a lecture—without sympathy, or out of mere dislike.

But why should one feel an aversion for Bacon such as I feel? The answer is simple: you have anticipated it: Lord Macaulay's essay of eulogy upon him. For here is a question of temperament. The world is divided between two temperaments: the temperament which calls itself practical and is delighted with all increases in the practical conveniences of life, in the triumphs of applied science, in the railroad, steamship, telegram, telephone, and air-ship; and there is the temperament which persists instead in looking inward and in asking not is there outward progress but, is there inward strength and peace? Discontent, unrest, vain ambitions, social bitterness, la guerre sociale, all of which are not merely compatible with material progress, but seem to be especially stimulated thereby, appear to this temperament to cancel the good of the coincident material progress; because, as even Bacon himself has observed, the happiness of a people or an individual, does not depend upon their material comforts wholly or chiefly, but upon their content or discontent.

Macaulay and Bacon belong emphatically to the first type. They are constitutionally impatient of the sciences which, in a certain sense, are not progressive: metaphysics and theology. They *are* progressive in fact; but we have each of us to make the progress for ourselves over again from the first step to the last. We inherit, to a very slight degree if at all, the triumphs made and the heights reached by previous explorers here; we have to explore for ourselves: whence the educational value of these speculations.

Well, that is not Bacon's point of view. His point of view is expressed in the motto prefixed often to Bacon's works; it is not systems of philosophy, religion, or even of politics, which help men, it is the various unrelated little material improvements, and useful inventions, and discoveries of applied science: the compass, gun-powder, the printing press; or, as we should say to-day, wireless telegraphy and aviation.

What then was Bacon's achievement? What was his idea? Whence his fame?

Well: I have been beating about the bush and striving to stave off that awkward question; it is so hard to answer. It looks so flippant and so superficial to say—there was no achievement, no message, no right to fame. It looks only one degree less flippant and many degrees more undutiful and irreverent to say; it was just that he was the typical, material-minded Englishman, who hated philosophy, and knew enough and was courageous enough and gifted enough, to be able to rid his mind of cant and to say so with impunity; and having said so, to earn eternal fame from his grateful and material-minded countrymen, whose prejudices and limitations he had glorified and for ever consecrated.

That is a suspicious explanation in my eyes.

I have heard a great deal about this dull, illiterate and unphilosophic material-minded Englishman. I have done something in my humble way, I suppose, involuntarily and unwillingly, to spread the tradition of his dullness. But after all he is not so dull and so illiterate as to glorify Bacon because he was impatient of philosophy; and if he were, his approval would not make any man a hero or famous.

It may be true, I think it is, that there is a certain sobriety or heaviness about the average English town—possibly climatic—which makes its average inhabitant less quick-witted, less intelligent, more material-minded, than the Irishman or the Highland Celt. It may be true, I think it is, that even in the English Universities there is a certain matter-of-fact habit of mind, which is tedious to the wit of Dublin or the keen intellect of Scotland: whence it is that Scotchmen so often supply the philosophy of Oxford; and one Irishman at least has added to its scholarship by editing the most vivacious and Irish of the Greek historians.

It may be true, I think indeed it is, that the

English mind moves more slowly and with much less show and glitter: that it expresses itself, when forced to expression, in a manner much less picturesque than in the Celtic fringe. But to say that does not forbid me to add, that the plodding and cautious sense of the English race, may be expected to produce, and has produced—when combined with a national wealth and a mass of population capable of adding literature to the other luxuries of life—a literature broader, more fruitful, more learned: nay even more eloquent, more witty and more wise, than the literature of the lighter weights and more feminine spirits across the Tweed and Channel.

And therefore it is absurd to say that English and Lowland-Scot illiteracy and materialism have made of any mere materialist a hero. I came across this short way of dealing with Bacon's fame the other day, but the very book in which I found it disproves the theory. I found it in an essay written by the Fenian John Mitchel, to relieve the tedium and constraint in which his more official writings had involved him.

I found this essay much more to my taste than his more formal deliverances: and yet the very book, or books, of which it forms a part, disposes of the broad assertion of the illiteracy of the English race. At the best book-shop in Toronto you will find five volumes of selections from the literature of Ireland. I have looked through it once or twice, and I have discovered three names of first-rate excellence worth all the others put together—Burke, Berkeley, and Swift, none of them surely very characteristic Irishmen: each of them surely Anglicized. Besides these three names there may be twenty others of some merit, beginning with Goldsmith and Sheridan, and ending with Yeats and Moira O'Neill and Synge, with Lever and Lover and Lecky and the two Moores in between. Similarly, I presume one may collect twenty names from Scotland, beginning with Scott and Burns and Stevenson and Carlyle. Macaulay and Macdonald, and half a dozen from Wales: George Meredith and Vaughan (the Silurist) and Lewis Morris for three of the six.

But the materialized and illiterate "predominant partner," the partner who characteristically depreciates his literature as he depreciates all his gifts, will still be able to submerge the junior partners with a fair list of considerable names: Chaucer and Shakespeare: Milton and Spenser and Dryden and Pope; Byron and Shelley; Coleridge, Cowper and Crabbe and Wordsworth; and Southey, Tennyson and Browning; Swinburne and William Morris, Keats and Blake and Watson, and Kipling and Newbolt; and Masefield and Henley and Housman; Courthope, Clough and Calverley; Hood and Fitz-Gerald; Matthew Arnold and Landor.

Or in another field, of Gibbon and Hallam; Froude and Freeman, and Stubbs and Goldwin Smith and Seeley and Morley.

And in another field, again, of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë; and Miss Austen and Arnold Bennett; of Bulwer Lytton and Trollope and Wells.

And in yet another: Lamb and Hazlitt; Defoe and DeQuincy, and Addison and Johnson, and Smollett and Fielding and Richardson; Newman and Wesley, and Baxter and Bunyan; Keble and Kingsley.

Or in science itself, besides Bacon, Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and Tyndall.

Therefore it will not do to dismiss the fame of Bacon or of any man as merely based upon the brutal Englishman's relish of a brutal Englishman. The Englishman is not primarily a student, or thinker, or writer, or speaker: his religion is achievement and adventure; but all these other things with the coming of wealth and civilization have been added unto him.

All the more difficult—after removing the simple

Fenian explanation—to find an explanation that is satisfactory.

What did Bacon do for his fame ? The French—who are both impartial and intelligent—answer that his merit lies in his general views. This is somewhat vague. The merit of Socrates—who also thought himself a practical man and is often compared and contrasted with Bacon—also lay in his general view : in his spirit of relentless self-examination : in his determination to rid his mind of cant and find a rock-bottom for knowledge of ethics and politics. But this spirit is the very essence of religion and philosophy and may well make a man famous. Again, Christianity itself has moved the world by its spirit, not by any system of elaborate doctrine or elaborate institutions ; the spirit of Christianity, its two commandments, are quite sufficiently drastic and revolutionary to account for its fame. What is there drastic and revolutionary in the work of Bacon and in his general views ?

They look at first sight so obvious : they are now so commonplace. Bacon believed in experiments and in examination of phenomena. Bacon objected to authority in philosophy, especially to the authority of Aristotle. He lived in an age of great adventure, of great geographical discoveries, of great national uplift, when—as Milton wrote soon afterwards—" A mighty nation was renewing itself, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks, as an eagle renewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; for now the time seems come when not only our Seventy Elders but all the Lord's people are become prophets."

Bacon shared all these impulses of confidence and ambition, and he added the special thought that the outward fabric of life, material civilization, could be made over by a new method of discovery in physical science.

So much is clear; but this does not account for his fame, for there was no new method of discovery: there were no great discoveries made either by him or his method. There was more "hot air," to use an American vulgarism, than anything else, in his books and his anticipations. It seems almost then to come down to this, that when philosophers and men of science also, had fallen under the bondage of a man somewhat resembling Bacon but infinitely abler, the Greek Aristotle, Bacon had the sense to protest against this foolish idolatry, which called a great Greek "Master," and to see that no improvement would be made in physical or natural science without experiment.

One cannot understand, or begin to understand Bacon's fame, except by remembering this idolatry, of which he was the iconoclast. The spirit of Aristotle was dead or alive only in Bacon and a few men of science; the letter of Aristotle and the bondage of the letter was killing scientific progress.

These are some of the typical anecdotes which illustrate the service Bacon rendered to science and to common sense.

An anatomist at Venice, dissecting a human body sent for a local philosopher, and pointed out to him that all the nerves centred in the brain and ran thence throughout the body, with one nerve to the heart. "It certainly seems so," said the philosopher, "and I would have believed it if Aristotle had not said that they all centred in the heart:" but that ended discussion.

Or again, a scientific monk (like Roger Bacon or the Austrian Mendel) discovered spots on the sun and called the attention of his superior. "Your instruments or your observation," was the answer, "are at fault: I have looked it up in Aristotle: there are no spots in him."

Or once more from the opposite point of view. A Baconian-minded man of science invented the telescope, and called a philosopher to admire it. "You will find it all in Aristotle," was the chilly answer. "He says that if one descends a well, one can see the stars at noonday. There is your telescope in germ: anyone can apply the hint, and invent a telescope after that." All this is amusing enough, and it shows Bacon's good sense that he protested and restored examination of phenomena and experiment; but it does not explain his fame.

I said he was an inferior Aristotle himself: an Aristotle much damaged: he was. Aristotle before him and against Plato recommended experiment and relied on experience, and deprecated abstract and a priori mathematical thought and Plato's indifference to experiment. Aristotle, like Bacon, thought there was too much "permissio intellectus": too much indulgence of the imagination in science. Aristotle, like Bacon, recommended "abnegatio notionum"—a pruning of the imagination.

Again, Aristotle—like Bacon—thought something might be done by careful training and habit to make men equal to one another: to provide equality of opportunity: only he was never so foolish as to imagine that any new system of training would make every man the equal of every other man, and able to discover all that civilization would like to have, by merely mechanical industry. This was one of Bacon's mad fancies going far beyond the optimism of Aristotle, even as Aristotle's democratic optimism went far beyond the aristocracy of nature in which Plato believed.

Alchemy was another of Bacon's fancies, in which he parts company not with Plato only but with Aristotle also. Bacon thought it was possible to discover all the simple qualities—assumed to be few in number—of which matter is composed, and then to superinduce them singly or in combination at pleasure. Thus gold would be analysed by experiment into its simple properties, and these then would be superinduced on lead or silver, and you would have all the qualities of gold. "Whether you call it gold I care not," adds Bacon graciously. He was not only broadly an alchemist, but also within limits an astrologer; and herein for once he comes nearer to Plato than to Aristotle.

Aristotle again surpassed other Greek philosophers, especially Plato, in terminology: in careful definition; and Bacon's terminology, if not very accurate and careful, makes up for this lack, by effectiveness and vigour. Each man in his own way was a coiner of technical terms.

In short—though Aristotle preferred natural history to physics, so that Darwin turns to Aristotle with enthusiastic eulogy and puts him far above Cuvier or Linnæus, while physicists—albeit in a minor key and with recognition much more reserved—pay their respects to Bacon—(while the mathematicians of course rank Plato far higher than either),—yet Bacon and Aristotle had much in common, so that one may almost say that wherever Bacon has really anything to say, it is in Aristotle's spirit, though illuminated it may be with later and fuller knowledge, and whenever he is original and revolutionary, he is wrong.

Neither of them trusted mathematics as Plato trusted them, and neither of them therefore did anything for astronomy. Aristotle diverted Greek science to natural history, biology and physiology; and Europe waited seven centuries—with the exception of Archimedes—for Galileo, Kepler and Copernicus.

And when they came they were of no account in Bacon's eyes. He did not accept their discoveries: he rejected the diurnal revolution of the earth, no less than the heliocentric system. That is nothing to his discredit, as a statesman or a philosopher. There is no one perhaps among my readers at this minute who accepts the system of Copernicus, and rejects the geocentric system, except as a matter of faith;

but it *is* something against him as a loud-voiced and professed reformer in physical science.

Again, he lived as a contemporary of Harvey, and he knows nothing of the circulation of the blood. No wonder that Harvey wrote: "The Lord Chancellor's science is the science of a Lord Chancellor."

And yet it would be unfair to Bacon to suppose that science owes him absolutely nothing, except that truth which is so much like a truism; the truth that experiment not faith, experience not authority, must be its method.

Something more than that may be said for him. The French have even said that he invented the first thermometer: an air thermometer. Apparently in fact he invented nothing, but he understood some things that were then new and anticipated even some ideas that are still new; in particular his ideas on heat, to which I will return in a few minutes, illustrate the strength of his mind, as well as the weakness of his system, and deserve a moment's thought.

Bacon thought imagination fatally active in science. He deplored the loose rein given it usually: the permissio intellectus. He demanded instead the emptying of his imagination by the man of science, the abnegatio notionum as the first condition of progress. Then by this self-denying ordinance and by patient observation, progress would be made by any student of science and every student, and all the journeymen-workers of science would become prophets.

It was only necessary to discover the few simpler qualities and properties which underlie all matter, underlie, that is, its grosser and visible qualities, and then by a process of elimination each of these could be in turn put aside (when it manifestly did not concern the problem under investigation), until nothing remained but the property under investigation with one other; then obviously here was the essence of the property investigated: here was the "forma" as Bacon called it.

Much controversy ranges round Bacon's forma; even his champions criticize it and say he overlooked the plurality of causes, for the property investigated may be produced by different causes. There is no guarantee that the cause thus discovered is the only cause, the essence, the true cause.

Not so, retort the unbelievers: Bacon never overlooked the plurality of causes: he never came so near to science as to imagine a plurality of causes. He dwelt in a shadowland of mediæval mysticism and he talked of "essence" and "forma" like any monk or any Aristotelian: his "forma" is not defective science, it is not science at all. Nature is not simple; and no man had discovered in Bacon's day, no man has yet discovered, those few simple properties into which all her complexity can be reduced: no man perhaps ever will discover them. However it be, Bacon himself recognized soon that *he* could not discover these simple elements of nature, as he imagined; and now comes in both the proof of the vanity of his method, and of the keenness of his mind.

Finding that he could not proceed without more knowledge of what are the simple properties of matter and of its grosser aspects, he proceeded to eliminate these in succession. He recants for a moment and abjures the Baconian system. Just for the time, he says, just to illustrate what discoveries can be made, let us anticipate a little, and allow ourself for once the use of imagination and theory: the liberty of forming notions. And accordingly he brings together various phenomena illustrating heat, and by rejecting in succession such conditions as did not occur in all the phenomena, he ends up with the very modern conclusion that heat is a mode of motion. Similarly he approached at least, if at some distance, the idea of gravitation: not as near as some of the men he attacks, perhaps, but nearer than others. He made suggestions partly right, partly wrong, about the weight of the air on a mountain top, on the earth's surface, and in a coal mine; it is least on the mountain and most in the mine, he thinks. He even allowed himself for a moment what he calls "the mad dream" of suspecting, that the light which we see from the stars is not their immediate and present light but has taken some time in reaching us, and dates back a longer or shorter period. To-day astronomers can tell us that the rays we see started in some cases before the birth of Christ only to reach us now; in some cases in the days of Edward I, in others in the time of Henry VIII, and so on. But Bacon—for a moment on the line of truly scientific speculation—repented the next moment and abandoned his "mad dream," and once more wrote down his "science" as the science of a brilliant amateur.

He succeeded by the same sound but un-Baconian method of imagination in analysing colour successfully. This, with heat, forms part of that vindemiatio prima, or "first vintage," which is the only vintage worth tasting in Bacon's cellar; and this vintage was, by his own admission, contraband. It was smuggled in illicitly. It was only there to show what he could do with a complete outfit of definitions and facts, when without definitions and sufficient facts, with the unlawful light of imagination only, he could do so much.

But to-day the men of science—Baconians or non-Baconians (in the sense of appreciating Bacon's science or disparaging it)—accept the unlawful light of the imagination as the only fruitful light.

Kepler made nineteen guesses before he solved the motion of the planets and their ellipses: he could have found nothing without guessing. It is the Keplers among us who find things: not patient fools with the patent Baconian tables of facts and definitions.

Copernicus' discovery was not verified by experiment till after his death: it rested on his intellect and imagination. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood by the arguments of analogy, and by the arguments of final causes, and the arguments of the imagination. The valves of the veins reminded him of other valves of hydraulic engines, and of what use could they be, he asked himself, unless for purposes of circulation.

Darwin was led to his doctrine of evolution by his imagination : by the analogies he saw in embryology between man and the lower animals.

Adams and Leverrier discovered Neptune—this is the stock illustration which may be quoted equally against Bacon and against Plato, to illustrate equally the folly of Bacon in resting on experiment alone, and of Plato in seeming wholly to reject experiment —Adams and Leverrier discovered Neptune by strict reasoning from observed facts. They saw the perturbations of the satellites of Uranus and they trusted their reason and their experience of Nature, to the extent of insisting that there must be a cause thereof ; and the only cause they could imagine was an unseen planet at a certain point in space. They placed the planet there and they called it Neptune. They did not wait for telescopes before reasoning, trusting and imagining ; they neither distrusted their imagination —as Bacon bade them—nor distrusted Nature as Plato exhorted ; they faced boldly the weakness of the one, the arbitrariness and license of the other. Some years passed before telescopes revealed the assumed Neptune. Then, at last, Bacon and Plato with their opposite incredulities and distrusts, were refuted ; and at one and the same time the strength of human reasoning was indicated in spite of Bacon, the law and order of Nature, in spite of Plato. Bacon believed in Nature, but not in reason : he was never a philosopher. Plato in reason (he was so wholly a philosopher) but not in nature : he was not an adequate naturalist. Adams and Leverrier did something to reconcile science with philosophy.

Well, then, if this be all, how explain Bacon's fame: how account for it? I do not think I have accounted for it yet: I am not sure that I can, but I humbly venture to suggest a further explanation.

Physicists are an unlettered race: illiteracy is the badge of all their tribe, but the greatest science and art of all arts and sciences is the art and science of speech. The orator, the writer, the man who commands a fluent tongue and the vocal expression of a vivid imagination, the man with a style equal to his thought and knowledge, is the greatest force not on the earth but in the world of thought and knowledge, or at least of popular thought and knowledge; in the world of popular science and literature, and especially of science; for among the dumb the orator is king.

And hence the fame of Bacon: he was a noted physicist like Lord Kelvin, but he was what Lord Kelvin could never be—a magnificent man of letters: he was a first-rate stylist. (Something of the same kind of fame might have been won, had his life been longer, by the late Professor Henry Drummond.) He had a splendid gift for phrase-making. Lord Beaconsfield nor Matthew Arnold had it more; and he had a marvellous knack for analogies: vivid picturesque metaphors; and he had a wonderful command of the greatest monuments of literature—the Bible and Classical Mythology. No one loves a Biblical quotation more than Bacon; and to read Bacon is a liberal education in classical mythology. His aphorisms accordingly are sententious, picturesque, Biblical, classical, in their form; and in their matter full of striking analogy and metaphors.

Bacon has always an analogy and metaphor ready by which to prejudice a question fatally, and often beyond revision, for those who are influenced by metaphors. For example, knowledge which does not lead to inventions and the amelioration of life—knowledge like Henry Smith's mathematical discoveries, of which their author boasted that not a penny could be extracted from them by hook or by crook—is brushed aside by Bacon with the bold metaphor, that it is *as empty as a childless marriage* : the metaphor if far fetched is characteristic of the fertility of his imagination, and of the limits of his interests. He is of the same spirit as Comte the Frenchman, who deprecated Sidereal astronomy : or as the historic (?) Socrates of Xenophon, who also was most fertile in analogy and most limited in scientific interest.

Now simile, metaphor and analogy are the very life of religion and philosophy, and literature, and even of science ; without analogy and metaphor we cannot make a step in religion : not many steps in science. We humanize our religion or it is no religion ; we humanize our science, or there is barely any science left. Christianity is an anthropomorphic religion ; and without it what is religion ?

If we could not talk of " energy," and of " purpose," of " attractions " and " repulsions," and " abhorrence" in nature, and the like, what would become of Science ?

And he who like Bacon is a master of metaphor and analogy and literary allusion and sententious phrase, is the master of the literary mind and of the reading public.

Here are some, a few, of his more striking aphorisms.

Time, like a river, brings down to us the lighter stuff : the windier matter ; it buries beneath its waves solid and more serious things.

Princes are like heavenly bodies : they have much veneration but no rest.

Philosophers are like ants : they collect facts with blind industry ; or they are like spiders, they spin webs out of themselves ; they ought rather to be like bees : they should both collect and arrange their material and organize it for themselves into a new whole.

Men are too impatient in the race of science for positive results: they stop like Atalanta to pick up apples, and they lose their race.

If all the intellects and industries of all the ages could be brought together, one could not make much progress in science by guesswork and hypotheses.

The imagination needs weights to keep it quiet, rather than wings to fly.

These last aphorisms show Bacon in a characteristic, but not a scientific mood. He wants discovery reached gradually, the ladder ascended rung by rung; the highest generalization reached from intermediate conclusions: themselves traced down till they rest on individual instances. He did not think that a man ought to put up an hypothesis of his imagination and then deduce its consequences, and test those consequences by experiment of fact. He did not approve of deduction. He hated the Greek syllogism, which is merely a statement of man's habit of generalizing from particulars and then testing his generalization by applying it to other particulars.

Again: To inquire into final causes is to treat your mind like the daughter whom you put into a nunnery: she is dead to you and the world; even so is he who dedicates himself to final causes.

I am but the bugler of Science: I summon others.

(Bacon was the bell that rang men to worship in the chapel of Science; and all the more, that he was hardly inside the chapel himself, at the best a worshipper in the old-fashioned choir; that is, in the benches very far from the shrine; the choir sings lustily and sleeps during the sermon.)

The human intellect is like a broken mirror; it distorts what it reflects. It must be cleaned and polished. It must be protected against its fancies and fallacies, and these fancies are fourfold.

(1) The idola fori: the fallacies and weaknesses inherent to mankind.

(2) The idola specus: the idols of the cave; the

special weaknesses of the individual thinker; his idiosyncrasies.

(3) The idola linguæ: the pitfalls and traps and ambiguities of language.

(4) The idola theatri: the idols of the theatre; the fallacies of convention and authority.

These four idola are, perhaps, the best-known passages in the *Novum Organon.* They are stated without much accuracy: Bacon never was accurate. They are just vivid and picturesque: obvious when pointed out; the expression of a few minutes, reflection, but so stated as to catch the memory.

Bacon delighted in scriptural quotation: some of his best aphorisms are of this order, for example:

As with the Kingdom of Heaven, so also the kingdom of Science cometh not with observation but imperceptibly (by small gradations, by gradual accretions).

No one can enter the kingdom of Science any more than the Kingdom of Heaven, except as a little child. (The imagination must be restrained: nature must be studied humbly, without preconceptions.)

Others of Bacon's happiest aphorisms are also on religion:

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" he said to those who went to the Book of Genesis for their science, or to the Book of Job for their religion: "hence will come only a fantastic science and an heretical religion."

(The Old Testament lives, that is: but not as the receptacle of the laws of dead matter.)

"'The heavens declare the glory of God'; but it is never written the heavens declare the will of God."

The aphorism seems to hit equally the astrologers—though Bacon believed in astrology, within limits—and the numerous thinkers, ancient and modern, who would find God's will and character in Nature, rather than in man.

People were twisting their science in Bacon's time to suit a fancied orthodoxy: Bacon has no mercy for them: "they offer to the Lord of Truth the unclean homage of a lie."

"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity of the New."

Can the essential spirit—the forma—of Christianity on the one side and Judaism on the other be better expressed?

Bacon, like Cicero, had an intense faith in well-turned sentences, to heal the miseries of life, to extricate a man from a tight place.

He did not extricate *himself* by his scriptural quotations though he tried one manfully, when writing from prison to the House of Lords to ask them to intercede with the King for him: "You shall do a work of charity: you shall do me good: my creditors good, and, it may be, you shall do posterity good, if out of this carcass of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may yet be honey gathered for the use of future times" (p. 159, Church). He did *not* restore his fallen fortunes thus. But, at least, he may have been consoled—I imagine that he was—by the reflection that Christianity did not attach the old value to success, which Paganism had attached thereto.

Hence I think was Bacon's fame: from his literary skill; for very few since in his line—and for the moment his line, as we see him, was science—have been like him. Bacon and Tyndall, Darwin and Huxley are, perhaps, the four exceptions; the four great men of science with great literary gifts: the four exceptions that prove the rule—that a man does not become famous by science: rarely even by real science: never by the amateurish science of a Bacon.

I have said nothing yet of Bacon's life, of his statesmanship, of his politics, of his religion, of his private character.

These, I presume, are largely outside his fame, and require shorter notice.

He had a hard time struggling into office against the prejudice of lawyers and statesmen; he was the amateur in law, as in science, and the lawyers hated him. He was too great a man to be a typical lawyer. Sir Edward Coke detested him, and he detested Sir Edward. There were reasons beside the reasons which divide the lawyer from the many-sided man.

Each wanted to marry the same rich widow: Sir Edward succeeded. Bacon had to put up with an Alderman's daughter, and console himself by writing that she was "a handsome maiden to my liking."

He had a hard life as I have said. He supported Essex with Elizabeth, at the beginning of his life and used his scriptural quotations with more freedom than propriety: "Martha, Martha!" he wrote to Essex, "thou art careful about many things, but one thing is needful"—and the one thing turns out to be to flatter the Queen. Then he was tempted, and tempted successfully, to desert and attack Essex and help to ruin him. Then he became a hanger-on instead of Salisbury his kinsman (he always hung on desperately to any kinsman who could advance him). Then in James' days he hung on to Buckingham. A hard time he had, and a harder fall. He was very fond of finery and display. He loved functions and feasts. At his marriage he spent a large portion of his wife's dower in purple suits for himself and her, in cloth of silver and cloth of gold; and when he expected afterwards another office, he put his servants into new livery.

Accordingly, he was always pushed for money; and accordingly he accepted, and allowed his servants to accept, gifts of money from suitors in the courts, who had cases before him.

Bacon was the academic man with the academic mind: he disliked and scorned narrow rules, moral fanaticism, Sunday-school maxims. Was he a narrow sectarian, a naked cynic, or a monk on a pillar that he should mortify his flesh for a moral idea? He was a man of the world, not an ascetic, or a moral crusader. He was great enough and strong-minded enough to take the money—which he needed—and give the decisions, independently of the money; the disappointed suitors could not ask it back: the others would not.

The system worked for a time till Parliament, sore and jealous of the Royal authority and the authority of Ministers, ordered an inquiry. The facts were proved (that money had been paid, not that decisions against justice had been bought). The distinction did not appeal, does not appeal to-day, to the popular mind, to the popular instinct, and Bacon fell from office, and never recovered it, though he was pardoned.

He acknowledged his guilt with a fullness and a humility of confession, which offends his biographer, Dean Church; perhaps because it recalls too closely the submission he had made in earlier life to Salisbury and to Buckingham; because it looks foolish, his habitual time-serving, his "whispering breath and bated humbleness" in the presence of Kings and the favourites of Kings. Dean Church thinks he should have made a fight for it: he had not altered his judgments for money: he had only taken the money: or, in many cases, only allowed his servants to take money (they could get new liveries then free of cost to him).

I cannot help doubting a little here: I think Dean Church is rather hard on Bacon. I think he was a better Christian, perhaps, than quite appears; although he was not a Christian after present-day fashion; and therefore with the present-day obsession, that *our* Christianity *is* Christianity, we question *his* Christianity. We say it was exposure, not crime, of which Bacon was ashamed. Of course: and so it is with all of us; it is the exposure which makes the crime apparent to us. It is the feeling that the grocer says, "There goes Lord Bacon, who took bribes, just as I sand my sugar;" and worse, that the poor gardener says, "There goes Lord Bacon, who sold himself as even I have never done." It is this, I think, that makes men realize the vanity of wealth and power, and the safety there might have been on the forgotten rock of honesty. A Dutchman may occasionally feel, "There go I save for the grace of God," when he sees a criminal; a judge of similar mind may feel that he is worse than the criminal he condemns. But such introspection becomes morbid, and is not the rule. It is the revelation which comes with a passion of shame which shows us what we are; and a passion of shame comes most easily, and to most men comes only, with exposure. The first five minutes after exposure probably taught Bacon more than twenty years without it and made him a better man, less superficial and more lovable. Then he realized what he had done: all its fatality; all its futility; all its deadly danger, its pernicious precedent. He realized then perhaps—as other men of genius—too late, the soundness of Sunday-school maxims, of stiffnecked honesty, of narrow morality, of fanatic Puritanism, in a world which is not made of philosophers or for philosophers: in a world where no virtue is safe which is not enthusiastic: no heart pure which is not passionate. And realizing this he repented honestly in sackcloth and ashes: "his stately purple he abhorred, his cancellarian throne."

He was not a Christian of to-day's brand. He was not a humanitarian. He was still less a Socialist and an egalitarian. To us Christianity is so closely bound up with democracy, is so obviously the basis for all the best and most characteristic modern legislation; is so conspicuously the basis, and the only sound basis, for social betterment, that it is hard to conceive perhaps a good Christian—especially a good Christian who believed like Bacon in amazing possibilities of science and discovery and in the amelioration of life—it is hard to conceive of such a man spending his life as a court favourite and a time-server, bowing and scraping before Kings, carefully guarding their prerogative and smoothing their way, carefully limiting and restricting, and jealously heading off the advancing tide of popular government, and the authority of the House of Commons.

All this Bacon did. He was, as he says, a perfect and peremptory royalist. He deeply distrusted popular government. He is full of the usual classical talk of the jealousy and malignity of the mob; which, however, seems only to mean (if freely translated) the desperate wickedness of human nature. The mob is the people and the people are ourselves, our wicked selves; if so, it cannot be so terribly unchristian to talk thus; it seems sometimes almost an echo of the Scriptures and St. Paul.

At any rate it is to Bacon's credit, infinitely to his credit, that living so close to monarchy, seeing all its seamy side, serving successively the most jealous woman in Europe, and the most learned fool in Christendom, he stuck to it as a loyal statesman, and smoothed its fall, and conserved its powers, as long as he could, and resisted the onrush of what he felt—with all other academic thinkers—would be only the reign of incompetence and mediocrity and ignorance and arrogance. Young men whilst they are in Universities, old men who are still only academic, always think like this. They believe in one divine right only, the divine right of intellect; and that is even more hostile to democracy than to the divine right of kings; because a king *may* have the divine right of intellect, the people can*not* have; it is silly to count heads, they say, and not what is in them. We are out of sympathy with this academic mood to-day, because we are living in a new enthusiasm of Christianity, of practical Christianity I mean (whatever difficulties may attach to the Christian dogmas), and practical Christianity seems to most of us to involve democracy. Bacon was a Christian, and I believe a sincere Christian, but he did not live in an age when practical Christianity was paramount. *His* Christanity was a matter of private life, not of politics and social betterment : it made him penitent when he sinned : it did not alter his peremptory royalism.

His conduct at his fall—to return now to the chronology of his life—it seems to me, became him and redeemed him ; and he seems a finer figure in disgrace than ever before when he blacked the boots of Buckingham, and fawned upon Elizabeth and James.

And now we have reached the last scene. His death I may remind you was pathetic, symbolical and characteristic. He got out of his coach, bought a fowl from a market-woman's stall and stuffed it with snow, to try the properties of snow as cold storage. The fowl may have lasted longer for the experiment : the experimenter did not. The hot amateur of science caught a chill, and lost his life in an amateurish experiment.

Incidentally, you have had glimpses of Bacon's politics, character and religion : the only interesting things about a man.

If I have not said anything about his statesmanship it is not because it was not greater than his science or his law ; but because it is neither so interesting now, nor so connected with his fame.

Bacon was the academic thinker and the amateur : too broad to be a lawyer or a man of science. Naturally he was the better statesman for this breadth. He had a hand in the Union of Scotland : its success was largely his work.

Bacon, perhaps, thought little of his services to England and Scotland in that union ; yet the union —though foolish federalists may minimize it to-day —was one of his most solid services to Great Britain ; blessing each country ; tempering English recklessness and wastefulness with Scotch thrift and prudence; modifying Scotch meanness and narrowness with English liberality and generosity. Thanks to Bacon, England has been governed since largely by Scotchmen of intellectual keenness and moral grit; and Scotland has been saved from stewing in its own thin juice of hard-headed prudence; and "The House with the Green Shutters" in which a Scotchman has gibbeted his country has been the record, not of Scotch life on the whole and everywhere, but only an episodic sketch, a sporadic picture of the worst side of Scotland.

Bacon did not succeed in science; and in statesmanship in which his judgment, tact and genius deserved success, he failed utterly at the last through his own criminal folly. It all might not have mattered much had he succeeded as a man, in private life. In many men the happiness and the virtues of private life condone their public failure. But Bacon deliberately cut himself adrift from such chance of condonation. Public life is so hard an art and success in it a goal at once so attractive and so difficult—albeit dubious in value—that no man is heavily judged because he sacrifices private life and private happiness to such success: but at least he foregoes the name of wise.

And Bacon had no wisdom, no philosophy: he set himself deliberately to build his house upon the sand: upon the sand, first of all, of a mercenary and heartless marriage. Let it be counted a redeeming feature of his folly that he thought the aldermanic bride at least a handsome maiden. Other men as clever as Bacon have married wives for their looks or for their ankles; and some of them have prospered better than they deserved, and have found that a graceful "understanding" so to speak does not preclude, and often has included, more solid graces in the upper parts, of heart and head.

Bacon had neither the luck nor the desert even of *such* luck, as often comes to men who have followed in marriage only the giddy pleasure of the eye: he did not value even at their own poor worth the giddy pleasure of the eye. He married coolly, prudently and fatally for money; and, so far as marriage was concerned, lived unhappily ever after, "he loved not to be with his mate" we read.

Common men—the vulgar sort, as Bacon calls us—marry for love and are often much deceived; but their state of mind—even when it is illusory—is its own reward. Bacon was incapable of such illusions. "It seemeth to be reserved," so he writes of the illusion of love in his essays—"it seemeth to be reserved for martial men": happy soldiers and wise soldiers.

It is sometimes supposed that a judicious injudicious marriage was a bond, nor yet the only bond between Bacon and Shakespeare (I am almost approaching at length a topic to some of you perhaps outweighing in importance all the topics of this lecture). I am not aware that Shakespeare's marriage was judiciously mercenary: if it was not judicious in that sense, it was not really so injudicious, however foolish or mistaken or tragically vulgar in its origin. There is a time for everything, even for prudence: it is in making investments and in choosing houses. To treat a wife as an investment or a house, as a means of cutting coupons and of hanging up a hat, is the most imprudent thing a man can do. It is to turn a virtue to the wrong uses and to use it at the wrong turns: it is as though a man should live among the Esquimaux because it is so cheap; or among cannibals because there are no funeral expenses. Or conversely, it is as though a man should reject promotion to Heaven (or to a University professorship) for a stockbroker's office, because the emoluments of the latter are presumably greater than a University or Heaven will provide. After all, I mean, a large part of life is atmosphere: now a large part of atmosphere is wife.

I have said very little to make you like Bacon, and a good deal to make you hate him. But we like men often for their foibles; their angles endear them, as Mr. Goldwin Smith and others have said.

Bacon had his foibles: listen, and you will come to like him. He would not go to bed at night. He sat up reading late in bed, and even when the light was out he courted epigrams instead of sleep, and came down proportionately late next day, and in direct ratio aggravated his mother (who was not Queen Elizabeth I hasten to add, though when I was in Chicago once and took up a Sunday paper, I read therein not only of the fall of the French demagogue, Mons. Briand, and of the majestic and soul-stirring eloquence of the similar English demagogue, Mr. Churchill, but—as though this were not enough excitement for the day of rest—I read also that an American Professor had found a cipher, and was digging up the mud of the river Wye at Chepstow and was going to show once for all beyond a doubt, as clear as Wye mud could make it, that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the author of Shakespeare).

And so I come round again to the Bacon-Shakespeare question. Let us get rid of it summarily. I have already quoted the crucial text as Bacon would say: the damning evidence. "If anyone," said Mr. Goldwin Smith, "really can fancy for a moment that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, let him read the essay on love: 'You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth either ancient or recent) there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. . . . I know not how but martial men are given to love: I think it is but as they are given to wine.' And let him afterwards read Romeo and Juliet. That is evidence enough for me: I want no more." If I again, the disciple only of Mr. Goldwin Smith, did, I would add, what I have indeed already said, there is no continuous eloquence in Bacon. There are no passages of English, strong, simple, sound, inspired, that might have been written yesterday for their living passion, such as occur often in Shakespeare: no picture of life as a stage: no picture of life's vanity, its unsubstantial pageant: only fine aphorisms, brilliant analogies: sober history, or shrewd reflections. There are purple passages in Shakespeare ever memorable. The most purple passage that occurs to me in connection with Bacon was his passage up the aisle of Marylebone Chapel, recorded for us by some spiteful spectators of his marriage, who apparently designed to gibbet him that day for a "pompous ass."

He was more than that; but he had no affinity, that I can see, with Shakespeare. Read his essay on love, or his only acknowledged poem. I am not prejudiced against this Baconian-Shakespeare theory. If there were any evidence that Shakespeare's poems had speedily become famous: if there were further evidence that contemporaries admitted a mystery about the authorship, and hinted of Bacon, it would supply at once a clue to the mystery of Bacon's fame: all would be clear. There is no such evidence. The theory arose last century, about 1840, with a clergyman named Smith I think; arose apparently in order to harmonize the fate of great literatures (Bacon disapproves of final causes; but they are irresistibly alluring): the higher critics had impeached the authorship of Old and New Testament. Wolf and others had decried a personal Homer. It did not seem fair that the only other monument of literature of surpassing value should have an undisputed authorship. So Bacon was exhumed to discredit the authorship of Shakespeare. But it will not do. It would be more credible and more consistent with the other higher critics of the Bible and of Homer, more consonant with the spirit which denies, to suggest a joint stock company for Shakespeare; and Bacon might be taken for a partner into the firm, and the authorship of the passages, for example, supposed to show amateurish knowledge of the law, might be assigned to him.

To return to his foibles so long forgotten, he had, like Cicero and Erasmus, a very sharp tongue. He was detested by statesmen and lawyers as an academic wit who could not curb his tongue, who made sharp speeches about them. This foible cost him, or lost him the confidence and trust of lawyers and statesmen: it should endear him to a University: it should condone for him even the sharp speeches against the Universities themselves and the lecturers there. One jest you will find—it is of course only a translation from the Greek—which strikes me as rather a good description of a University lecture-room: "The words of an old man with nothing to do to young men who know nothing." Or again, he talked of Copernicus and his school "as the carmen who drive the earth about": a gibe which is almost a translation from Cicero on Caesar.

Bacon liked patent medicines. (This foible sometimes annoys me, but some of you will like it.) He was full of superstitious fancies about the spirit in our members; and accordingly (we are told) "he drank a maceration of rhubarb, infused into a draught of white wine and beer, and mingled together for the space of half an hour, once in six or seven days immediately before his meal whether dinner or supper," because (he said) "it dries the body yet not too much: it takes off the frothy humours but not the spirits."

Also he took every morning for thirty years three grains of nitre in thin warm broth.

Surely by this time it has become clear to mathematical demonstration that Bacon would have been enthusiastic about Jaeger flannel, had he lived to enjoy it. Poor man, this crowning happiness was denied him: but on occasion he wore instead against his skin the heart of an ape. This (he says) being worn near the heart increaseth audacity, and near the head increaseth wit. We may presume that sometimes he placed it beneath his purple waistcoat and his suit of cloth of silver and cloth of gold; but that more often he wore it in his hat, and talked through it: if he were alive to-day he would be using monkey-glands: it would not be any sillier or any less silly.

So much for his foibles.

But a better way perhaps of realizing to yourselves Bacon's temperament and habit of mind is to compare him with the similar scientific optimists of to-day or yesterday.

There is Professor Loeb for example: not the real Professor Loeb probably, but Professor Loeb at least as he appears to the newspaper reporter. Let me tell you a little episode as it "occurred" to me. It was perhaps ten years ago that one morning I read in the newspapers that Professor Loeb saw his way to abolishing death. I remember well with what dismay Professor Goldwin Smith a few days later referred to this "menace" as he called it: it "had added a new terror to life," he said. I also was, if not dismayed, much startled. I went to College prayers with some misgivings: I hardly expected to find the students there; that is, if they had seen the papers. Some apparently had not, and prayers were safe for one day longer at least. But after prayers I hurried off down town to arrest, if possible, the recent payment of a life insurance premium. I found to my surprise no signs of unusual excitement in the streets; men going about their usual vocations and avocations as if their horizon were unaltered. Could it be that Toronto did not read the papers as religiously as I do? Even the insurance agent, who should have been depressed to desperation, was tranquil, even cheerful : ready to return my premium but dubious of my sanity and of Professor Loeb's. Until gradually it dawned upon my over-literal mind, that I had simply been a victim of two of the leading spirits of our age : of faith in science—for these are the ages of Faith—nothing being changed but its orientation, the credulity the same, the object only different—the victim of faith in science, and of the yellow press.

And here is a passage from a characteristic magazine article describing the visions of another present-day Bacon—Mr. Edison. A Bacon, I hasten to add, in respect of his hopefulness : far more scientific, quite un-Baconian, most full of imagination in his methods.

" Mr. Edison believes," writes the reviewer, " that a way will soon be discovered to manufacture gold, because the making of gold is a question only of the proper combination and treatment of matter." (There is the very voice of Bacon I may remind you.) Then the inventor came to aeroplanes ; and the reporter continues : " He would apply the bumblebee principle to aeroplanes." (Bacon too paid homage to the bumblebee principle remember.) " And new aeroplanes on the bumblebee principle will carry passengers a hundred miles an hour." " All furniture (too) will soon be made of steel : and all buildings of reinforced concrete " . . . cloth—buttons—thread —tissue paper and pasteboard will be fed into one end of a machine, and suits of clothing packed in boxes will come out the other end. Invention is in its infancy. . . . The coming farmer will be a man on a seat beside a push button and some levers. " The submarine," again, " may be so formidable that it will not be worth while to build battleships : all England will some day stop (work) at the sound of one command, and that the command of a working man. . . . There will be no poverty in the world a hundred years from now : why should there be ? Practically everything we know to-day that is worth while, we have learned in the last hundred years; and we have only just begun to use our brains. There will be some big experiments tried in government within the next fifty years."

I have read from Mr. Edison's visions because so much of it—all of it except the humanitarian democracy in it—illustrates Bacon.

Yet the very motto on your cards, the motto from Bacon for this lecture, was chosen in Bacon's lifetime, or soon after, by a philosopher, a man of the other temperament, and handled in the opposite way: see *Religio Medici.* "Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two, Printing and Gunpowder, which are not without their incommodities. It is not a melancholy wish of my own, but the desire of better heads, that there were a general Synod not to unite the incompatible differences of Religion, but for the benefit of learning to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors, and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and amuse the weaker judgments of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers."

Dr. Thomas Browne of Norwich, a greater man of science than Bacon, and also a much deeper thinker on man and human nature, selected two of Bacon's boasts for his doubts and questionings. He did not cavil at the compass I believe, but of the printing press and of gunpowder he complained in the same vein and with the same reason that Plato—*mutatis mutandis*—complained of the invention of writing.

I mean that these philosophers who are thinking more of the victories of the human mind over itself than over nature, complain that each fresh victory over nature leaves it as weak, sometimes almost more weak, against itself, than it was before. Writing destroyed the human memory: printing and typewriting have destroyed writing. Each fresh military invention has been declared in turn to destroy the use of courage, and the advantage which this personal quality used to give: and it seems to be true that modern military science since the Great War is really destroying—not courage of course—but its usefulness in war.

But Bacon is of the opposite school. Here is a religious man—his religion was I think one of the soundest things about him—who, with all his devout faith, was yet of opinion that no star of the Eastern heavens or the Western, no nor even that spiritual sense of justice, which was declared by the Greek to be passing the marvel of the Eastern or the Western star, that sense of justice which is believed by the Christian to have grown and grown in the world, with the coming of the Star in the East; who with all his faith was yet of opinion that neither star nor justice, neither church nor empire, has done as much for man as printing, gunpowder and the compass. And the other temperament—the philosopher's—listens incredulously—because these practical discoveries, which Bacon lauds so highly, are so painfully composite in their nature.

And this philosophic incredulity towards the gospel of Bacon may be put in another way.

It is the old controversy in part between the Catholic and Protestant. The Catholic tells you that his St. Francis of Assisi forgot the meannesses and squalor of earth, and helped other poor souls to forget them. And the Protestant answers that his St. Francis of Verulam has filled Protestant countries and Protestant churches with material comfort, and that material comfort is itself the best index of a higher religion. When a man has made his money —said Phocylides—he begins to think of virtue. One cannot be a Christian—said a later Anglican Phocylides—on less than a pound a week. The Catholic St. Francis never provided that pound: he was not daunted by the want of it. The English St. Francis did something by his faith and spirit—if not by his actual science—to provide it through the conquest of Nature.

The people of Siena to-day are in the Baconian mood: they are proud of the Socini of Siena who founded the Unitarian or Socinian or humanitarian church. Once they were proud rather of St. Catharine of Siena, who was obsessed with unworldliness and other-worldliness and with mediæval theology.

Where the heart is the treasure will be also. The heart of Siena in *her* day was not in Siena, and Siena was a poor place; but much could be forgiven it, for it loved much. To-day Siena's heart is in Siena, and Siena has the comforts and treasures of Protestantism and secularism.

It must be all a question of degree; but few people will doubt that there have been in Catholic Quebec low standards of comforts, high standards of conduct: and in Catholic Ireland—apart from politics and certain special political vices and political treacheries—a high level of character and a low level of material comfort: and in England conversely and in ancient Rome and many similar communities of to-day, a lower level of character, and a much higher level of comfort, than in Ireland or Quebec. Personally I am sorry for the owner of an auto. I feel at present that even if I had one I should not often mount thereon—no, not though Noah, Daniel and Job were in it.

Bacon never faces these questions: has no time for them: no interest in them. He says somewhere that reason and religion must direct the onward course of science, but he has no advice to give to this crucial end: to this which is after all the one and only end, transcending in importance all the science which is only one of its instruments. Bacon was emphatically a son of Martha. (She is the third mother you have heard imputed to him!)

How shall we sum up more seriously the work of this enthusiast, enthusiastic alike in science and brilliant in letters. There survives of Bacon—after all is said—that passion for knowledge which however ineffectual, because compacted partly of ignorance and arrogance, was at least its own reward: and alas! its owner's only happiness: there survive the solid services which he rendered his country in its Parliament, especially in effecting the Union with Scotland. And last, but not least, perhaps most, that gift of phrase, that happy knack of coining catch-words.

Fine phrases make fine writers. His phrases have survived, while his ordinary style has perished with his science and passed out of date. His essays are to-day obscure often, and miss their point from changes in the taste and usage of words.

But his phrases, his epigrams, his analogies, have survived in large number to be a perpetual pleasure, a *κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί*: there is one analogy in particular I will recall again before I close.

Time like a river bears on its bosom the froth and scum and chaff of thought before the eyes of men; but what is solid of thought and what is worth having has sunk beneath the wave.

Is it really so? Perhaps it is sometimes. And therein lives perhaps the secret of Bacon's fame. Among the chaff on the river of time, amidst the smoke that curls up against the forests of the past, amidst the breezes that blow from the level wastes of human history—some of the chaff that glitters brightest, some of the smoke that curls bluest, some of the breezes that whisper pleasantest—albeit only chaff and smoke and wind—may be identified still as the happy rhetoric, the fetching phrases, the telling catch-words, the glittering generalities, of the dilettante science of Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER V

KIPLING

IT is by a stroke of the irony of fate that this paper sees the light now when every occasion for it has long passed, or not yet come. Before the war, or again long after the war, it might have been, it might again be, in season.

Fifteen years ago, when we were lapped in pacifism, a mild protest on behalf of Kipling, a suggestion that he knew something of the facts of life, if not so much about its theories, that he knew in particular something more about human nature and the British Empire, if not so much about a ghostly and rather ghastly International Polity, than fanatic Radicals, would have been in season; but now it is all to no purpose surely: you are all converted, you all know that soldiers have their uses and their virtues.

I have been bemoaning the untimeliness of this Kipling paper, yet there are possibly some consolations, and it is not wholly untimely. This is a very academic society, yet not wholly academic; and the non-academic portion may have found Conrad and Henry James, George Meredith and George Bernard Shaw strong meat for babes. At the reading of these papers some of you did not say a word, "nor understood none neither," perhaps. Well, if so, for this portion at least here comes consolation; here, at least, in Kipling is a writer who writes to be understanded of the people.

Here is a paper on a commonish man, who lives with men and knows men. Who, though he be the best educated, in the narrow sense, of most of the writers whom this society has discussed, is yet the most democratic, in the proper sense of that much abused term, of them all. Not democratic in politics no doubt, no more democratic than Shakespeare or Socrates; but democratic, like Shakespeare and Socrates, in the true sense that he loves mankind, that he plays to its gallery, more or less honourably, less cheaply than Shakespeare on the whole; less lusciously than Dickens, but always to the gallery, in the sense that he appeals, like Shakespeare and Dickens, to common vulgar emotions and experiences; to the vulgar geniality or genial vulgarity of the ordinary Englishman; to his good nature and sentimentality; to his vulgar patriotism even.

There is no inconsistency, by the way, in saying that Kipling appeals to vulgar patriotism, and yet in protesting that neither he nor the nation to whom he appeals say much of patriotism: do not slobber about it or celebrate flag-days or teach patriotism in the schools. There are appeals and appeals. The appeal he makes to his countrymen, and the appeal his countrymen prefer, is the recital of deeds done and hardships braved; stories of men of action.

Kipling has a genius for friendship, chiefly with the vulgar: with the soldier man and the sailor man, two of the vulgarest of our race; but next with the engineer of every species and kind, nautical, electrical, and railway engineer: especially therefore with the inventive and ingenious American; and next with the professional administrator of the middle classes, the officials of the Indian Civil Service, the officers and doctors of the Indian Army: inexhaustible in his sympathies, and with no prejudices except the prejudices which Dickens shared and which most professors share—one bond at least, if there be but one between Kipling and ourselves—which Shakespeare, it is safe to say, shared also, to the small measure of his experience, the prejudice against politicians and members of parliament, party politics and catch-words, suffrage and suffragists; especially Pagett, M.P., and the men and women who find a panacea for human ills in the equality of voting powers and in the counting of noses, with no account of brains above them or of biceps beneath, least of all of national character beyond, above, below, greater than noses, brains, and biceps. Like his countrymen he takes to his heart without distinction the five great men of action: the soldier, the sailor, the missionary, the explorer, the true statesman (not the politician and circus-rider style of statesman), and adds a sixth, the product of his own age and modern conditions, the engineer in all his sorts and kinds. And yet, or perhaps I ought to say and therefore, he is somewhat heavily handicapped, I recognize, with an academic audience, especially in his character of poet.

We like our poets to be poetic figures; to be stately, dignified, picturesque. You cannot look at the portrait of Dr. Bridges, prefixed with instinctive symbolism by his publishers to the collection of his poems, without exclaiming at once—a poet or an artist! No other man has quite that quality of clothing and coiffure. We like our poets to retain a certain distance and aloofness from us in their private lives; not to be vulgarized by the publicity with which Mr. Stead and the journalists have damned our age. Tennyson lived in the picturesque seclusion of Aldworth, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," seeing before him only "Green Sussex melting into blue with one grey glimpse of sea." His house also was a setting which matched its owner. The frame suited the picture; even an unobservant stranger would at once have recognized that this man was not a common man, but some sort of character: a person of quality.

But Kipling is a journalist, and a journalist, on the whole, of the school which is distinct from men of letters.

Is he not then heavily handicapped? How can this little newspaper man be a poet? He has no distinction of birth, of University education, of style and language; he has not even the fads and fancies and sensational eccentricities of belief which made Mr. Stead—even though he vulgarized all journalism—seem after all a separate figure and a sort of philosopher, at least of a Christian Science kind.

Kipling has travelled everywhere, talking, listening, observing. His life has been in the open air of action, rather than in the student's library, and his books are the celebration of action, not of thought. The ultimate creed of the Englishman is the good of action and the emptiness of thought and speech. Kipling gives expression to that creed. Ah! but that antithesis, says someone more pensively inclined, is shallow and will not bear examination, if only because our action itself is continually only the reflex of some lonely thinker's thoughts and speech: if only because Kipling himself inspires great actions—and he has no doubt inspired many great actions, e.g., the career of Colonel Elkington—only by means of his words and writings. "The song that nerves a nation's arm is in itself a deed," says someone, and if so the antithesis disappears. Yes, and quite apart from this, the antithesis between thought and action, between words and deeds, seems vain to the pensive mind, for a different and opposite reason: nature herself has created that antithesis and justified it: nature herself has created one man or even one race to think and talk and not to act, to know themselves and their neighbours and life, but only as bystanders, as onlookers, as spectators, who accomplish nothing practical, who leave neither Empires nor laws; who are thinkers, ineffectual thinkers often, *πολλὰ φϱονέοντες μηδενὸς κϱατέοντες* and nothing beyond; and another man or even another race to act and accomplish; to build Empires and laws and stamp their mark on everything, unconscious all the while of their own nature and of human nature; men of action who know nothing. And if this be nature's law so to divide men, how vain is the antithesis and the attempt to exalt either thought or action above the other. It would even seem that the thinkers and the talkers are excused from being anything more, nay, are forbidden to be more: that the writers and preachers of the Word are necessarily not the doers: that the doers are necessarily not the preachers: that the apostle disquieted himself unnecessarily when his sensitive instinct warned him that if he preached much more to others he might himself become a castaway. Why not a castaway if a preacher? What else is a preacher but a breath, a flame that evaporates in hot air, that has no place, no life, except within the pulpit? Has not nature created literary men and literature just to pour out words and thoughts which are sufficient in themselves, which have in themselves their end, their inspiration or otherwise? by their words they are justified and by their words they are condemned; for there is "nothing to them" but words. What matter then if the outward lives of such men show every inconsistency in action, and range from picturesque eccentricities to common blackguardism? Rousseau and Coleridge and Verlaine were born to express, in words, high thoughts and high emotions; with those expressions their life-work is accomplished, they are free to dispose of the balance of the time, the idle hours of relaxation and release, after any fashion that they please, and no man should be so Pharisaic, so Philistine, so prudish, as to challenge their sincerity, just because the life lived, the deeds done, are as worthless as the theories and words were fine and inspiring.

I am playing the *advocatus diaboli*, you perceive, against Kipling's man of action, whose actions endear him and him alone to Kipling. I am pleading for the artistic and literary sinners whom Kipling's standard of judgment, judgment by life, by action, condemns.

It is not for nothing that his heart warms to Martha and is cold towards Mary. Personally, of course, being a Professor I am on the side of Mary; but I recognize none the less a certain soundness in the British leaning to Martha. It is better not to scrutinize too closely these laws of nature: not to know too much about them; not to become a sophist of Greece.

It is a healthy instinct which bids the Englishman and every healthy man ignore, avoid, shut his eyes to that law of nature which tends to separate thought and action as incompatible. It is a healthy instinct which seeks to vault over the gulf between thought and action; to vault it, vault it again and continually to vault it, until a man has established in his own life a fair compromise between those rival, opposite, and almost incompatible spirits. I am not saying that Kipling desires that compromise; he is intolerant of thoughts and theories; he is content with wholesome primary instincts and their most wholesome and primary expression, that is, their expression, not in thought and speech, not in meditation and in eloquence, but just in plain silent action.

Anyhow that antithesis, such as it is, and however it be true or untrue, lies at the root of Kipling's books; of his poetry alike and of his prose.

In his case there is no occasion to separate the poetry and the prose. Literature is an appeal to the mind of man, to his emotions, imagination, reason. If it is also an appeal to his senses; if it has a certain music and rhythm which makes a sensuous appeal to his ears as well, it is called poetry. But there is no vital difference between Kipling's prose and poetry: they appeal to the same emotions, imaginations, instincts, and reason, with or without the added sensuous appeal to the ears. The poetry is just as simple, just as much addressed to the man in the street, as the prose; nay, more so, obviously.

"The sailing of the *Bolivar*" is to fastidious ears, I presume, no less than to fastidious minds, poor stuff. Its appeal is not primarily to the ears, but to a non-fastidious spirit, to the spirit of action, the passion for adventure, the reckless risking of life. A trifle shocking perhaps the *Bolivar*, and yet not unworthy of the literature of a nation not interested to create literature primarily but to create men and seamen and to rule the waves.

His journalism handicaps him in another way. I know estimable and gifted University Professors who damn the " Recessional "—as Charles Lamb damned the Baptist Minister—at a venture ; just because it is Kipling's and therefore, they are certain, just a piece of copy, just a fragment of journalism written to " feature " a volume needing advertisement with the middle classes : just a picturesque impression of a clever and detached mind, watching the English public ; catching on quickly to its religiosity and its profound hypocrisy, and giving expression—for the sake of a cheap popularity—to the hypocritical religion of the English.

Well, it may be that there is a simpler explanation of the " Recessional," just that the author is himself an Englishman and an instinctive, unconscious Englishman, and therefore also—as the dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in—a religious hypocrite ; neither more nor less sincere or insincere than his countrymen.

But perhaps the French and other critics of English hypocrisy have not quite touched bottom yet in their attempt to plumb that bottomless sea of national characteristics. Hypocrisy, as generally understood, is acting to deceive the public, but hypocrisy as predicated by Frenchmen of Englishmen is rather a malicious and French synonym for aspiration : the acting, the efforts, the exertions which a man makes to impose upon himself, to make himself better than he has been. If you remove the hypocrisy you destroy the aspiration.

The Englishman with his political instinct is full of Latin *affectatio*, which is variously translated and with equal correctness "aspiration," "affectation"; for the Roman, also, was an Englishman, full of hypocritical aspiration, of aspiring hypocrisy.

To come down from these generalities to issues more precise, if Kipling had done nothing else he would still have added to English poetry *a note* long waited for, late found—the muse of science: the tenth muse. This is the age of science, and everyone has said that science would some day find her poet who would see her romance, and not repeat after the forlorn fashion of the nobleman in McAndrew's Hymn the ancient lamentations about its banality and its materialism. But no one has realized so well as Kipling this general aspiration, this vague premonition.

McAndrew's Hymn is still the best thing of its kind; there are even persons not unintelligent who consider it the best poem ever written: "The King" and "The Miracles" are in the same vein. There is the tenth muse celebrating mechanical science, as she glorifies the passage of the railway train across a landscape: the beauty of London's smoky atmosphere to the eyes of Japanese artists: the beauty of Sheffield's smoke and Sheffield's chemicals, advertised to the world to-day by common post-cards, as picturesque as they are cheap. Here is a vein of poetry scarcely scratched at present, but it is Kipling who has opened it. Or take again the lighter side of Kipling's verses: *Departmental Ditties* have been called "banjo songs." "So be it," says an English critic; "but we must go back to Béranger to match them. A banjo song inspired is better than serious poetry that is not." There is the root of the matter. There is the difference between the real poet laureate of Great Britain and the titular laureate: between Kipling and Doctor Bridges.

Every human being not a pedant or a pacifist can read Kipling: can even read him in quantities more than the majority of authors. The taste for Dr. Bridges' poetry is an acquired taste, very slowly, very painfully acquired: acquired, if at all, at Oxford and Cambridge in their honour schools of classics. I shall not be suspected of disliking these Universities and their honour schools of classics; but better a single book of Kipling's, any book almost, than a wilderness of the English Hellenists, Bridges and William Morris and Co. Yes, even (if *Atalanta* be excepted) with Swinburne included. Is this blasphemy for a Professor of Greek? It is not blasphemy; by those who died at Marathon it is not. Whom do *their* ghosts read to-day? if so be that they can read English, as they stretch their feet before the hearth in the taverns by the waters of Acheron, Kipling or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Admiral Phormio prefer, this English poet of the sea and of ships, of "dromond" and "kataphract," of "thranite" and of "thalamite," this celebrator of Greek galleys, or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Æschylus prefer, this English poet of soldiering and sailoring or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Socrates prefer? round whom all gathered to hear him talk, because they knew he was a man who had done so much more than talk: whose sermons were the only serious talk some soldiers would accept, because he had earned the right to use high words by deeds that matched the words. Whom does Plato prefer? Plato who pines through long pages to be a man of action and not of words only, and only gave up the ambition when he had tried his hand at action, had tried to hold down Syracuse, and had failed?

We read and rightly the literature of Greece; but it is of decadent Greece: as literature is naturally a hot-house flower which glows brightest in periods of decadence, when there is nothing more serious than literature to do or think of; in the intervals, I mean, between the greater periods of action; in the *fin-de-*

siècle intervals, when a worn-out age is passing on its death-bed, and a new age of action is not yet born. Our Greek literature, for the greater part, comes from decadent Greece; but the great Greece of great actions, the Greeks who did what Great Britain was seeking to do yesterday, rescue the world from the tyranny of ambitious barbarians, these men were not just "damned literary men"; and these men would give short shrift, one may conjecture, to the works of the English Hellenists if they could get a copy of Kipling into their horny hands, before their weather-beaten cheeks and faded eyes. These men were men, if scholars also,—*φιλόσοφοι ἄνευ μαλακίας.*

Few men—few educated men even—go to poetry for affectations and artificialities—for Patristic literature so to say—but rather for the simple sentiments and naïve emotions which are always in danger of perishing by the force of education, sophistication and experience, and by the mere efflux of time; which are in danger of perishing at any rate beneath the crushing materialism of a man's prime and middle age.

Many modern democrats seem to me to misjudge things and exactly to reverse their right relations. Poetry is one thing, politics another. If there be anything wherein the voice of the people, of the mass of us, has a right to be heard, it is in poetry; for poetry is the voice of elemental and elementary feeling and of national character. If there be anything where the demos or the mass of us ought to be humble and follow our betters it is in the science of politics, or at least in many technical departments thereof,—e.g., in foreign politics, or in economics, wherein we have no knowledge and no right of control. Yes, but "Kipling is *so* vulgar," says some intellectual. "That's very vulgar, father," said Sir Walter Scott's "more feminine" daughter, if I recollect, on one occasion to her father. "Vulgar, my dear," said the old aristocrat, "do you know what vulgar means? It means common; everything best in the world, the best emotions, the best aspirations, the best instincts are all common. Very vulgar things indeed, my dear; go away and thank God that it is so." I presume that is sound sense, and none the worse from the lips of Sir Walter, who was not a democrat in the narrow sense. There are qualities, he meant, and qualities. There is quality in the sense of some idea or series of ideas, some art which few people reach and few value. It is far fetched: difficult to attain; when attained it is still caviare to the man in the street.

It is quality without quantity, without substance, that is, romance without reality. But there are other qualities, the best in human nature, which being the best are rarely attained and in scant measure; yet they make their appeal universally to all classes and natures: to literate and illiterate. Here also as in the other case, few there be that find them: yes, but none that do not love them and would fain find them. There is no contradiction here between quality and quantity. He who appeals to these qualities has the world to appeal to, for these qualities appeal to the whole world. And yet that does not diminish the quality of his appeal; the quality of his work is best, though he has the largest quantity of readers, because he is appealing to the best qualities in them, the best qualities for all their commonness and vulgarity, for all their universality. The common people hear such a poet gladly, for the high quality of his appeal. Kipling is the unlaureated laureate because he appeals strongly to these elusive yet primary instincts; to vulgar courage, to common loves and sorrows, to the child's heart in all men and to the children who are in all men's hearts: to the infinite admiration of the street, for the five or six great men of action, the soldier, the sailor, the missionary, the explorer, the engineer, and the true statesman.

Well, to resume, Kipling has this vulgar passion for reality, for action and men of action: none the less, all the more presumably, because he is himself only a man of words, a journalist and story-teller. A man's philosophy—says someone—is the obverse, the complement of his character.

I have internal evidence only on which to rely, but between the lines, e.g., of that vigorous dream—since become a reality—called *The Army of a Dream*, I think I read the confession that the writer himself would not have succeeded as a man of action, would never have become a first-rate driving force, a great slave driver; would never have speeded up production and energy, as the great soldiers and administrators speed them up: it is rare for the genius of sympathy and friendship to possess such driving power. So also it may be read between the lines of *Stalky and Co.* that the writer would have naturally emerged from the training school of Indian officers and officials there described an official or officer himself, had not his talents been so markedly of a different type. In that description of a rather abnormal and strange school the later career of the writer is not obscurely anticipated.

For in Stalky's school there are three classes of boys: the docile "swats" or "smugs" or "grinds" or "cissies," or whatever the present slang be for that small band which has in its time included Demosthenes, Lamb, Coleridge, and Trollope, and the other sufferers of genius who were miserable at school. Second, the young ruffians who play games and little else: but third, also, a curious band of outlaws and vagrants who despise about equally "the flanneled fools and muddied oafs" of the athletic field, and the pale-faced students of Latin verses and conic sections. These curious and abnormal outlaws defy masters alike and boys: cut football for the sake of smoking, but over their illicit pipes read Browning and Ruskin with keen zest, compose satire and topical verses, write and draw caricatures. Obviously here is the budding of all the volumes about India, South Africa, and the Seven Seas : the boy had a gift for expression and for story-telling more than for command. He had the makings of a hero worshipper, rather than of a hero.

And now that I am talking of *Stalky and Co.* I had better quote a passage about the flag. Messrs. Gardiner and Massingham and similar fanatics, the arid Radicals and the ingenuous Professors who swallow acid Radicalism as gospel, find a compendium for Kipling in beer, Bible, and flag. I dispute the compendium. I think this is a passage which, in the proper sense of the much abused words, is the exception proving my rule that there is no such compendium in fact.

Read *Stalky and Co.*, page 242, and you will see that the compendium is no compendium.

However that be, Kipling solved the problem of a profession in that way and became first and foremost a sort of glorified reporter of India, of her scenery, her sorrows, her superstitions. He talked to her peasants and her priests and her anchorites. He was not like the British officer, a solitary figure on the Indian railway platform, waiting alone for his train : cut off not more by separate colour than by separate waiting room from the cultivators thronging *their* platform with their wives, children, and furniture, and bedding ; and camping sometimes for a week before they find room upon the train for their migrations and pilgrimages. He made it his business to know something of these men of action as well as of the officers.

His first serious book—says its introduction—was the fulfilment of a promise made to a one-eyed holy man, who lived on an island in the middle of a river, and fed the fishes with little bread pellets twice a day, and buried the corpses which the freshets stranded there. The holy man advised him to begin a story, bring it to a crisis, leave it there, and then pass round the hat before continuing. This is the Indian story-teller's method. Kipling recognized the method of the serial story, but preferred to publish in one book and at one time *Life's Handicap* or *Stories of My Own People*.

Here is a piece of restrained pathos from that book; not mushy pathos like Dickens, but restrained. It is the story of an Englishman who hired a native house and took to it "without benefit of clergy" a little Mahomedan girl. They were very happy and their baby was happy and completed their happiness; but the heats came and the baby died and the child wife died just as the rains began, and her mother begged all the furniture except the bed, and the Englishman went back beneath the downpour to his official home.[1]

I do not know how much is fact and how much fiction in these stories. Kipling, like every story-teller, freely enhances and embroiders. One of these stories is a trifle horrible—"The Mark of the Beast." Probably even it is not wholly compact of imagination: the writer bored his friends, as I have noted, with the stock quotation from *Hamlet*, "There are more things," etc.; and this philosophy of his, borrowed from *Hamlet* and from Purun Bhagat, the Hindoo hermit, who "did not believe in miracles because all things were one big miracle, and when a man knows that he has something to go upon; he knows that there is nothing great and nothing little in the world,"[2] and this sense of mystery, reinforced by his sense of reality, his passion for facts, leaves little room for works of pure imagination, sheer invention. More likely the sensitive, sceptical, sympathetic spirit of the author, and of the doctor from whom he gets the story, interprets it as based on some obscure phenomena, still hidden from western science. The same suggestion comes from the story called "The

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[1] "Without benefit of Clergy," *Life's Handicap*, p. 157.

[2] *2nd Jungle Book*, pp. 51–52.

Bisara of Pooree." The Bisara is a little charm fatal to its owner. Kipling represents himself as deliberately and carefully hiding it away, that there may be no owner. The creeds of the East lie heavier on him than on his countrymen.

This is not the place to discuss at length Kipling's Indian politics: he may have been wrong about South Africa: it looks very much like it: very much as if Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was right and the other side wrong. But, after all, the Dutch are not only white men but our own kin. There was nothing needed to restore harmony but a good fight, and now that the good fight has come and gone and cleared the air, and also—incidentally—has given Great Britain at last a real army and something like a real union with her daughter states, harmony should be possible, even easy. But there is little or no analogy between South Africa and India. India is not a nation but a host of nations, none of them white. Further, its problem is complicated by the same difficulty which Greece presented to Rome.

The cleverest of Indian races, the most capable of rising under present conditions to political power (of succeeding, I mean, in those competitive examinations which we have established for ourselves and which *for us* are not too absurd and impossible), the most literary and intelligent of Indian races, the Bengalese, are also the most worthless morally; timid, dishonest, cunning, and unscrupulous as a decadent Greek. This is the race that takes to politics, that is, to civilized and peaceful quarrelling, that talks politics, that demands a political equality which it does not possess by nature and character when compared with the other races, and still less when compared with the governing race. Such a story as "The Head of the District" sets forth the difficulties of the radical solution of the Indian question; of the policy offered by the imaginary Pagett, M.P., and the member for Tooting: offered in actuality by the late Keir Hardie and a score of other British politicians of the same school. It is a tragedy they seem to think, the best thing in life being parliamentary quarrelling and verbal jangling, that a great Asiatic peninsula should be governed by a few aliens from Europe who recognize no Indian parliament. Tragedy it often is—for the aliens. The peninsula which under British rule is for the first time at peace, gets what peace can give to its best men, its peasants and farmers ; while the soldierly races find employment under the British flag. Peasants, farmers, soldiers are contented : only the Scribes and Pharisees, lawyers, journalists, politicians and agitators of Bengal suffer. But for the aliens, who spend their lives in a climate where they cannot make their home, where their children cannot live after the fifth year ; where the white race does not seem to survive after the third generation ; whereby it loses its youth and breaks the hearts of its womenkind by sending away to Europe its children ; whereby it spends its old age away from the scene of its manhood and its best labour ; in some unknown and unknowing English town, Brighton, Clifton, Cheltenham, Bath, or Bournemouth, which no longer counts as "home," whatever it may once have counted ; whence the old man's heart flies far away to "the land of Regrets," the land where he has spent his energies and himself but has not made his abiding stay, ah ! tragedy enough here for him and to spare !

The Asiatic doctrine of the unreality of life, so foreign to the British mind, now finds a home from very force of circumstance, by very pressure of experience, it well may be, in the heart of the Anglo-Indian, ex-soldier and ex-magistrate. How can he escape the Indian Doctrine, which his own career in India illustrates ? "The shadows come and go, the shadows come and go." *σϰίαι γὰϱ ἐσμὲν ϰαὶ σϰίας θηϱεύομεν.*

Life's Handicap, I think, was Kipling's first serious book rather than his first book. The first book was more cynical, naturally. *Departmental Ditties* was written in the twenties when a man's intellect is in its prime and at its best and sees easily through the vanity of life; when the young man, like and unlike his Creator, surveys life confidently and confidently pronounces judgment—"And behold it is all very bad," and the evening and the morning are about his twenty-fifth birthday.

But there is, nevertheless, good humorous stuff in *Departmental Ditties*. There is "My Rival," which is as good as Calverley, high praise though that be; and would have pleased Calverley very much; which means by interpretation that it is far better than anything in Sir Alfred Austin or Dr. Bridges, so-called laureates.

I suppose it was on the strength of *Departmental Ditties*, and little else, that Mr. Paul Elmer More, one of the few good critics whom the United States have produced, pronounces sentence that there is little sense of mystery, of asceticism, of restraint, of disillusionment, of beauty in Kipling. He suggests that Kipling and Fitzgerald were the two popular poets of England twenty years ago, because the national taste and temper were badly divided between substance without form and form without substance. He means, I think, that since everyone wants each of these in poetry, the public instinct seized upon these two poets, because the one set forth the philosophy of form with such lucidity, such logic, such happiness of phrase, such melody and even passion, that he made even a poor and threadbare philosophy interesting and fascinating, while the other having for his subject the real passions and aspirations and high instincts of man, the deepest and most inexplicable, and most "inexpressive" things, gave them, beyond other men, an expression, the form of which seemed comparatively adequate and sufficiently passionate.

Fitzgerald charmed because he was so superior to

William Morris, Dr. Bridges, and a host of other "idle singers of an empty day," even Swinburne included, while himself belonging to the idle singer school; Kipling because he was the most vocal, the least stammering, the least tongue-tied interpreter of things too deep for words.

As for the lack of mysticism, of the sense of beauty, of the sense of disillusionment, that is a hard saying to anyone who knows "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," or "They," or "Wireless," or "The Brushwood Boy," or "The Children of the Zodiac," or "The True Romance." Mr. More makes a grudging exception in favour of two lines of this latter poem, but why in favour of two lines only? and what else is "If"? Is there not disillusionment enough in all conscience in "If"? Here is the very spirit of illusion and disillusionment alike: of faith and hope and yet of knowledge and experience, woven, each, into the warp and woof of the poem: here is a poem of action and reflection in equal proportions, a poem of form and substance alike, a poem of vigorous form, even though the form be rough, and packed full of thought and moral exaltation, full of substance; a poem which justifies poetry, for it is the putting of the best thought into a language less inadequate than prose to stir and master the heart. If a man can "treat those two impostors just the same" (success and failure), is he not sufficiently disillusioned, sufficiently ascetic, sufficiently detached from life and its vanities? There is mannerism no doubt, a double mannerism in the last line, but it has its place and its value; it is the mannerism of the writer and his race: the deliberate temperamental *μείωσις* or *λιτότης*, which hates above everything to gush and slop over and exaggerate: *μείωσις* is the note of all intellectual men, but of one race chiefly, and that a race far from intellectual, the British. It is a moral quality with them, not the result of intellect. And so the end of the poem runs simply "You'll be a man," and then, with another mannerism of the same kind but greater, a deliberate "my son": nothing high flown or high falutin in the peroration; nothing Emersonian or American: and for the best of reasons; high words, tall talk, are an unpardonable luxury, an unforgivable sensuality. Anyone can utter them, except the man who believes in them too deeply so to do. What he feels most he will not say; what he says being from the outer lips he necessarily does not deeply feel: for the passion of high things has one lawful expression and one only, it must express itself in deeds: it was meant to be the steam of life, to drive life's locomotive along long and weary roads, across crazy bridges, over roaring floods of dejection and discontent, and at last into the distant unknown goal. To blow off this steam in words, is as though the locomotive should misuse, abuse, its throttle and its safety valve, intended only for the excess of steam and not for its main volume. "You cannot have your emotion and express it also," said the reflective Oxford poet.

In the second place, Kipling is the journalist and the reporter of the common soldier, and finds much more in the common soldier of course than Bible, bottle, and flag.

If he had been nothing more than the reporter of Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, he would still have earned his fame. These men are real creations and real men: we don't doubt it to-day: we know it only too well. The world is full of them and of their heroism, and can hardly contain all the books that are being written about them. Mons and Ypres have crowned them: the soldier passes—as Kipling says with his usual vivacity—from one extreme to the other in popular estimation. In the days of peace he is a "brutal and licentious soldiery."[1] The churches will not look at him. The Methodists, whom Learoyd joins, because he is in love with a consumptive Methodist girl, frown upon him: he is a brand barely plucked from the burning: he is the sort of person who will enlist: and when he *does* enlist, they cast him out: all but the dying girl who knows a man when she sees one.[1]

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[1] See *Departmental Ditties*, pp. 59–62.

I was speaking of Kipling as technically better educated than some of the other writers we all of us discuss. I meant merely that as a fact he has much more Latin and Greek and more English literature than Mr. Wells, or than the melancholy and more interesting peasant novelist Thomas Hardy. Kipling evidently never learned the classics well enough to appreciate them to the full except Horace's "Regulus": he went to them like other schoolboys to scoff: he did not remain to pray his best prayers. A few Greek words like *θαλαμίτης* and *θϱανίτης*, *δϱόμων* and *ϰατάφϱαϰτον* belonging to his beloved art of navigation, a song with a crude beginning from Horace, and a glance at Admiral Phormio, these are the chief relics of his school classics.[2] But the result is that his literary education gives to Kipling's tales a peculiar literary flavour not found in these other writers. It makes his absurd and humorous characters more absurd even than Dickens' characters in a way, though in another way they are much less absurd, because much less extravagant in personality. A literary quotation in Kipling on illiterate lips seems grotesque, but it is only a verbal grotesqueness. In Dickens' delicious extravagances the grotesqueness lies in the murdering and misapplication of some quotation, which is hardly literary, since it is fetched from the Bible, or from some similar source of household words.

When we get a laughter-loving genius like Dickens who can give us something worth laughing at, the amazing and side-splitting caricatures of Micawber,

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[1] "On Greenhow Hill," pp. 82–83.

[2] See *Traffics and Discoveries*, p. 36, "When the robust and brass-bound man," etc., but he has written since that time one or two admirable "translations," of Horace Odes "Bk. V."

Pecksniff, Gamp, of course we immortalize him—why not? The British immortalize the man who makes them laugh loudest: and none the less, all the more, if he does not bother them to think: if he gives them not subtle pictures of their own foibles, like Miss Austin or Thackeray or Trollope or Kipling himself often, but just sheer, preposterous, and delicious caricature: a continuous Punch, the better for being continuous. We all love such passages as Mrs. Gamp is always ready to give us. "But I will say," said Mrs. Gamp, "and I would if I was led a Martha to the stakes for it," or this other: "The Ankworks Package," Mrs. Gamp replied, "And I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do."

For such passages we pardon the other caricatures of Dickens, which are rather horrible: the caricatures of pathos: the caricatures which deface—which would spoil, if it could be spoilt—the pathos of a child's death-bed.

There is no such uproarious and exquisite nonsense for readers of Kipling. There is only the mild surprise and amusement provoked by hearing a literary and more or less recondite quotation on illiterate lips. Pycroft the sailor quotes Browning.[1] The cat in the old water-mill quotes the same poet twice (pp. 344–350), both of them brilliant quotations, —of the very best of Browning: Kipling never quotes anything but the best.

"Wireless"[2] is much more deliberately and avowedly literary. A consumptive druggist is in love with a girl called Fanny Brand. He has never heard of Keats, but he writes verses to *his* Fanny from a similar environment. And so the spirit of Keats, summoned by an adjoining wireless apparatus, appears to assist him. And a stanza from "St. Agnes' Eve" is painfully written out. And then an attempt is made by the druggist to compose two lines which

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[1] "Mrs. Bathurst," p. 334—*T. and D.*

[2] *T. and D.*

Kipling remarks are two of the five best lines in English literature: the two famous lines about "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn." Kipling quotes also the three other best lines: they are from Coleridge and his *Kubla Khan*, and are no doubt well worth quoting. But this is the extreme case of literary criticism and allusion which I have found in his stories.

At this point, if at all, I ought to say a word of his artistry. Some foreigners have written whole books on this one subject, but to so analyse a poet is rather like peeping and botanizing on a mother's grave; besides, personally, I wholly disbelieve the Stevensonian theory. Stevenson analysed the passage from Keats' ode to a nightingale just referred to into permutations and combinations of p, v, and f: *credat Judaeus;* let the latest materialistic man of science who belongs to Berlin or Judæa believe it: the charm seems to lie in picturesque images more than in melodious sounds; and Kipling's force seems to derive from the same origins. He has written nothing more characteristic than "The *Bolivar*," and no lines in it more characteristic than

> Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell,
> Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we,
> Some damned liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
> Cheered her from the Bolivar, swampin' in the sea.

It is the picture, not the permutations of letters, which fixes the passage in the memory; its verbal artifices are nothing more novel than alliteration—the oldest, easiest, and most obvious of artifices. I think the same may be said of the most effective stanza of "Sussex":

> Here leaps ashore the full sou'west,
> All heavy-winged with brine;
> Here lies above the folded crest
> The Channel's leaden line;

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
  And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
  Along the hidden beach.

The alliteration is clever, but it is to the eye and the memory; it is in the pictures and the associations which the lines evoke that the fascination of "Sussex" lies, not in the permutations of "s" and "b" and "c."

There are many other minor traces of his English reading. *Barrack Room Ballads* has echoes of Swinburne at his best; in *Atalanta*, that is to say.[1] *Sea Warfare*, his last book,[2] has a parody, probably an unconscious memory, of the little known contemporary poet, F. W. Bourdillon: the poem called "The American" in the *The Seven Seas* is obviously suggested by Emerson's "Brahma": surely a feat of discrimination, since "Brahma" is the only poem Emerson ever wrote—as the little Sunday-school girl also recognized—which is worth memorizing. No, not quite, Kipling has found and used one other tag from Emerson which is effective.[3]

"The Last Department"[4] is a vigorous exercise in the style of Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam; a Mahomedan student in the story "On the City Wall"[5] quotes Dickens and *Nicholas Nickleby*. "Baa Baa Black Sheep" heads a chapter with four of the best lines of Clough—but they are strangely labelled "The City of Dreadful Night," and are ascribed apparently to James Thomson, who is more correctly quoted in *The Light that Failed*. One of the best lines of Matthew Arnold's "The unplumbed salt estranging sea" appears in another story—always the best, that is the point, "choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word. No gaudyware, like Gandolf's second line: Tully, my masters! Ulpian serves *his* need!"

[1] "The Masque of Plenty."
[2] Page 45.
[3] *Vide* the lines prefixed to "The Children of the Zodiac."
[4] In *D. D.*
[5] Page 144.

But to return from this long digression on Kipling's literary education to the three soldiers. It is not beer, Bible, and flag which inspires the study of officers and privates called "His Private Honour,"[1] nor "The Courtship of Dinah Shadd."[2] This story contains, I suppose, the best piece of rhetoric in Kipling—the drunken Irishwoman's curse when Mulvaney takes Dinah instead of her dubious daughter; it is just native Irish eloquence, someone may say, and Kipling is merely reporting it—very probably, but at least he has a perfect flair for the best rhetoric, none the less good, all the better, rather, because it falls from illiterate lips and fades away at last into an unwilling and Balaam-like blessing.

But next to the soldier Kipling loves the sea and the sailor; best of all the modern scientific sailor, the engineer. But not him only—the sailor for himself—the common, vulgar, hard-drinking sailor. There is "Captains Courageous"—there is the extraordinarily vivid study of the Eastern seas called "The Disturber of Traffic."[3] In a similar vein are, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers";[4] "The Last Chantey";[5] "The Bell Buoy";[6] "The Rhyme of the Three Captains," "The *Mary Gloster*." About this last ballad I have noted a little but very entertaining article by Mr. Lewis Freeman, the American, in *Land and Water*. It is addressed to "British Merchant Captains."[7]

After the common sailor comes the skilled sailor; then mechanical engineers, and engineering in general, and science in general. I have said enough about this already. It is for many people Kipling's title to fame, though I am only ranking it as the fourth of his titles. There are stories and verses too numerous to record properly under this head: "The Ship That Found Herself,"[1] etc., and a host of others. The man who wrote these things would have been a competent mechanic if fate had not made him a journalist. No mere craft of journalism could have inspired the verve with which this journalist celebrates the last theme of prose and poetry—the triumph of science.

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[1] *Many Inventions.* [2] *Life's Handicap.*

[3] *M.I.* [4] *The Seven Seas.* [5] *S.S.*

[6] *The Five Nations.*

[7] *Land and Water*, August 17, 1916, p. 16. (See "The *Mary Gloster*," pp. 135, 136, 137, 138.)

I come to the next tap; the children's tap. The cry is back to Christianity, but all the world has long ago returned, in the matter of child worship, to the wisdom of Christianity's founder. Kipling is not the first at that shrine—but he worships well; far more agreeably than Dickens. I suppose a third of his work is devoted to children and dear to them; *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* are specially for children, most readable though they be to everyone with a little sanctified common sense and a love of history.

Besides these two books there are isolated stories elsewhere. "They," e.g., the story of the dead children who gather round the beautiful Sussex house (under Chanctonbury Ring), of the maiden lady who is blind and has no other consolation but the sound of their voices and the rustle of their clothes, and who keeps open house and open nursery and play-room for them. They have been excused "from the Father's Face" to visit her because she loved much. "Shall I that have suffered the children to come to me hold them against their will," says the introductory verse. Not much beer and flag about that verse, by the way, though something of the Bible, and none the worse on that account.

These books and stories appear to me to be sound and wholesome and first-rate reading for childhood; though I am aware that they appear light and frothy and sentimental to the more severe taste of Americans. Once upon a time I was sitting on a summer afternoon beneath Cheyenne Mt., in Colorado, and above the sun-flecked prairies, writing my luminous, I beg pardon—my voluminous essay on Herodotus, while my wife discoursed George Macdonald's *At the Back of the North Wind* to the children. A visitor was announced, and a member of our common profession with her youthful American daughter of ten years of age. "I am surprised," she said severely, "that you allow these sentimental things to be read to your children—Elizabeth here—sit up Elizabeth, love—is reading *Arts and Crafts of the Middle Ages*." Poor Elizabeth! And then we are surprised that American women grow up callous! that even one of the best of them sees nothing more in the most chivalrous and romantic and disinterested war ever waged than just a dog-fight and a mix-up of drunken rowdies; or at the best, arts and crafts of the Middle Ages. The intellectuals have no intelligence—the spring and source of all intelligence is denied them, sympathy; knowledge at one main entrance quite cut off.

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[1] *Day's Work.*

The next tap is part of this—a double-jointed tap with two faucets, the cool water of history and the warm water of animal stories; the most popular, I suppose, of all Kipling's taps, and running freely through all his books.

Through the two Jungle Books first and foremost, but through all. Everyone knows the Mowgli stories, based, like everything in Kipling, I presume, on fact. The Romans are not likely to have invented Mowgli, they found him—that is all.

Then there is the story of "Kaa's" hunting—the story of the fascination exercised by the python upon monkeys; upon the Bandarlog. Kipling, like the rest of us, does not like monkeys—they are painfully suggestive of man's history, whether it be his rise or his fall. His verses, had they been written yesterday, might have been taken as a satire at the expense of the Allies and for the glorification of Germany. The Bandarlog have all the foibles of the Allies before the war—they dream and chatter, and have no law, no order, no settled purpose, no foreign policy—only "brightest transports, choicest prayers which bloom their hour and fade"—nothing but idealism—empty, luxurious, self-indulgent imaginations which are not the seed of action, but begin and end in themselves; and with these also many personal remarks and personal squabbles. Read the "Road Song of the Bandarlog in the Tree Tops."[1]

Then there is "Rikkitikki, the Mongoose."[2] There is "The Undertakers";[3] "The Red Dog";[4] "The Bridge Builders," already quoted in another connection;[5] "Oonts" (the Camels);[6] the cat and rat in "Below the Mill Dam";[7] "The Walking Delegate" (the horse);[8] and "The Maltese Cat" (the polo pony),[9] and "My Lord the Elephant."[10] "Moti Guy, the Mutineer,"[11] also an elephant story.

There is also and better perhaps than most of the other animal stories "In the Rukh,"[12] a vivid picture of the Indian forest and its occupants and its German chief forester. Kipling has some appreciation, necessarily, of German efficiency, and his usual sympathy in painting rapidly the high lights of character and conversation. There is little French, by the way, in Kipling's books, only in *The Light that Failed*, and yet with his instantaneous comprehension and insight he has, since the war began, caught the spirit of France, and his verses to France[13] might have been written no better had he spent half a lifetime reading French history. Read "Broke to Every Known Mischance," p. 1, of *France at War*.

Now I turn on the seventh tap—England; especially the Southern counties and of the Southern counties the pleasant county of Sussex—a point of contact between Tennyson and Kipling—the last real laureate and the real present laureate; Sussex runs in the verses of each; Kipling celebrates it in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and in *Rewards and Fairies*, and in *The Five Nations*, but England generally is the burden of "The Song in Springtime"[1] and of "The Broken Men."[2] Of a different key but belonging to the same organ are the well-known, often quoted verses in *The Seven Seas*[3] and "The English Flag."[4] I must not quote those household words to this academic audience. I will only remark in passing that here is a vivid statement of the bald fact at which the German rages and scoffs—that our Empire, like the Kingdom of Heaven, came not with observation, that it came not as his with far sight and foresight, through the scheming and lying of his Government for forty years, nay for seventy-five years: through its paternal remittances to German traders: through bonuses and bounties: but came just of itself, with no Government's thought or aid, broadly speaking; by the restless energy of the race, the spirit of adventure: these are just good songs of patriotism.

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[1] *1st Jungle Book* or *Songs from Books*, pp. 92–93.

[2] *1st Jungle Book.*

[3] *2nd Jungle Book.*

[4] *2nd Jungle Book.*

[5] *D.W.*

[6] *D.D.*

[7] *T. and D.*

[8] *D.W.*

[9] *D.W.*

[10] *M.I.*

[11] *L.H.*

[12] *M.I.*

[13] In *France at War.*

And this tap also may be described as another double tap, for here comes in what some simple souls have fondly imagined to be all that there is in Kipling, and wherefore arid, acid, acrid souls have intellectually berated him—the Imperial thought—one of his minor thoughts, unless I am mistaken, and only magnified into his chief thought by radical bitterness. "What should they know of England who only England know?" was Kipling's sufficient answer; but no man with a heart and soul thinks first and foremost of politics, or writes chiefly of such vapid and external trappings.

Imperialism is the opposite of a narrow nationalism and a parochial know-nothing-ism: that is all—so far as I can discover after forty-five years—that Imperialism, either here in Canada or in Great Britain, means or has ever meant for the quiet people who have accepted that word.

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[1] *D.D.*

[2] *F.N.*

[3] "A Song of the English."

[4] In *Barrack Room Ballads.*

In the South African tales is included *The Captive*, and in *The Captive* is a different note; a new note: Kipling's American note. I have mentioned Dickens once or twice; it is impossible to speak of Kipling's American studies without thinking of Dickens; the parallel is in some respects so close. Here are two Englishmen, the idols of their own people, who have taken occasion to visit America and to write of America—not always or at first with cordial appreciation or with unstinted acceptance. Dickens wrote bitter things about American manners, American advertising, and spread-eagle oratory; American dollar-hunting; but the vitality and human nature or democratic spirit of his works so endeared him to America, as a superior, as an infinitely greater Walt Whitman, that it overlooked his scoffs and took him to its broad heart and keeps him there. Similarly with the vitality and human nature of Kipling: no living English author exists—says Mr. Elmer More, the American critic—for a plain American car conductor except Kipling. "I s'pose you've heard that Kipling has been very ill; he ought to be the next poet laureate; he don't follow no beaten track; he cuts a road for himself every time right through, and a mighty good road it is," said the conductor to a visiting Englishman in New York; and so America forgave his scoffs. The resourcefulness of the American; his science, and his humour, appeal irresistibly to Kipling; and such stories as *The Captive* (the American who invented a machine gun and sold it to the Boers and fought with it against the British in South Africa) are as wholly appreciative of the American captive, and his point of view, as of the British point of view. *The Captive* is very

American and very diverting; not least so in his criticisms of his countrywomen.

I have found nine lamps for Kipling; let me find a few more to outshine definitely the seven churches and the lamps of architecture.

There is the tenth lamp of philosophy. I really mean philosophy; good pragmatist philosophy, the only philosophy of value—ethics. Kipling is a moralist, like all his countrymen.

He is a moralist, even if his is not exactly the complete and perfect morality of the New Testament; there is morality for men if not for women, for laymen if not for ecclesiastics, running through all his books side by side with the running beer and waving flag: the stern and masculine morality which consists in courage, honesty, truth-speaking, and hard work. "Never tell a lie and never borrow money" was Richard Burton's compendium for life, to each of his sons, when he called him into his study, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, before launching him on the world. Kipling has the primary and essential moralities of the earlier dispensation. If his books lack something of the secondary and more exquisite refinements of Christian morality, still even these were intended—we have reason to believe—to supplement, complete, and fulfil, not to destroy and supersede the earlier groundwork: and even in the secondary moralities he does not offend like some of his contemporaries, whom we have been discussing.

I have quoted "If" already, and "The *Bolivar*" already. I will illustrate Kipling's ethics instead, negatively, by quoting Tomlinson and "The Conversion of Aurelius McGoffin."[1]

This is the sort of stuff which makes Kipling good reading for academic souls, for souls oblivious of an older and wider creed, who have taken in its place Tolstoy or Ibsen or some other vain babbler. His poems were written for our learning, for us academic persons who have no action, who have words only; whose lives are chronicled by words and dated by theories; in this year the Professor developed that epoch-making theory, etc. (now forgotten), in that year he fired off those epigrams (Paris still keeps those hot chestnuts on sale), in the third he discovered a new philosophy which lasted for two sessions and almost persuaded some young students not to be Christians. We are the people for whom the curious text was written "by your words ye shall be justified and by your words ye shall be condemned": most merciful and also most just of texts: since we have only words whereby we can be judged, whether for acquittal or condemnation. It is salutary, therefore, for us above other men, to read the author who makes light of books and theories and reflection, of everything but action.

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[1] *Plain Tales from the Hills*, pp. 151, etc.

The crew of the *Bolivar* were men of action. Tomlinson was perhaps a Professor of Greek. Another Tomlinson by the way—another Professor of Greek—has been quoting lately, apropos of the war, a remark of Lord Melbourne's, "all the damned fools were on one side and all the clever fellows on the other, and by George, Sir, the damned fools were right!" Kipling has generally been among the damned fools who were right; he has much sympathy with damned fools because he knows they are apt to be right in this insoluble world. He has very imperfect sympathy with the clever fellows and the Professors of Greek—they are unintelligent intellectuals and intellectual neutrals; understand everything except human nature. The Germans, as the chief "intellectuals," have the least intelligence, but Miss Jane Addams sometimes makes a good second and Mr. Bernard Shaw a bad third.

You can divine from this reference to Mr. Shaw all the limitations of Kipling. I can recollect no examples of irony in Kipling though irony be one of the choicest flowers of literature—again, there is none of that arch-egotism which is also a super-advertisement for its author—there are no parlour tricks and posturings and intellectual stunts, *pour épater le bourgeois*.

I can find with a little seeking an eleventh lamp—religion. Kipling is like Whittier in this, that he has written a good hymn or two and knows his Isaiah to some purpose.[1] Unlike Whittier in *this*, that his good hymns are not his only good work, his only contribution to literature.

Well, I said at the beginning that this lecture was unnecessary and belated, and so it is. But after all, the war with all its horrors and its heroism will pass; and all things will settle down again and slumber, and the world will be again somewhat as it was before, all things will be peaceful and people will imagine they have always been so: and Dr. Bridges will chirrup his melodies again, and we shall have new idle singers of new empty days: and then Kipling will be again a good recipe: a reminder that the great days of Canada—though over—were once here: for there is the doctrine ancient, simple, true, which Socrates died expounding. Socrates hated tall talk and poetry and almost all poets except Homer, especially Meletus, an Athenian Richard le Gallienne, perhaps: and he loved grotesque and homely illustrations: so as he sat in prison on his truckle bed, rubbing his legs and restoring the circulation which the chains had arrested; he chose his legs for his parable—"My friends, what a strange thing is pain and pleasure—one cannot well get the one without finding the other also; these my legs were suffering from the chains and now they give me pleasure, etc., etc." But so also in much larger things than those Socratic shanks; war and religion, horrors and heroism, vice and virtue, go and come together: and these that have been the years of horror and despair have been also the great years of Canada: her heroic youth: her youth spent in fighting against the very different youth, the wild-oats youth of Germany.

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[1] *The Captive.*

It is certain now that this war is not to last any longer.[1] War is necessarily a transition, but that does not prevent it from marking, like other transitions, the culminating point of human virtue, like Pericles' rule in Athens which was the last outburst of great living for Athens: the precursor of a period of decadence: of moral decay and intellectual brilliancy. The horrors of war seem to go hand-in-hand with the highest standards of conduct which human nature in the mass can reach: it gives us martyrs who are not agitators, and saints who are neither self-willed nor self-seeking: young men who are quite unconscious that they have any affinity with saint or martyr and yet are Canada's martyrs and saints.

And in conclusion, here is a morality, just as a conclusion because after all Kipling is a moralist first and foremost, and didactic beyond everything else. You will find it in "They,"[2] pp. 300–301.

If for an old woman's moralizing Kipling lost his way, we may for Kipling lose perhaps, for one evening our academic ways: and bear with this vulgar journalist who has redeemed his profession and his class: surely none too soon: sorely they needed redemption: journalism has well-nigh destroyed literature. But in Kipling it has done something at least to replace what it has destroyed. He has magnified the sons of Martha with such passion and aptness of expression that he has pleased the sons of Mary also and deserved well of literature.

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[1] Written while the war was still in progress.

[2] *T. and D.*

CHAPTER VI

PLATONISTS AND ARISTOTELIANS

IT is a proverbial fact, poignant also and entertaining yet quite intelligible, that an author is generally the worst judge, interpreter, and expounder of his own work. Virgil fancied himself a philosopher and wanted to burn the Æneid. Wordsworth never knew when he was inspired and when he drivelled. Tennyson throws no light, only added darkness, on difficult Tennysoniana. Browning frankly left the oracles in Browningese to the Browning clubs.

It is, therefore, only to be expected that the last interpreter of our Coleridgian γνώμη will be Coleridge himself. I have looked for an explanation at any rate in Coleridge and have found less than nothing; nothing would have left me at liberty to say that Coleridge obviously meant what I suppose him to have meant: what I actually found, however, were a few words which seemed to me inept and insignificant. I have forgotten entirely now what these words were—only the impression of their insignificance remains.

Now the worst of this is that it opens the door for the enemy to blaspheme, for the scoffer to rejoice. Accordingly, some of my cherished colleagues—I am told and can well believe it, it is so colleagiate—have at once pronounced the distinction a mare's nest, originally intended to form part of those lines which the poet indited "to a young ass." There is no valid distinction, only a distinction without a difference, between Aristotle and Plato; so runs the colleagiate criticism.

Nevertheless, because I also am a colleague, I desire for a few moments to attempt to describe the impressions which, as I conjecture, hovered vaguely before Coleridge's mind, when he uttered the famous words. Although, like a true poet, he could seize only the oracle to which he was inspired and not the grounds of it: he could interpret, I mean, only the divine mind (the conclusions, the large results of thought which seemed to come to him ready-made) and not his own mind: not, that is, the various detailed considerations on which the large results ultimately hung. Coleridge was like the untrained, unscientific judge in the oft-quoted story, who could be depended upon for sound conclusions, but went quite astray, if he attempted to analyse his conclusions into their premises.

What then did Coleridge mean? Not surely that the actual conclusions and creeds of the two men are very unlike; for after all their politics, though different, are not contrary; a conservative democrat and an aristocrat are not antithetically opposed: nor is their religion different in essentials; though Plato never emptied his religion or his God of morality, as Aristotle empties them. Each seems again to have believed in an immortality of an impersonal Oriental and Buddhist character: the dew-drop slips into the shining sea. The distinction must rather lie in their methods, their pre-suppositions, their temperaments.

1. And first and foremost Plato generalizes: Aristotle distinguishes: here is a vital difference of method and of temperament: *ὁ συνοπτικὸς διαλεκτικός* says Plato, *ὁ δὲ μὴ οὒ*: the philosopher generalizes: he who does not is no philosopher. But with Aristotle the cry is for distinction: let us distinguish: the world cannot distinguish: that is what separates the world from the elect; but also, I may add, in a secondary degree Plato from Aristotle.

Illustrations crowd into the mind and could be multiplied almost indefinitely to prove that Plato overlooks differences, while Aristotle is apt to make distinctions where there is no difference. Plato confounds virtue with art and art with virtue: he identifies the honest man with the man who makes a patent safe: he insists that cooks should have a moral purpose: virtue with knowledge (how often it is rather ignorance, as with the Romans): virtue with virtue, all being alike soluble into knowledge; so that courage is identified with temperance, besides being the same virtue in man and woman; and temperance conversely is the brave resistance to pleasure: art with artist (art only seeks its patient's good; therefore the artist only seeks his patient's good; the doctor does not practise for a living but for his patient's living): religion with morality: man with God: consciousness with the processes of replenishment and evacuation which produce pleasure and pain (so that pleasure and pain is each called unreal by Plato according to the replenishment or the hunger of the body accompanying them). Plato confounds the human shepherd with the shepherd of sheep (each practises his art only for the sheep's sake): man with woman: man and woman with pigeons, dogs and horses: and all knowledge with *a priori* mathematics. Rarely, very rarely, is Plato betrayed into an unnecessary and unreal distinction, such as that between the art of pay and the art of healing, the two separate arts which nevertheless every doctor unites. And this, obviously, only because he has previously failed to distinguish between the aim of medicine and the aim of the medical man, and has laid himself open to the charge that he never paid his doctor's bills: he is compelled—to save himself from that injurious imputation—to explain that his doctor *qua* doctor, rendered no bills, but only *qua* tradesman: he paid the tradesman's bill but not the doctor's: a distinction without a difference to a practical tradesman-doctor. In Plato finally, action and contemplation are ever united in the ideal life of his guardians as in his own strenuous and would-be practical essays at statesmanship in Sicily—in unhappy Sicily.

But Aristotle is always refining: virtue is very properly distinguished from art: politics still more shrewdly separated from medicine and the more normal and legitimate arts: the human shepherd from the shepherd of sheep: the good man from the good citizen. (Quaintly enough to our notions; for his good man is the mild, colourless character; his good citizen is the full four-square, all-round efficient man.) One of his best distinctions never out-of-date is the distinction which Plato overlooked in his desperate attempt to ignore the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, the distinction between *meum* and *nostrum*; another is the distinction ever needing to be re-affirmed in some form or other against Comtists or other modern fanatics, between selfishness and selfishness: between selfishness the vice, the loving of oneself at the expense of others, and the selfishness which is no vice, the simple love of life and self: thus the craving for immortality, e.g. by interpretation, is not selfish: only for immortality at the cost of others: or for honour and a good name at the cost of others: "soit mon nom flétri," a Danton may naturally exclaim, because he adds "si la France soit libre," but no man otherwise need desire to be accursed or annihilated. There is martyrdom and martyrdom: martyrdom for the sake of others and martyrdom for martyrdom's sake, this latter a very selfish unselfishness, because it is at the expense of others, the persecutors; and so on: I am developing Aristotle.

Or again in his chapter on Phaleas, desires are for three things: for daily bread; for champagne and sweetbreads; for the things of the soul, power, knowledge, fame, divine worship: the economist solves only the meanest and the smallest difficulties, when he has successfully provided every man with three square meals a day. The medical man in his own house is a very different being—much less cool and trustworthy an adviser—from the medical man in his patient's house. Government by rule and precedent is a very different thing—weaker alike and stronger—from government by individual will and personal initiative : again monarchy and each other form of Government has various species under the one genus. There are five spurious forms of courage, of varying degrees of spuriousness, besides the true form ; and the true form, in spite of Plato, is not the same for a man as for a woman : it is less patient than hers, less enduring, more drastic, and more dramatic. The human creature is carefully distinguished from the brute creation, and also masculine from feminine employments and duties. There are slaves and slaves : slaves who should be free men and free men who should be slaves ; for the Greek is quite distinct from the barbarian, even as he is—at the other end—distinct from the gods. Contemplation befits the latter—the gods—and a few of the diviner men—philosophers : action befits the rest of men : the action again must aim partly at pleasure ; but much more at activity for its owner's sake or the State's sake : and the two—the pleasure and the activity of which it is the reflex—can very properly be distinguished ; just as also morality can be sharply distinguished from religion ; for morality is of the earth, earthy : a means only of keeping the brain clear and wholesome, swept and garnished, that religion may enter in and that by means thereof a man may follow the divine life and may think upon thought.

2. I come next to minor and secondary distinctions between the two men ; already more or less implied. Plato represents pure mathematicians : Aristotle the students of the physical and natural sciences. Plato, I mean, represents *a priori* reasoning, and Aristotle experience. Plato thinks that all science, even applied mathematics, even astronomy, can be best

studied, after a short introduction in the form of observation, without instruments and without experiments and without observation: instruments and experiments will indeed positively mislead the student, for they will show that the coarse world of matter does not follow very closely the laws and principles of mathematical generalization: that the actual ellipses of the actual planets are imperfect, as imperfect as heard melodies compared with the unheard and ideal; but if the actual ellipses are imperfect, so much the worse for the actual planets; let the mathematician return to the law of the planets, the ideal of the planets, the faith and spirit of the planets, and not be disturbed by their vain and sinful works; which, in the nature of things, can never correspond with their ideals, though nearer indeed to *their* ideals than the human creature ever comes to his ideal.

Nay, so wide is Plato's faith in mathematical generalizations that he brings the elementary institutions of human society, the marriage in due season of each new generation of citizens, within the range of astronomical science, and we are treated to abstruse speculations about the nuptial number, or about the 729 times by which the aristocrat is happier than the tyrant. Of course he is more than half joking, but the joking shows how he hankers after mathematical explanations of the problems of politics.

Aristotle has scant faith in these vague general ideals; this universal good or God which informs all things that are good: sometimes he has no faith even in those general propositions which are the conditions of all argument: e.g., he sets before you in one passage (of great moment for apiarists) the moving doubt, "do bees swarm when a warming pan is beaten because they like the noise or because they fear it?"—but the controversial spirit thus aroused does not prevent him from adding cheerfully in the next breath, "after all, perhaps they do not hear it at all." He is quite dispassionate, quite contented even though his experiments are neither as Bacon would say *lucifera* nor *fructifera*: in the same quite cautious matter-of-fact vein he resists co-education and the rights of women, not on principle, not on metaphysics, but with the homely and prosaic argument, "some one must keep house and attend to the larder: who else will do it?"

I mean that Aristotle has great interest in details and in special individual facts; and is not at all concerned to get facts out of which large deductions can be drawn: any fact, even a negative one, is interesting to his strictly scientific and severely sober temperament. One amazing example of this is worth quoting: all philosophy has been full of the thought that it is not truth but the search for truth which repays men; which soothes life and sweetens it until it becomes at least tolerable; but Aristotle makes no such limitations, admits no such hesitation. If the search be pleasant, he says audaciously, it is reasonable to suppose that the goal is still pleasanter: a prophecy, surely, only true of the collector, of the man of science interested in details and in multitudinous collections of details; who is satisfied to exhaust some science and to complete some collection, though he be as far as ever from broad generalizations and from any large understanding of himself or life; who is satisfied to perfect his collection of certain shells from the seashore, without vain speculations upon sea, or shore, or the wherefore of shells, and shore, and sea.

3. In the third place because Plato reasons *a priori* and Aristotle is an empiricist it follows that Plato is idealist against the realism of Aristotle. An interesting side-light on this head is presented by their treatment of the perennial and modern difficulty, the elementary school and its social influences. The idealist—aristocrat though he be—had enough natural sentiment in him to wish to unite all classes, at least in childhood, in common schools; or at any rate in

common games: it was the democrat whose caution and whose realism led him jealously to separate the children of the free from contact with slave children and their games, lest one of these little ones should be contaminated; and should contract vulgar and commercial ideas in his games; the idea of trading, for example, I suppose.

This is sometimes made *the* distinction between Plato and Aristotle. So, for example, Professor Munsterberg, in his entertaining book on "American Traits," makes this distinction of idealism or realism the one fundamental distinction between races and individuals. He writes: "the realist is democratic, the idealist aristocratic; the realist is cosmopolitan, the idealist national and imperialistic; the realist seeks his goal in liberty, the idealist in justice. They are the two poles of mankind: the realism of the man the idealism of the woman in every noble household"—or perhaps *vice versa* to-day in some less normal but not less noble households: "and so, in history, in Plato and Aristotle we feel at once the typical expression of the two great tendencies. Plato, says Goethe, fills the world with his ideals, but Aristotle works with material already given"; that is, Aristotle, as I understand it, accommodates himself to facts and accepts—because they seem to be the facts of the past—such horrors as infanticide, abortion, and slavery, much more readily than Plato and is much more disposed to conserve ancient wrongs, because they are ancient. Plato is more disposed to dash himself and his hopes to pieces upon the iron walls of fact, in deference to the supremacy of ideals, the supremacy of the inner voice over outer experience. Each exhibits the characteristic weakness of the conservative respectively and of the reformer.

But to return to Professor Munsterberg. If he be right, I ought to make here a fourth distinction, and dub Plato an Imperialist and Nationalist, and Aristotle a Cosmopolitan or Humanitarian. Perhaps even I might take a poll on the Philippine question, or the future of Canada, to test beyond any cavil the accuracy of the proposition that every man is by nature a Platonist or an Aristotelian; but I think I will let this stand over; for I feel some perplexity. The truth is that in our British politics at least Nationalist and Imperialist are not always synonymous but are sometimes antithetical terms: and besides I have other scruples about this particular distinction, suggestive and racy though it be.

For I sometimes think that Plato—in spite of his sympathy with the eternal feminine—is less nationalistic, less narrowly Hellenic than Aristotle; that Aristotle is more friendly to Greek Imperialism and the Greek conquest of barbarians than was Plato; that Plato in fact was not only "a little Athenian," rather than an Athenian Imperialist, but even was nearer to being "a little Hellene" than was Aristotle. Aristotle indeed, if the Aristotelian scholar Oncken be right, was not Alexander's tutor for nothing.

It is safer at any rate to take some other distinctions which follow more certainly and more obviously from the distinctions already noted. 4. Plato then is revolutionary; Aristotle is conservative. 5. Plato is constructive and creative; Aristotle is only critical. 6. Plato is, in one sense at least of that much-abused word, practical, while Aristotle is only speculative.

I mean that Plato has a platform; has changes to propose; wide-reaching reforms, nay revolutions to champion; hopes and faiths that the end is not yet; that as Hellas has scandalized the barbarians by her naked games, yet has, within her own borders at least, lived down the scandal, so other changes undreamed of yet—such as co-education—will be the household words of later Athenians; for the whole world is in evolution. But Aristotle is practical only in the lower sense that he had no high dreams, no vast changes to propose, nothing to give us on practical matters but a string of *ἀποϱίαι*, a string of pros and cons, from which it seems that everything worth discovering is discovered already pretty well; though there are some minor combinations and permutations which might be tried without impropriety. For Aristotle is the practical man without faith in metaphysics and with only that tolerably common sense which, under such circumstances, poets and Platonists have found intolerable: or, *per contra*, to quote Goethe against Coleridge, if it be true that the clever man finds everything wrong in the world and the wise man nothing, Aristotle, measured by Goethe's standard, was the wise Conservative, Plato only the clever Radical.

Plato, says Mr. Benn acutely, had he not been a philosopher would have been a statesman or a soldier: Aristotle would have been a speculative surgeon, or, in these days, a research fellow in some modern science-ridden University. Even Plato's injustice to poetry, to which Aristotle is so just and even generous, is, I think, only the poet's sense of the defects of his own temperament; it is the literary man's confession of the manifold foibles of literature. It is very fortunate under these circumstances that the disinterested and unpoetic observer came to the rescue of Poetry and placed her on her pedestal above history, from which the self-tormenting doubts of poets like Plato are less likely now to dethrone her. The same thing, by the way, has happened in English literature over again: the best defence of poetry comes from Bacon of all men, one of the most prosaic of Englishmen and the nearest in spirit to the Bacon of Stagirus whom he so undutifully depreciated.

7. Perhaps it also follows that Plato is more human and generous and Aristotle more impersonal and scientific and callous: Plato the natural man and Aristotle the student. Plato—like Schiller in German literature—the man of action—(he certainly tried hard to be a man of action)—Aristotle, like Goethe,

the thinker: the devotee of self-culture. Plato is the missionary, ardent to seek and to save that which is lost, even though it be only common clay, fitted to make but vessels of dishonour: Aristotle is, like his own epicurean gods, careless of the great bulk of mankind. The aristocrat was, as often in this complex world, the practical philanthropist: the theoretic democrat was less intent upon serving common people.

8. It is no contradiction to this to say that Aristotle is anthropocentric, and therefore, in a sense human, where Plato is theological; Aristotle's caution limits him narrowly to earth:

> "Know thou thy self: presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is man."

But Plato is theological, and yet, or and therefore, more humane, if not more human; for theology and the humanities (in spite of a few historical quarrels) must stand or fall together, and rest on the same basis. Plato believes, then, that the end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him until he be reunited with Him—with a glorious man-like God, a being with all human righteousness and more than human intelligence.

9. Plato then has faith, the faith of the theologian and mystic, against Aristotle's Comtism, or agnosticism, or rationalism, or whatever name you give to the euthanasia which Aristotle sought to procure for the poor, old, struggling patient of the philosophers, theology.

10. Plato has optimism against Aristotle's pessimism.

11. In short the difference between the two men is that which Shelley draws between poetry and science. Poetry, he says, is creative, constructive, imaginative: all good history therefore is poetry (and all scientific or modern history, I presume it follows, is bad history); science on the other hand is only analytic.

So Plato once more is the poet and Aristotle the man of science, who yet admits the superiority of poetry to one science at least, the science of history.

I find the same Shelleyan distinction echoed by Dr. Osler in his *Science and Immortality*, page 34, "Aristotle and Plato, Abelard and St. Bernard, Huxley and Newman, represent in different periods the champions of the intellect and of the emotions."

12. And Shelley's distinction suggests one other which has indeed already been drawn in the passage which I quoted from Professor Munsterberg. It was Buckle who distinguished woman from man, as the imaginative, deductive, *a priori* reasoner, feeling her way intuitively, from the man who is inductive, and experimental, and cautious, taking one step at a time.

The distinction may not be altogether happy, for induction like deduction surely may involve imagination in an extreme degree: but as a distinction between intuition and imagination whether inductive or deductive on the one side, *versus* facts and cautious step-by-step ascent or descent, from particulars to general propositions or *vice versa*, it seems to be sound: and if so, Plato's intelligence, in spite of all his distrust of poets and his very modified trust in women, includes the feminine no less than the poetic intelligence, while Aristotle is narrowly masculine in mind.

13. And if I may make my dozen articles into a baker's dozen and into the number of the Apostles, I feel inclined to add that Plato naturally as the poet, as the theologian, as the man of feminine intuition, is much more concerned to consider "duty" and not happiness (except as the reflex of duty) to be the lawful end and aim of human institutions, and the test of their success; while Aristotle as the secularist or pessimist, as the cautious, sceptical man of science, enthusiastic only for research and reflection, and not at all disposed to admit many applicants into that

charmed circle of the elect, Aristotle is much more disposed to welcome anything as so much clear good, if only it increase the pleasures of life for the multitude, none too many even at the best; and it is all-important therefore with him that an institution should make directly for human happiness.

And so, while Plato is continually repudiating with indignation the suggestion that he ought to think more of his guardians' happiness and less of their duties, Aristotle is much concerned about their happiness and is not a missionary and has no ruthless spirit of self-sacrifice. Aristotle is not in the same degree at all a forerunner of Christianity, nor a "*παιδαγωγὸς εἰς Χριστόν*," nor a favourite with Christian churchmen: rather he is—as Antiochus, Cicero's teacher, I think, argued or implied—the precursor of Epicurus and the Epicureans.

This may seem a hard saying in the light of Cardinal Newman's words:[1] "While the world lasts will Aristotle's doctrine on these matters last, for he is the oracle of nature and of truth. While we are men we cannot help to a great extent being Aristotelians . . . we are his disciples whether we will or no." And there is a passage of somewhat similar purport, I remember, somewhere in the works of a more masculine-minded and more Aristotelian theologian, Frederick Robertson.

Theologians, like other persons, are scandalized by the recklessness of Plato, by vagaries like his communism of wives and property, and turn therefrom with relief to the sober sense of Aristotle. Nevertheless it remains true that *the* dogma of theology, as well as the loftiest spirit which theology inspires, the *amor theologicus*, is of Plato not of Aristotle. Plato exalted Divine righteousness to an equality with Divine intelligence; Aristotle founded the agnosticism which makes of righteousness and of all moral impulses, "regulative" virtues; human not divine.

[1] In *Idea of a University*.

In the keen and crucial controversies of the last generation between Dean Mansel and Frederick Maurice to which Mr. Goldwin Smith contributed one of his earliest essays, it was not he only but the natural instinct of all Christians which followed the Cambridge theologian in his Platonism, while all the ecclesiastical dignities of Mansel were not sufficient to Christianize Aristotle. And equally and more obviously the devotion of the missionary—the *amor theologicus*—finds its counterpart in Plato; alike in his theory and in his practice.

CHAPTER VII

SOME OXFORD TYPES

THE life of a University is in a measure exceeding the measure of other human life mortal, transient, passing away. It is so both to the bodily eye, both in respect of the faces and figures which people the colleges and quadrangles, and also to the eye of reflection which takes account, not of faces and figures, but of the deep things of life, of intellectual movements and religious tendencies. We look round after a few years' absence, and often look round in vain, for some doctrine once familiar. We miss after a brief interval all the old landmarks of thought, which made up the intellectual prospect of the place.

If, therefore, a man desire to taste something of the profoundest melancholy which the sense of change brings to the sensitive mind, let him re-visit Oxford after a few years' interval. New names are over every door, and the boisterous life of each college, of which so short a time before he and his formed a part, oppresses by its very boisterousness and self-sufficiency. How little he and his are missed! *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* He turns his steps, a trifle less elastic than they used to be, once more to the river-banks to see once more the fairest sight which the outward physical life of any University can offer, the racing of the Eights in May. The banks are alive with men in garish flannel as of old: the barges, as of old, with women in purple and fine linen. Each college boat as it drops down in the cool hush of evening to the starting-point, shows him the familiar colours. There, again, is the scarlet of Magdalen:

the Maltese Cross of Worcester: the red rose of Pembroke passes him again perched upon the boat's bow. But in the midst of it all he is a stranger: not a face the same: save and except that here and there he meets perhaps some belated solitary don, some resident fellow and lecturer, and hails him for a pillar of stability in a world of flux, a splendour among shadows: *ὀιὸς πέπνυται ταὶ δὲ σκίαι ἄϊσσουσιν·* to all of which by the law of human discontent, and the irony of things, the solitary don makes answer only by a doubtful smile which shows that to himself he seems far otherwise: a vessel stranded on life's voyage or ever its sails were fully set; a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the desert, a sparrow alone upon the house-top. From experiences such as these the returned exile, if he be sensitive to change, will hurry with all speed away, repenting his momentary return, and will be glad, if he be a simple and domestic man, to exchange the glories of Oxford for the squalor of London, for the vulgarity and mediocrity of any town, where only he can find faces that he knows, and friends to welcome him. While if he be instead a philosopher, he will for consolation lay the lesson of the river and the familiar-unfamiliar Eights to heart, and preach himself a sermon on their text, and teach himself that even so upon the bosom of a wider and a mightier river, the river of time and life, individual types and nations disappear—only the race remains.

This is, I think, the most obvious, as it is certainly the most melancholy method of realizing the transitoriness of University life; but the other transitoriness, that of the intellectual fashion of things, is not less conspicuous. And therefore I preface these few words I have to say of some Oxford types as I have known them, by the warning that I am not pretending or intending to describe the Oxford of to-day, though only half a century has yet elapsed, or any other Oxford, except only the Oxford of some fifty years ago; and in particular one type of mind and one school of thought in the Oxford of fifty years ago, the type of mind and school of thought which —though by no means unchallenged—nevertheless was conspicuously in the ascendant and largely dominated the place.

This was the rationalist and classical school: and its two most conspicuous leaders were Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Pattison, Rector of Lincoln. I have called it rationalist and classical because neither name alone seems enough: I am not sure that it would not be better to adopt a third name instead of either and call it the school of the Humanists.

"The Humanists" is, as you know, the name given to the Greek scholars of the Renaissance, who by their study of Greek literature were led to rebel against the tyranny of ecclesiasticism and the Church: were led to vindicate for men the right to use their reason, and intelligently and with open eyes to study human nature as well as patristic theology: intelligently and with open eyes to choose for themselves their rule of life, instead of accepting one, however right and good, unintelligently, at the bidding of the Church.

Because they relied on human nature they may be called rationalists; because it was their Greek classics which aroused their faith in human reason they may be called classicists. But since their interest was primarily in this world and in this life, and in man, as opposed to theology and another world and the life of angels, they were broadly termed Humanists.

It is said, and rightly, that the educated churchman who deliberately and after examination submits his faith to the Church's teaching is also a rationalist. He uses his reason to distrust his reason and to accept, as above his reason, the Church's authority. Undoubtedly the term "rationalist," like the term "sceptic," is misused when it is confined to one class of rationalists and one school of sceptics; those whose results are antagonistic to the Church's results. Every one who thinks is to that extent rational and sceptic in the true sense of the term and is a true "free thinker." But because the churches in the past have appealed on the whole to the fears and the conscience of man without showing how those fears and that conscience are grounded in reason and are the expression of reason, the term rationalist has been not unnaturally monopolized by those who have appealed to the reason direct; in the current and narrow sense therefore of the word I speak of the School of Jowett and Pattison as rationalist.

The history of the relations of classical scholarship, humanism and rationalism to the Christian churches is a long subject which indirectly concerns us here. There have been, before our own age at least, three well-marked quarrels and divisions between the two forces, but there have always been at the same time wide-minded whole-hearted men who protested against the antagonism. In the early ages of the Church she was opposed by the expiring Paganism of the classical world, and Greek philosophy was used against her, and she in turn denounced Greek philosophy. But already there were Churchmen, Origen and Clement of Alexandria, who protested that a man need not renounce or denounce Plato and Aristotle because he studied St. Paul.

Then there was the renewed battle in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries at the Renaissance between revived classical Paganism and Christianity; and many Greek scholars relapsed into the naturalism and laxity of the heathen. But the greatest of the scholars, like Erasmus, still were true to both forces, still recognized inspiration in all nations and in all genius, and refused to sacrifice either Plato to piety or piety to Plato.

The third outbreak perhaps, we may say, was in the eighteenth century, when the learned world had well-nigh given up Christianity for rationalism; but

Bishop Butler renewed the traditions of Erasmus, and reassured the faith of the educated, just as the Methodist movement revived the mass of the people to decent and God-fearing lives.

Well, something of the old battle broke out anew in Oxford after the failure of Cardinal Newman, and the dying out of the so-called Oxford movement.

Cardinal Newman and the Oxford movement represented the appeal of the ancient Church to man's conscience, fear and reason, against the Liberal and Latitudinarian doctrine, that salvation was not in the Church only or by the Fathers only, or by the apostles only, that inspiration was not Biblical only.

This Liberal and Latitudinarian school which was held in check by Newman revived after his withdrawal, and gradually dominated Oxford. The very nature of the studies of the place made this inevitable. The study of Oxford is the Classics. But all experience shows that where a man's mind is, there will his treasure be also. The mind of Oxford was bent upon the classics and it was but human that many minds should take them even too seriously, and give them only too permanent an influence over life and character. It is indeed a good illustration of the law of Compensation. The serious student of the classics was tempted by manifold temptations to exaggerate their importance; on the other hand, the other and older school of classical scholars, those who made of the classics only an educational instrument, were apt to defeat even their own humble object just because they did not attribute to them importance enough. Classics studied only as a discipline became an unmeaning weariness of the flesh and were often not taken seriously enough even to furnish a good discipline. At the best, where in countless country rectories mild-eyed clergymen united the classics and the Gospels as the two solaces of life, there was a tendency to turn the classics into a mere elegant accomplishment, a facility of Latin and Greek verse. The classical scholar was apt never to plunge beneath the surface of ancient life, never to understand ancient life and history (and therefore to misunderstand modern life and history also), and all because he took his classics in a wrong spirit, as a mere discipline in rhetoric and the like.

So then when Newman left Oxford, the other school which recognized to the full, and perhaps more than to the full, the real significance of the classics now had its turn and succeeded to the vacant throne, and of this school Jowett and Pattison were leaders. And once more it is easy to see the divisions in this school itself: to trace its left wing and its right wing and its centre. I mean that this school covered every possible attitude to the Christian Church from devout acceptance to indifference or contempt. Frederick Robertson and Frederick Maurice (though the latter ultimately associated himself with Cambridge) and, before their time and Jowett's time, Dr. Arnold, were strong churchmen (in the broad sense) as well as ardent scholars. On the other hand, the Rector of Lincoln, Arthur Hugh Clough the poet, and the late Mr. Pater (in the earlier part of his life at least) parted company with Christian doctrine. Mr. Pater in particular in my time seemed to be always preaching on a text from the poet Clough, "the ruinous force of the will." His little book on the Renaissance was a whimsical extravaganza insisting that the *one* thing needful is not to form habits, to remain open to all impressions, scrupulously to avoid willing, to be patiently passive, expectant, negative, plastic, fluid, waiting for fresh light on everything: in short, Clough's attitude pushed to its logical extreme and made absurd. These men in turn formed the left wing.

Where are we to put Jowett? Well, Jowett is of all men one of the hardest to place: least of all men will he allow himself to be catalogued and labelled. The distinctive feature of his mind was that he could not sharply be distinguished, and though many persons regarded, and still regard, his teachings as the same as Pattison's, I think it would be fairer to place him in the centre with Dean Stanley, his old friend ; sympathizing in turn, or rather sympathizing throughout with both views, or better still perhaps, contradicting both in turn ; for it was always noticeable in him that he tried to bring his hearers to the attitude of comprehensiveness, the attitude of benevolent neutrality which he maintained himself. To an ultra Humanist he seemed fanatically Christian : to a fanatic Christian, a mere Humanist. He refused to admit the antagonism which other minds felt between the Biblical and the Greek view of life. He detested systematic and logical thought : he distrusted every philosophy as narrow and one-sided. He looked askance even at his old friend Mr. T. H. Green because he had a system.

One ingenious critic has argued that he became more and more merely humanist : therefore his first work was on St. Paul, his next on Plato, and his next on Thucydides. That looks plausible, and it can be strengthened by adding "and his last on Aristotle." For Aristotle is even more humanistic and more perfunctory in his recognition of theology than Thucydides himself. But it is only plausible : there is not much in it : it is so easy by a twist to give another aspect to his kaleidoscopic mind : I should prefer to put it in this way rather.

Jowett began by studying St. Paul. If he had been left to himself he would probably have ended with St. Paul, but his Greek professorship imposed upon him as a matter of obligation (moral if not legal) strictly classical work, and he turned first to the most theological and Christian of classical writers —Plato—"the crazy theologian," as Bacon calls him : the man drunk with God, as some German has defined Socrates. "The archangel slightly damaged," as Charles Lamb said of his English

Plato—Coleridge. When he had finished Plato he turned, but with nothing like the same enthusiasm, to the sober and perplexed piety of Thucydides, and when he had finished Thucydides, he had to betake himself in his old age and not with a very good grace to the Positivism of Aristotle. And the work was done rather perfunctorily. I see little traces of Aristotle's influence in Jowett's style or mind, while, on the other hand, Plato's style and Plato's mind "almost shouts aloud"—to use the old grammarian's phrase—in everything he wrote. The most Aristotelian passage I have noticed is the reflection, "The good man—if he is to do good in this world—must also be something of a rogue," namely, of an actor, an impostor, a charlatan. And this reflection is borrowed more directly from Macchiavelli than from Aristotle, although the germ of it is to be found in Aristotle's *Politics*. After all it is not so very Pagan: it does not seem to mean much more than the scriptural commendation of the wisdom of serpents. But of Plato, as I said, we see the influence everywhere. What can be more Platonic than the irony of some of his rebukes? He was correcting a student's Greek exercise, and after correcting patiently and largely for some minutes turned round to the author with the question: "Have you by any chance a taste for mathematics?" Or again—a diplomatist indulged at his dinner table in some very broad remarks—a thing which Jowett hated (he had no prurience in his mind): pushing back his chair, he rose from the table with the rebuke, "Shall we resume this conversation with the ladies?"

Jowett felt even a morbid horror of being merely academic and unpractical. His so-called weakness for success, his distrust of men who had failed in life illustrates this peculiarity of his mind. "I don't want *my* pupils at any rate," he once said, apparently referring to Dr. Arnold's, "to make a mess of life." He seems to have exaggerated in his opportunism or his optimism the righteousness of the world's verdicts and the world's results, and to have underrated the righteousness and exaggerated the defects of those who have failed in a worldly sense; who have made a mess of life. His so-called toadyism of the rich and well-born was no doubt merely prudence and wisdom: he desired to direct for good the influence such persons possessed. Money he believed to be "the source of all good," and he was bound therefore to seek to influence its possessors by all means in his power.

To begin again, there were I think, roughly speaking, four main currents of thought in those days, converging to form the river of University life. There was, first and foremost, this school which had resisted and reacted from the so-called famous Oxford Movement and the teaching of Newman: the school which had out-lived the Oxford Movement, and more than any other single school dominated Oxford: this rationalist and classical school, of which the best-known names were Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Pattison, Rector of Lincoln (often the name of Mr. T. H. Green of Balliol is added, the original of Mr. Gray in *Robert Elsmere*).

Not of course that the ordinary undergraduate saw much, if anything, of these great names. Jowett and Pattison were elderly men, and the latter in particular had withdrawn in a great measure from the work of teaching: but it was their influence which had moulded most of the men he did see. Besides, if he did not see much of them, he heard a great deal: he knew all that there was to know about them, and a great deal more as well—more even than the angels knew: that is to say, not only more than the bald historic facts, and more also than the unrecorded facts, but more even than that illuminating fiction which is often in spirit and in idea truer than fact, and which—we may well believe—engages the subtle intelligence of angels. For there had gathered a vast accretion of legend round the name of each: many of these legends neither literally nor spiritually true. Than the rapid spread of such legends nothing is more curious or interesting, unless it be the antiquity of some of them, which yet purport to be historical accounts of quite recent events and persons. Jowett himself on one occasion asked a friend for the anecdotes told of him, and after listening quietly to a long list—"All of those," he remarked, "were told by me and my contemporaries of my predecessor, except one, and that is not true of me." However—as Herodotus would say—I am not bound to believe all the legends I heard in Oxford: I *am* bound to record them.

Of Pattison, then, it was told that he never spoke to undergraduates unless they had shown marked ability; but he made one exception in favour of anglers. With an undergraduate of either of these types he would walk and talk of philosophy, or of fish. But even with them he was austere. One of them—more ambitious than the rest, and determined not to sink below the level of the occasion and the Rector—began the conversation, the minute they issued through the College gateway, with the sufficiently abstruse remark: "The irony of Sophocles, Dr. Pattison, is finer than the irony of Euripides." "Quote," was the dry comment: but quotation came there none: only in its place a silent walk. A weaker mind when engaged in the hazardous joy of a walk with Jowett—says another legend—lost its self-possession in presence of his silence and exchanged silence for vacuous speech. "It's a fine day, Master," stammered ingenuous youth. For answer came a reproachful look, but no further speech on either side to enliven or belie the peaceful prospect of Nature, till as they reached the College gate again after the student's constitutional was finished, came a parting echo of the unhappy overture, "That was a foolish remark you made."

Nor did the voluble and self-possessed orator always fare better. One such there was who talked and talked and talked only to reap at the walk's conclusion the chequered verdict: "That will do, but too much conceit."

Yet another had the bad taste and the bad judgment to suppose that the Master would welcome cheap, second-hand agnosticism: and he finished a lively discourse in the style of the late Colonel Ingersoll, to find his companion gently humming "Rock of ages, cleft for me."

Said a worse offender on another occasion—a flippant young woman: "Master, what is your opinion of God?" "I am more concerned to know," was the answer, "what is God's opinion of me." This was indeed one of the most interesting and charming features of Jowett's character, that he never paraded his religious difficulties or talked of them except in sincerity to persons who could appreciate and understand. He never gratified the sensation-loving, superficial public by oratorical fireworks of this kind. The fashionable world flocked from London and the Provinces on a summer Sunday into Oxford and packed the University Church when *he* was the preacher, all agog to hear and to tell some new heresy, or, at the worst, if nothing newer and more exciting came, at least to lay once more to its faithless soul, the flattering unction that there was no more Hell. Then would the Master in his piping voice pronounce a mild eulogy upon friendship; or read an essay on the lost art of conversation, or set himself in some other way to carry out what he described as the end and object of all good sermons: "the idealization of life," a phrase which illustrates the strength and weakness of sermons. He measured his audience well on such occasions; not equally well, perhaps, when he preached the sermon on conversation once in the Highlands of Scotland to a congregation of drovers and shepherds. His contempt for affected and precocious infidelity showed itself again on another occasion when a flippant youth reported that he could not satisfy himself of the existence of Deity. "You will satisfy yourself by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, sir, or leave College," was the unsympathetic answer. A deeper answer was returned to well-meaning irreverence of a different type. "Master," said a converted pupil, "I have found the Saviour." "Then don't tell anybody," was the quiet rebuke. Another anecdote not less characteristic of this side of his mind, the theological side, was told of an occasion during my own term in Oxford. A student of his College went to ask him for the use of the College hall for a meeting to promote missions to the Hindoos. "Certainly," said the Master, and added to his visitor's embarrassment, "I will take the chair myself." Which he accordingly did, with an opening address delightfully frank and typical. "A missionary's career," he said, "appears to me a singularly attractive one: it gives a man so admirable an opportunity of studying the picturesque religions of the East." It was this open-mindedness to religious systems other than Christianity which formed the basis for another anecdote by no means so authentic: according to which a distinguished Hindoo, a convert of the missionaries, after hearing the Master preach, announced himself re-converted to Buddhism!

Jowett was much more of a man of the world than Pattison and aimed far more at completeness of life and interests. He was therefore not so intolerant of small things. "I must apologize, Master," said a youthful philosopher who had been deputed, very much against his will, to approach the Master, or reproach the Master, concerning the quality of the potatoes served by the College kitchen: "I must apologize, Master, for distracting your attention to such trifles." "Don't apologize," was the unexpected answer of the philosopher more mature. "Life is made up of trifles." And so on another occasion he astonished a particularly laborious student, who sat with open eyes and straining ears expecting some aphorism on Plato, with the eminently practical advice, "Be young, my young friend, be young."

But if Jowett seemed to be a living protest against the narrowly academic life, if he seemed to be a living proof that extremes meet, and that the head of the most intellectual of Colleges was chiefly interested to give expression to popular and practical worldliness, and to discourage the shibboleths of the schoolmaster and the don, yet no one, on the other hand, has laid his finger with more shrewdness on the inconveniences and difficulties which result in a University, when this worldly, practical, many-sided culture instead of the narrow pedantry of the scholar has become the pervading and prevailing ideal of University men. In his old age when his teaching had borne most fruit, and all men at Oxford were aiming at his own broad humanity, he criticized the result in the following trenchant sentence: "There is more discontent in Oxford than there used to be: all the young Fellows want to be married and have not the money: want to be scholars and have not the industry: want to be authors and have not the originality: want to be gentlemen and have not the manners."

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his *Jude the Obscure*, is generally understood to refer to Jowett when he describes an Oxford don as pouring cold water on Jude's ambition to be a scholar, and bidding him stick to his masonry. It is at any rate the sort of advice—born of a scholar's reaction and a scholar's doubts and scruples, mixed with a man of the world's common sense—which Jowett under such circumstances would have given. I have given it myself under analogous circumstances and given it—in vain: and learned to doubt whether it was not the wrong advice under the circumstances.

The sceptic's apprehensiveness—to pass on—which has played so large a part in the lives of scholars, and sometimes—in reference to marriage and its perturbing risks—a part so tragic, was, if another anecdote be true, unnecessarily keen even in Jowett's mind on one occasion. "Dr. Jowett," said a young lady to whom he had shown great kindness—Jowett and Pattison by the way, like so many other men of their position and character, were always surrounded by a bevy of ardent enthusiastic girls, eager to learn something broader and deeper and higher than the domesticities and phylacteries and millinery which pervade unseasonably feminine conversation—"Dr. Jowett," said this young lady, who had been encouraged by his kindness to hope that he would grace her approaching marriage,—"Dr. Jowett, I have a great favour to ask of you: will you marry me?" "Perhaps we should not be happy," was his hasty and irrelevant ejaculation. He was a great friend—as this anecdote reminds me—of George Eliot, and she too in a pessimistic spirit, whenever she heard of an approaching marriage in her circle, was accustomed to say softly, "Yes, he is very charming and she is very charming, but—will they suit?"

But this nervous *ap*preciation of the breadth of the gulf which sunders masculine and feminine nature, and the consequent *de*preciation of marriage, plays so large a part in the lives of men of the student type that it may be said to be a constant feature of University life at Oxford and elsewhere. It suggests once more the name which most of the anecdotes about Jowett suggest, the name of the man who, though he was no longer living, was the first representative of the type to which Jowett and Pattison belonged: the friend and pupil but also teacher of Jowett, the favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold, the poet-friend of his poet-son Matthew Arnold, the original of "Thyrsis" in the exquisite poem "The Scholar-

Gipsy "—the name of Arthur Hugh Clough, a name of the generation previous to my time, but *the* household name still in the Oxford of my time: one of the most characteristic of Dr. Arnold's pupils, the one who most helps us to understand what the best of the Athenians meant, by complaining that Socrates spoilt young men: as high-minded, conscientious and blameless a man as ever entered a University to puzzle over the mystery of existence, and see existence pass him by before he has made up his mind what he will do with it. I make no apology for dwelling for a few minutes upon his life and poems. A good critic—Lowell—has ventured to say that Clough is *the* poet of the nineteenth century: the poet—he means of course—in whose poems the spirit of the century has best found utterance. Whether he be this or not, at any rate he is *the* poet of Oxford, as it was in part in his time, and still more as it was in my time a generation later. He came up to Oxford over-educated, over-refined by Dr. Arnold, over-scrupulous for a world like ours: "Spoilt by Socrates," as the Athenians said of Plato. As is usual in such cases, he began his doubts and questionings where his teacher's doubts and questionings ceased. He could not see his way to dogmatize even about morals as Dr. Arnold dogmatized about theology.

The tests were still applied in his day in Oxford, and he soon found his position as a Fellow and Tutor a false one and resigned: but, characteristically—for he hated ostentatious heterodoxy as much as Jowett did—he followed up his resignation not by the expected theological pamphlet, but by the publication of his "long vacation pastoral": the description of an Oxford reading party in the Highlands, the Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich; a lively and amusing poem in which there is no heterodoxy, and in which the discussion even of social questions is wholly unprejudiced and impartial, marked by the entire detachment of mind characteristic of its author.

Clough was next appointed to the Principalship of University Hall, London, where he is remembered —as one would expect—for the conservative and ecclesiastical leanings which throve with new life in him the moment he was confronted with the opposite and no less distasteful extremes; the moment, that is, when he passed from the ancient and imaginative bigotry of Oxford to the commercial and sordid Radicalism of London. He did not therefore retain this position long, and after a short time spent on this side in Boston—where he found the education of youth at once wider and shallower than in Oxford—he ultimately settled down in England as examiner for the Civil Service, married and enjoyed a few years of peaceful unenquiring practical routine, escaping gladly from metaphysics and theology to children's nonsense and re-reading the Socratic maxim inverted: *ἀνεξέταστος βίος ἦ μὴν βίωτος*, he now said. He died at the early age of forty-three—a few years younger than Dr. Arnold at his premature death—by a fate which seems symbolical and pathetic. The paralysis which had so long preyed upon his will and convictions now spread outwards so to speak and laid hold upon his body.

Obviously his was not the pen of a ready writer. A Socratic constipation—to use a Socratic and medical metaphor—lay heavy upon his mind. Spontaneity, fluency, eloquence, were impossible. Only at long intervals, as with Socrates himself, did the impulse to make a long speech take possession of him. But out of the small volume of poems which he has left —to return now at last to the subject, which immediately suggested his name—one of the best and the most typical illustrates what I was saying of Jowett.

In this poem—"Amours de voyage"—the hero is a travelling student "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," who, falling in love and genuinely in love with a good-hearted affectionate and intelligent woman of his own country and station, cannot persuade himself that he is in love: or rather that there is anything in love. A young man and a young woman of wholesome nature and decent life, thrown together among foreigners, with nothing more special to do than visit picture galleries and make bets upon the number of the arrows in the various martyrdoms of St. Sebastian, cannot but attract each other. But there is nothing in it. No guarantee of real congeniality, still less of life-long love: only the malicious witchery of Dame Nature, first and mightiest of match-making mothers, "juxtaposition it is, and what is juxtaposition?"

Sic visum Veneri cui placet impares formas atque animos sub juga aenea saevo mittere cum joco.

And so he torments himself with doubts and torments, not less the trustful, natural, unmetaphysical girl, ignorant of Nature's malicious art, and happy in her ignorance ("Wem Gott betrügt ist wohl betrogen"). And finally he lets himself be guided by mere circumstance. He happens to miss her at one or two foreign cities where he had expected to meet her. And he tells himself that fate is against his marriage and he gives it all up. A Methodist might logically and reasonably have done as he did, namely, have discovered in circumstance a Divine leading, and he at least would have had his compensation in the discovery. But for Clough's hero there is neither justification nor compensation. Ultra scepticism has passed—as it is always passing—into lifeless and lukewarm superstition.

Another illustration of this paralysis of the will and of the convictions and of the misery which follows therefrom when the vital crises of life come to be faced, is furnished by another book full of the Oxford associations and the Oxford influence of this time, written by one whose nearest kin—grandfather, father, uncle, brother, and husband—were Oxford graduates and Professors—Robert Elsmere. You will recollect what is incomparably the best thing in the book: the picture of Langham the irresolute lover. The man is life-like beyond any other of the authoress' masculine creations. And yet he is not an individual so much as a type. Half the Oxford men whom I have met since the book appeared have told me confidently and confidentially that they knew the original of Langham. And each says that he was a Fellow of *his* College. And so he was, and so he is —a Fellow of every College in a metaphysical University. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge and not of the tree of life. He is trying the impossible: to work out the problems of God and life and marriage and happiness by thinking alone.

And there is another and an opposite weakness too, characteristic of the Oxford academic life.

From the very exhaustion and reaction which intense thought produces, the thinker tends to turn with extravagant relief and exaggerated pleasure to such trivialities and hobbies as demand no mental exertion. Now a frivolous hobby is an admirable thing for an average man, but it is rather pathetic in this sort of philosopher. It means so much sometimes to him. It seems to be his only pleasure, and at last, alas! his only real hold on life; and when it becomes this it is hard to say whether it is more ridiculous or pathetic: it certainly is not sublime. I have witnessed a devout clergyman under these conditions develop a painfully acute interest in the details of his dressing-table, in the varieties of toilet soaps or razors. And so to pass from abstractions to concrete instances, the Rector of Lincoln became an enthusiast almost to fanaticism about the game of croquet. I am tempted to say that his great ambitions and his lofty aspirations seemed to end in coveting the croquet championship of England. By the side of this whimsical perversion of nature, the reaction of a similar Oxford mind of the same date, the late Professor Chandler, Professor of Moral Philosophy, looks healthier and worthier: it was at least more intellectual. Fretted by the uncertainties, and at the same time by the vast importance of the problems of moral philosophy, Professor Chandler turned for relief to Greek accents, finding therein apparently a subject in which Truth was at once quite discoverable and quite valueless. And he produced accordingly the standard work in this department; while conversely on Moral Philosophy his fastidious intellect maintained a silence eloquent alike of the insolubility of its problems, and of the depth of his own studies therein. Socrates, it is true, was fond of the paradox that there is no such thing as eloquence: that—like virtue—it is merely knowledge: that each man is eloquent of what he knows. But men like Professor Chandler, and indeed the dialogues of Socrates himself, suggest the converse paradox that a man is only eloquent of what he does not know, or of that wherein he is only trifling: of what he knows, that is, just enough to let slip a stream of only half-true or only half-serious speech. So far from eloquence being based on knowledge we see the fastidious scholar—the late Dr. Hort of Cambridge, for instance—preserving silence in half-a-dozen languages; or, like Plato, deliberately choosing some ironical theme, or some petty matter-of-fact and unregarded detail—such as Greek accents, like Professor Chandler—for his eloquence. Besides, indeed, if eloquence *did* depend upon knowledge, what would become of the lawyer and the politician?

Jowett with all his maxims of worldly prudence managed to retain moral earnestness in a remarkable degree. He was, in fact, not unlike Socrates in his capacity for incompatible enthusiasms. Doubts of all kinds and experience of life did not make him as cynical as they usually make men so observant: perhaps hardly as genially and pleasantly cynical as Clough became: certainly not as cynical as Pattison.

But to return to Jowett. Some of his sayings which look cynical are not really so on closer scrutiny, but sound enough. "Never indulge a scruple." "Indulge" is good. The scruples which we can indulge are the scruples which please us, which are mental luxuries, which are the product of fastidious education, which are wholly welcome. But the scruples which are worthy, which press on the conscience against the will, and restrain from unlawful or prompt to right action one may obey, but one cannot indulge, for one does not love them. So again there is humour and some spice of sense rather than mere cynicism in his quaint saying: "It is with a man's profession as it is with his wife: it doesn't much matter what your choice is: the important thing is, that having made your choice you stick to it." In this case, however, it must be admitted that he spoke from theory only, while in practice possibly—as the former anecdote suggests at least—he entertained like other scholars an extravagant terror of matrimony. Even the often quoted anecdote, which looks so cynically audacious and unscrupulous, that wanting to preach a sermon on conversation, he chose for his text, "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth," even this only sounds audacious, because the retailers of the anecdote have carefully concealed or forgotten the essential fact that there is a real doubt here whether this be not the authentic text. Probably it is, though it is certainly not the text now familiar to us.

This sermon on conversation suggests another point. Persons who met Jowett in later life were struck with his conversational fluency, as well as with his wide information; but old friends who knew him well—Mr. Tollemache, for example, and Mr. Goldwin Smith—give a very different account. They say he laboured under the scholar's deficiency of small talk and unreadiness of tongue: that he was apt to be silent, and when he spoke to be embarrassed for words: "He was the teapot which will not pour"—as Mr. Smith quaintly puts it—whence indeed, because oddities and eccentricities are often the strongest attraction a man can possess and the best advertisement, came part of his influence and the mark which he made. His angles—as Mr. Tollemache puts it—endeared him. The latter friend relates that on one occasion a Cambridge friend found him absolutely speechless after the first greeting, and after waiting a few minutes said reproachfully, "Master, does not Wycherley somewhere say that the silence of the wise man is as prejudicial as the speech of fools?"

I think it was his sense of this deficiency in his own conversation which sometimes led him to lay great stress upon the value of this gift in others, and so sometimes, when the context was ambiguous, caused him to give dire offence unintentionally. It is reported that during a lecture before ladies on the higher education of women, he had the temerity to say, "The object which women should always pursue in education is facility to converse." Of course this was put down to the strain in him of cynicism and reaction and utter Toryism. He was supposed to mean, "There is nothing in education for your sex: you can only be ornamental at best." I think he rather meant, "Nature has given you ornamental gifts, which some of you, and especially the best of you, think little things. Life is made up of little things—these little gifts are great gifts: cultivate them greatly and gratefully." Or if there was any further meaning than this in his words, it was not the depreciatory meaning his hearers fancied, but simply the familiar text, "Athenas nacta es, has exorna": each has his gifts: these are your gifts: all gifts are good: cultivate them.

Though Jowett and Pattison belong broadly to the same type, they never agreed in the matter of original research. Jowett fought a steady battle against the endowment of original research and the plans of Pattison. He was too much of the man to be capable of the passion of the scholar. Libraries filled him with misgiving as keen as his interest in them. Unless learning bore upon life and character he attached no value to it. He was indifferent to archæology and antiquities. He said of the great scholar (Bentley) who knew all the commentators and minor classicists "that he kept very poor company" and that "much learning had made him, if not mad, yet worse: dull, ill-balanced, inhuman."

I have been speaking of the great men of the Rationalist School and of the besetting defects of their system. The defects are themselves great and worthy of the men: but in smaller men of the same school, smaller defects appeared.

I have left myself little time for notice of other schools of thought, but other schools there were. Only second in influence to this Classical and Rationalist School—this school whose devotion to the classics carried it back to the Rationalism of Plato and Aristotle—was a theological school: the School of the Oxford High Churchmen, of which Dean Church and Canon Liddon and Canon King were the leaders, the two latter living largely in Oxford. The school included churchmen of every degree of Anglicanism and Ritualism. It covered also, and therein lay its strength, not merely the moral fervour and apostolic devotion which has gathered hundreds of men and women in the squalid slums of great English cities into Anglican and Ritualist churches, but also a breadth of view and a liberality of thought which had a few years before been associated only with the name of Dean Stanley and the Broad Church.

The men whose names are now well known in the English Church—Holland and Gore and Jayne and Talbot and Paget and many others—belonged to this school. Its influence has spread, not over England only, but to this continent.

There was, I think, also another school of churchmen of an older type: the conservative churchmen in whom churchmanship was closely allied with conservative politics: the relic of the days when Dean Mansel was a power in Oxford. But if so, their influence was largely confined to Mansel's own College, St. John's, and one heard little of them. Mansel himself had been far more a conservative, I apprehend, than a churchman, and as much a sceptic, a wit, and a dialectician as either. And it was not likely therefore that his influence would be abiding. In my time he seemed to be chiefly remembered as the author of various witty verses, such as the quatrain, which was passed round when there was a proposal to increase the *ad eundem gradum* fees for graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, which ran somewhat as follows:

When Alma Mater her wide hem enlarges
Charges her graduates, graduates her charges,
What scheme can be imagined fairer then,
Than this of doubling fees for Dublin men.

And when it was proposed to exact a double essay for the degree of D.D., Mansel wrote:

Your degree of D.D. you propose to convey,
When an A double SS writes a double (e)SS-A(y).

Or, again, it was questioned should *cutlets a la Reform* be spelt with an e at the end of Reform: "Oh yes, reform always ends in e m(e)ute."

Again: In 1865 Gladstone was beaten by Hardy as Member for the University of Oxford. Bishop Wilberforce (Soapy Sam) supported Gladstone and complained that the other side had "ploughed with his heifer"—that is, used the services of his Archdeacon (Archdeacon Clarke who organized the Hardy party). Mansel (against Wilberforce and Gladstone) wrote:

When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's famed city
Cast his eyes on the Chairman of Hardy's Committee
Said Samuel (from Samson the metaphor taken):
"They plough with my heifer: that is, my Archdeacon."
But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church
It proves without doubt—and the spectacle shocks one—
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxon.

Again: "'Dogmatism' is puppyism full grown."

Again: He was walking with a friend in Magdalen walks, and the jackdaws were making a portentous hubbub. "What's it all about?" said the friend. "Ah, no doubt it's just their caws," was Mansel's answer.

A Mr. Money of St. John's was very devoted to his wife, who was in an interesting condition.

"Crescit amor Nummi quantum ipsa Pecunia crescit," said Mansel.

The unattached—under Kitchen—were accused of immorality. Mansel defended them—"Parca juventus—nec tantum Veneris quantum studiosa Culinae."

And last, and perhaps in point of numbers least, there was in Oxford a remnant of the old Evangelicals, fallen on evil days, and with a scanty following, with their principal stronghold of old, the most beautiful College in Oxford I sometimes think, Wadham College, wrested from them by an upstart band of Positivists, who of course ran the College down to the ground, whence only after some years it began painfully to arise. (There were never, by the way, I suppose more than thirty Positivists in England all told, and they have had three disruptions I am informed, and are now divided into four churches: three, namely, besides the original church, the church of the marrow let us call it, "Three persons and no God," as some one said. At their worship it is understood they solemnly "commemorate space"; a euphemism, I conjecture, for the solitude which they wrought in the quadrangles of Wadham, and in those grey gardens where, for long years after, the cedars of Lebanon wasted their sweetness on the desert air.)

And yet the old Evangelical School—as I at least am especially bound to remember—still had their saints in Oxford. In Dean Burgon's book *The Lives of Ten Good Men* one of the first lives is that of Richard Lynch Cotton, Provost of Worcester College. If the other nine good men were between them as good as Dr. Cotton, the world was not worthy of them, and they were worthy to be the ten righteous men for whom, as of old, the State may hope to be pardoned. For the Provost of Worcester was an adorable old man. He used to tell us how Dean Burgon once stooped down and kissed him on the top of his head. I do not think we were merely amused to hear it. He was a very little man, and Dean Burgon was very tall, but in fact the feat was easy for other than merely physical reasons. *A propos*, however, of his smallness of stature, by the way Mr. Goldwin Smith has told me that his keenest recollection of the Provost was on the occasion of the then Prince of Wales taking his degree. There was a great function, and the Provost—as it happened—was the Vice-Chancellor that year. Mr. Smith beheld him in his scarlet robes, standing in the National History Museum, between the front legs of the giraffe. He beheld him again by the way the same evening in a different and more dignified place; but there also the Provost again provoked a smile: this time from his entire absence of *savoir faire* and presence of mind. He was chairman of a great dinner party at which the Chancellor of the University and a large portion of the then Conservative Government were present. He had to propose the health of Her Majesty's Government; but being at once an ardent conservative and a nervous speaker he could not stop himself when once wound up, and before his oration was over, most of his guests who should have responded to it had driven to the station to catch the last train. He was a man of the most unaffected and simple piety it has ever been my good fortune to meet. So pleasant is his memory that I should be even sorry now to see his pre-eminence in this regard challenged by younger men. It may be there is no fear of that. He belonged, indeed, to the distant past, to a race well-nigh extinct. In fact, a Canadian undergraduate who was a member of the College in my time was accustomed to point out his portrait to undergraduates of other colleges with the laconic remark, "Our Provost, by Holbein." The information chiming so exactly with the Provost's general reputation, character and appearance, was generally accepted with respectful interest and acquiescence. The same veracious authority used to assert that when he asked permission to go for a day's shooting, the Provost answered: "Certainly, but take care your arquebuss doesn't explode." This piety, to return to it, was transparent on all occasions. With the newly elected scholar, for example, fresh perhaps from a small country grammar school and country rectory, green and young and hopeful, launched upon the world like a lamb among wolves, he would begin the academic life with a few words of private prayer between them two only, or at least I mean of course between them two and One Other, whom, as Herodotus would say, it is not lawful for me to mention on such an occasion. Such prayer rose naturally to *his* lips and therefore fell naturally upon his pupil's ears. From this first introduction to him to the end of one's course he left the same impression on one's mind: that of one who never neglected his college duties as he conceived them, but was as faithful a Provost as any man could be. Foremost among these duties in his opinion was the sending for those students whose attendance at chapel left something to be desired. If on one of these occasions one chose to go to him in the morning hours, one would find him reading the Bible, generally

I think the Old Testament. Elaborate but futile endeavours were made to calculate the number of verses which he covered in a morning's reading. In the afternoon, on the other hand, he seemed usually to relax his mind with Davison on Prophecy. He gave me a copy of the book—and thereby hangs another tale. He had once printed a volume of Sermons in his younger days. They had not been financially a success : in point of fact the edition was left on his hands. Ultimately he disposed of them by presenting one copy as a gift to each freshman as he entered college. But this created a new difficulty when the edition was exhausted. He did not like to withdraw from the precedent established, and he was far too modest to print a new edition. So Davison succeeded to the vacant place. I wish that I had been before the days of Davison. I would rather have had his own sermons : they would have recalled more vividly the once familiar scene of the College Chapel, with the white-haired old man sitting in the corner, holding a lighted candlestick askew upon his knee to follow better the reading of the lessons for the day, and dropping warm wax all over his white surplice. Or again, on a warm summer Sunday afternoon preaching to a recumbent and somnolent audience discourses whose toothless utterance prevented a large part from reaching our ears : though ever and again one could catch the name of Aristotle sandwiched between those of the Apostles.

Nor was he less careful of lighter and less solemn duties. He asked us all to breakfast every year, ten or twelve at a time. I do not know what the principle of selection was : it may have been alphabetical even. But if so I never heard of anyone taking offence, as the Trinity men at Cambridge took dire offence when their Master's young wife issued her invitations on this principle. But the Provost was not a young woman or a senior classic : he could step in where angels would have feared to tread. At these same breakfasts he retailed personal anecdotes: often manfully and under great difficulties: that is to say, across the coffee-pot and the whole length of the table to the senior man at the other end. This was when the freshmen gathered at his end kept silence, as happened not unfrequently, even from good words. Perhaps I should add in justice to the freshmen that the Provost was deaf, and until one had gained by experience the range of his ears, it was difficult to reach them. Absence of such experience often led to conversation at cross purposes. Dialogues like the following occurred:

(Freshman) Oxfordshire is a good country for the study of Botany, Mr. Provost. (Mr. Provost) Um ah, what?

(Freshman) The Botany of Oxfordshire is interesting, sir. (Provost) I cannot hear what you say.

(Freshman) The botanical resources of Oxfordshire are varied. (Provost) You really must speak up. I cannot hear a word you say.

(Freshman) Do you not find the Botany of Oxfordshire interesting, sir? (Provost) Oh, ah, now I hear you quite well. Yes, I think he left Oxford before my time.

From the same deafness he followed the chapel service rather by long-garnered experience than by actual knowledge. Once a stranger acting as chaplain read the whole exhortation, instead of the opening and the closing texts to which the usual chaplain—always expeditious—confined himself. The Provost gave the reader the usual ten seconds and then started in manfully on the confession all by himself in his own corner. The chaplain, indifferent to senile eccentricities, continued the exhortation and so on throughout, till the young scholar, whose duty it was to read the first lesson, did so in great confusion, every other verse of the lesson being punctuated by and blended with a slow dropping fire from the Provost, who had now embarked upon the evening psalms and who led by a clear lap, so to speak (except for the wax thereon). His anecdotes were often very entertaining. For example, the Russian university students were at one time then—as so often since—in revolt against the Government. After they had been suppressed—as so often since—the officer in command telegraphed to the Czar, Alexander II, for instructions. "Treat them as a father would," ran the Czar's answering telegram. But, alas! in transmission it became "Treat them as my father would," and the students next day matriculated into a better world and into a University not made with hands.

But he was not a man of varied accomplishments. For instance, his education in agriculture had been neglected altogether. It was his habit periodically to visit the College farms in Northamptonshire. He thought it wise on those occasions to pass judgment—as representing the Lord of the Manor—upon the crops. But to do this it was necessary to entrap the tenant into naming each crop. Sometimes the farmer was dense enough to fall into the snare: but sometimes he was too dense, and the Provost had to pass sentence at a venture—not always with success. "Well, Mr. Hodge, that is a fine crop of—ah ah, um—ah—oats you have there." "Whoats, Mister Provost, whoats, sir; why, them's turnips." Such incidents no doubt confirmed Mr. Hodge in the comfortable assurance that the College was an easy landlord.

Nor even in the fine arts, on the other hand, was the Provost well informed; his sense of music in particular was elementary and peculiar. One of us died in my time, and we had a funeral service in the College Chapel, and the Dead March in Saul was played. As we emerged said the Provost to the Vice-Provost, "What an inspiriting air." He had the most pathetic, but the most sincere belief, as I have said already, in the efficacy of these Chapel exercises.

" Stupendous," he once said to me—it was one of his favourite epithets—" stupendous; is it not the influence of Chapel ? I always know what a man's character is when I look at his Chapel list. Most remarkable (another favourite epithet). Do you know I received lately a request for a testimonial from a man I had not seen for thirty years. I could not remember his name or anything about him, but I turned to his Chapel list and found he had been a regular attendant. So I sent him, with full confidence, a hearty testimonial. Most excellent young man ! "

This criterion of character led to most amusing scenes regularly at the end of each term when the College was gathered into the College hall and the Lecturers and Fellows reported to the Provost upon each undergraduate's progress. A name would be read out, and the dons would perhaps hear unstinted testimony to the owner's scholarship and attendance upon lectures. The Provost—while running his eye down the Chapel list for the name—would begin an eloquent period with : " Most excellent young man : it will be a stupendous satisfaction to you "—when suddenly he would stop, his face would change and sadden, his eye had discovered a flaw in the excellent young man's Chapel list. Then fainter paled the sunlight in the high stained windows and more sombre grew the scene : the speaker's voice assumed ever a graver and more warning note. A little while and we seemed to be listening to the prophet Jeremiah. Or, vice versa, don after don would rise and denounce some very idle or very dull youth for non-attendance at lectures, and no prospect of passing " smalls." And the Provost would shake his head solemnly ejaculating " dear—dear—dear "—till of a sudden his tone rang cheery. We knew what had happened : he had just discovered that the scapegrace was a regular attendant at morning prayers. Very quickly and gladly the good old man slipped away from reproof to sympathy, from sympathy to encouragement, from encouragement to congratulation: while we outsiders watched with equal amusement the relief of the victim and the disconcertment and annoyance of the younger dons. They had brought him to the Provost to curse him and behold he had blessed him altogether.

On another occasion I recollect he sent for an athlete, a very worthy fellow, fonder of running the secular races set before him, than the Apostolic race to Chapel, as the Provost conceived it. "I don't see, Mr. Provost," grumbled this young gentleman, "the use of all these Chapels." "Oh, Mr. Holt, Mr. Holt," said the Provost, inexpressibly shocked and grieved, "how can you say so, Mr. Holt? What will you do in heaven, Mr. Holt? It is one endless Chapel there."

Naturally his belief in the goal at the other end was not less uncompromisingly literal. It is reported that on one occasion, having an offender before him, he solemnly lighted a candle, and held the offender's finger for an instant in the flame, with the laconic appeal, "It will be worse than that."

Similarly when Mr. Graham Balfour—Stevenson's biographer—begged permission to seek refuge from a racking toothache in a London dentist's chair, the Provost's permission carried with it something of admonishment—impersonal admonishment for all of us and for all men afflicted with toothache, not for Balfour especially—"This should teach you, Mr. Balfour, to meditate on the place where there will be eternal gnashing of teeth"—and apparently an inadequate supply of dentists: surely a remarkable, though indirect, tribute to the high moral character generally of that profession!

Whether the Inquisitors were not after all merciful men at heart is a question of casuistry much disputed in the schools. The Provost of Worcester at least I am sure was justified by his creed and never acted or thought except in a spirit of mercy. Even in matters which provoke more serious protest than this he was palpably innocent, and even proud of actions which other men not of his creed could not have done without some shame and concealment. He used to tell with simple complacency how when Tom Arnold the younger became a Roman Catholic on the evening preceding the election to the History chair, for which he was a candidate, he (the Provost) had hurried round in a cab at midnight to all the electors to advertise the recreancy and defeat Arnold's chances.

The younger dons loved to "draw" him about Dean Stanley. He was perfectly polite, but very non-committal. "Yes," he said on one occasion after the Dean had been preaching in the morning at St. Mary's in the University pulpit, "there was much I liked in his sermon. He quoted many beautiful texts."

There was hung up in his hall one of those missionary maps one sees with Africa and tracts of Asia painted black, and black patches elsewhere, and a dubious dingy shade over Quebec and South America. "Ah, Mr. Provost," said a mischievous geologist, "I am glad to see that coal has been so abundantly distributed by the Gracious Giver." "Not coal—not coal —heathendom," was the shocked reply.

Being an Evangelical he had not the same horror of Dissent as of Romanism, but he strived to convert it by gentle but persistent efforts. He told me once, with pardonable pride, how he had conquered a Methodist farm-labourer in the little village of which he had been rector for a time, by the mild but steady pressure of a little joke. The man's name was "Church." "Your name is Church," the Provost used to say reproachfully. "Stupendous; can Church go into Chapel?" The man held out for a few weeks and then capitulated, and Church became a pillar of the Church.

Another little joke was *a propos* of his wife, a sister of Dr. Pusey. " She is a Pusey not a Puseyite."

So then to revert in conclusion for a moment to the two types of men of whom I have said most, in the one case because they were most influential, in the other because I happened to see most of them, there were in the Oxford of those days, so far as my College was concerned at least, the three men and the two types—counting Jowett and Pattison as falling broadly under one and the same type :

> The Master, the Rector and the Provost;
> The humanist, the sceptic and the pietist;
> The man of the world, the cynic, and the saint,
> Wisdom, learning, and religion.

And the most eminent of these was the first, the Master of Balliol. And the most characteristic of his times was the second, the Rector of Lincoln (for he had not as many sides to his mind as the Master : he had less individuality : he was in a greater degree an impersonal type) ; while the third, obscure and without special gifts, toiled patiently after that form of Christianity which his system of thought set before him for his goal.

Each filled his place and realized in human measure his own type. The first two were names to conjure with throughout the land, echoing, shall I say ? as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But the third enjoyed at least this compensation, that he was enabled, both by his temperament and by his school of thought, to retain through all the depressing disillusionments of life, a large measure of those very elementary and yet invincible graces which seemed to ebb away and flicker out of the lives of his more gifted colleagues : the three graces of the Christian dispensation ; however these virtures might lose their lustre for some of his more brilliant contemporaries, for the Provost Faith was still something more than indolence, Hope more than improvidence, Charity more than an amalgamation of softness and stupidity. And therefore, because the weak things of the world are apt, as we know, to confound the mighty, and because revelations have been made to babes which are hidden from the wise and prudent, I doubt whether after all the Provost was not the best beloved generally, and the most generally missed in his College; and whether after all it is not *his* acquaintance, which his College looks forward with the liveliest interest to renewing in another world; if ever, that is to say, they are tempted to hope that even for the least of his disciples, and those who are not worthy to be called his disciples, his prayers and his piety may furnish a passport into that "Endless Chapel" of the Heavenly Jerusalem upon which his imagination loved to dwell.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ENGLISHMAN: THE FRENCHMAN: THE ROMAN: THE GREEK

THE purpose of this essay is to point out certain habits of thought and life, certain virtues and certain defects, in which the Englishman resembles the ancient Roman, while the Frenchman (or the Irishman in turn) reproduces rather the ancient Greek, i.e. the ancient Athenian. Of course such resemblances and analogies do not cover the whole life and character of any of these four races, and equally of course the ancient Roman and the ancient Greek seem often very closely akin to each other and equally unlike the modern Englishman: thus, for instance, there is a self-consciousness and a display about all the ancient classical world, even the Roman, which is foreign on the whole to the English character, though natural to the French. When the ancient Roman set himself to deliver his country from a tyrant, the Emperor Nero, or the Emperor Commodus, he could not go about the work in a business-like way; he must needs dedicate the dagger, which is to deliver the land, by a solemn religious service in a temple—like a mediæval warrior, passing the night, before he receives his spurs, in prayer beside his sword: and so he calls attention to his enterprise and suspicion is excited and the enterprise fails: or he must needs—before slaying the tyrant—denounce him with lofty oratory, just as though the tyrant were only a stage tyrant, and himself a stage liberator, slaying his victim to slow music and the applause of the gallery: and of course the consequence is that before he has finished his eloquent invective the astonished guards interpose, and the tyrant is rescued and only the would-be liberator slain. This staginess and self-consciousness was a defect even of the ancient Roman, still more of the Greek, whose great man (according to Aristotle) will always walk slowly, and talk in a deep voice and with a measured utterance, in order to distinguish himself from the ordinary Greek, who is always in a hurry and fluster of excitement, and gesticulating vehemently and talking shrilly and walking fast and sometimes even carrying a walking-stick, like a mere Englishman, so that in this respect both the classical nations often suggest the Frenchman rather than the Englishman, and seem more like than unlike each other. But after all even here I think you will see the Roman is more like the Englishman than the Greek is and the Greek is nearer the Frenchman : and so with this caution, that the analogies cannot be pressed very far without breaking down, and that in the matter to which I have referred and many others, you must expect the whole classical world to stand together, and to offer a contrast to the modern Englishman if not to the whole modern world, as may well happen, I will now proceed without further preface to suggest some of the analogies which occur to one as one reads the classics.

Burke said that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole nation, but in a certain sense all classical scholars find themselves drawing up this indictment against the ancient Romans or against the ancient Greeks, that they resemble respectively the Englishman on the one hand, the Frenchman or it may be the Irishman on the other.

Generally it is the character of the peoples which suggests the parallel, but sometimes it is their circumstances and fortunes, and the part they play on the world's stage. This is the smaller and less important feature of resemblance : let us take it first, and so clear the way for the deeper resemblances of character. Look at the English administration of India, and compare it with the Roman administration of Western Asia and Syria, and you will see the external analogy. Sir Alfred Lyall has said that no one enters into the spirit of the life of those Roman times, that no one comprehends for example the Roman history contained in the Acts of the Apostles, so fully as the modern Anglo-Indian magistrate. He, like the Roman of old, presides over a horde of subject races, hating each other even more than they hate him; over the shifty, subtle and fluent Bengalee, so strong in ingenuity, so weak in character and courage, corresponding to the "Græculus esuriens," the hungry, cringing half-caste Greek of Roman Asia; over the warlike Mahrattas and Ghoorkas corresponding to the Parthians of Roman times; and over the proud, fanatic, intolerant Mahommedans, who look upon the rule of England in India with the same mixture of resignation and loathing with which the orthodox and high-spirited Jew regarded the "abomination of desolation," "the mammon of unrighteousness," that is, the eagles of Rome, and paid his tribute to Cæsar in the days of the Saviour. The Anglo-Indian magistrate preserves the Pax Britannica against each and all of his divided subjects, as the Roman magistrate the pax Romana. He sees one section of his subjects so susceptible to Western education that they cast aside at once all their ancient national prejudices and beliefs and develop all the doubting spirit of their conquerors, without any of that sober sense and underlying instinctive faith which natural bias and centuries of discipline in the Roman or English way of living have engendered in those conquerors. Like the Roman magistrate, he sees another section so intolerant of modern ideas that the introduction of each trivial reform, though it be only the use of greased cartridges, or a change in the age for marriage, threatens a general insurrection. Like the Roman too he is the unwilling listener to endless disputes arising out of that odium theologicum which hangs heavy in the air of the East, and is for ever interfering with the peaceful current of secular pursuits: if he is metaphysical he asks the complainants the question of the weary Pilate, "What is truth?" more often he tells them, "This is a matter of words and names of which I will be no judge," and they say of him as the Jews said of Gallio, "He cares for none of these things."

But it is time to turn now to the deeper aspects of this parallel and to the resemblance in character and not in circumstances only between the English and Roman, the Greeks and French.

Some points of resemblance scarcely need stating: they are so obvious. The Roman was a narrow-minded man intensely practical, intensely money-loving and material: he made happiness and wealth or happiness and good luck, identical: "beatus" the wealthy man, and "felix" the lucky man both stand also for the happy man: he inscribes the extent of his property even upon his tombstone as the best certificate he could carry into the next world for admission into heaven: he pushes his economical spirit not only so far into the secular affairs of life as to spoil a solemn public ceremonial for want of a little tasteful expenditure—a grace which the Greeks characteristically erected into a virtue and which is known in Aristotle's treatise on the virtues by the name of *μεγαλοπϱέπεια*—as, for instance, when a certain Roman named Tubero, entertaining the people in honour of the victories of Scipio Agricanus (minor), seated them upon benches spread with shabby goat-skins and fed them out of earthenware; but he pushed it even into religion: he forbade costly sacrifices: he forbade the consecration of land to the gods, that is the withdrawal of it from the plough: he forbade the taking up of collections in their honour, that is the impoverishment of the treasury: he forbade the dedication of the precious metals to their temples and images, that is the withdrawal of good coin from commercial circulation: though perhaps in this last case there was also a Puritanic objection to the intrusion of a sensuous element into the worship of unseen gods. The Roman again was prosaic in nature as in name: Strabo the man with the squint; Nævius the man with warts; Naso the man with the nose. There is still a Marquis Scrofa in Italy I believe: from classical times the name has survived: Scrofa means "swine": but Greek names were such as Hegesistratus the leader of the host, Nicomachus the victor in battle, Periander the very man. So our English names, e.g. Hutton, are not romantic (even "Howard" is said to = Hog man: so that the "Norfolk Howards" is not after all an ironical name for "harvesters"); or, if our names were "romantic," in a sense they were taken, until a comparatively recent date, from the Old Testament. Parents sometimes named their children Chilion Nathan and Jedidiah; Jemima Kezia and even Keren Happuch: while the Frenchman, bearing himself such names as Belchasse, Beauregard and Laurier, is appropriately giving to his sons Christian names which are Pagan and Classical: he calls them "Aristide" or "Theramene." It followed that the English Revolution of the seventeenth century was based on the Old Testament, the French Revolution of the eighteenth century on a religious reading of Plutarch and the Classics. The Roman was tenacious of old ideas: still of his tongue: a lover of compromise rather than of logic; conservative to a fault; adapting new knowledge to old superstitions, rather than sacrificing old superstitions to new knowledge: for instance, his newer knowledge told him more and more the solidarity of nature, the omnipresence and omnipotence of law: his old superstitions on the other hand discerned marvels and miracles, signs and tokens everywhere. Another man, a Greek, a shallow logical man, would have regarded the two systems of thought as incompatible; the conservative and cautious Roman characteristically argued otherwise: he argued that if the pulse of Nature be one, if one law rules throughout the Universe, then what so natural or so scientific as to believe that the travail of Nature, when mighty events are drawing to the hour of birth, will extend to the furthest corner of her being, and transfigure even the humblest things and the things least concerned with sympathetic pangs? Reasonably then might a Roman continue to find signs of the coming times where his fathers had found them before him, even in the entrails of the silly sheep, the flight of the unconscious bird. And so he accepted by preference that pious Stoic rationalism which set itself to justify with ingenious sophistry of argument, yet instinctive wisdom of spirit, all the imaginative absurdities of ancient divination.

No one who knows anything of religious thought in England will deny the existence there also of a spirit of conservatism, of a tenacious adherence to the old in the midst of the new, of an instinctive determination to keep the old while accepting also the new, of an emphatic preference for compromise over logic. What indeed is the national church but an embodiment of compromise? a church "with Calvinistic articles, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy."

"With instinctive wisdom of spirit" because when a nation is passing through that bad half-hour—and the half-hour of a nation's life may cover a couple of centuries of individual lives—which comes to people who have lost their old creed and have not yet found a satisfactory new one, this spirit of compromise, however difficult and forced and far-fetched, is still a safeguard and a sheet-anchor to conscientious souls: to those who will neither keep the old unchanged if their intellects refuse it, nor yet accept the new to suit their intellects, if it starve their instincts and their emotions and offer them no basis on which to build a God-fearing life: "in the orphanhood of the soul," says Plato, "when our spiritual parents, that is, the creeds of childhood, are dead the flatterers' voices are heard and the flatterers speak loud: the flatterers are the body and its appetites; beware the flatterers' voices and stick by hook or crook, till age has brought its own sobriety to the voices of childhood, however stammering and obscure those oracles."

The Romans managed and our people manage by their spirit of compromise to stick as near as possible to their ancient creeds.

I have been writing of compromise in matters of religion; but the British spirit of compromise is as conspicuous in politics. The father of Mirabeau, "the friend of man," as Carlyle calls him, says somewhere of the English: "These miserable Islanders do not know, and will not know until their wretched system has brought them to utter ruin, whether they are living under a monarchy or a republic, a democracy or an oligarchy." To the Frenchman possessed by the desire for clarity and first principles such a situation is wholly intolerable. To the Englishman it is the most natural thing in the world. Therefore an Englishman was able to carry on the work of government in Egypt when a Frenchman would have declared from the first that the task was absolutely impossible. Here, as so often, our want of sensitiveness, or our "stupidity" as foreigners call it, stood us in good stead.[1]

The Roman then, to return to him, accepted even this eclectic and loose theology only in its loosest form; so that the Stoics in Rome from Panætius to Seneca were always latitudinarian and indifferent to strict and narrow doctrine. The Roman was a man unintelligent in the ordinary sense and governed by custom rather than by reason, and yet endowed with that admirable substitute for reason and intelligence which other creatures of custom exhibit, wise instincts: he was a man who made much of the little things of life: of the outward and visible and ritualistic side of politics and religion and social life, however trivial and unphilosophical this devotion to appearances may seem to be: who thought that if the gown did not make the magistrate (or the student), yet the magistrate (or the student) should none the less wear the gown: that if forms and ceremonies in religion, the attendance upon sacred chickens and the observance of their cries and carriage, were little things, yet it was from self-sacrificing obedience to these little things that success in life for Rome had proceeded; inasmuch as any discipline, any restraint, any prescribed modes of thinking and living, any supernatural fears however childish and grotesque, were ties which bound Roman and Roman together, curbed Roman self-will and daunted Roman selfishness, and saved Rome from the Greek anarchy of individual taste and judgment, and the universal selfishness of Greek free-thinking.

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[1] *The Spectator*, 1908, in a review of Lord Cromer's book.

The Roman admiral who, being told that the sacred chickens would not eat, said, " Well, let them drink," and threw them overboard, and fought a battle against the omen, was not the typical Roman: rather Fabius, who risked defeat rather than forego ancient ceremonies: he felt that reverence for such things was of paramount value and that it was worth risking even a defeat in battle to maintain the established system of metaphysics and theology. The Oriental —it has been well said—makes his laws a religion: it cannot be charged: these are the laws of the Medes and Persians: the Greek made his law and his religion a matter of personal opinion, and there was nothing safe from change; but the Roman chose the middle path and made his law and in a less degree his religion a matter for argument and consideration and for cautious and sober change, but at the same time until changed, an object of unhesitating obedience.

Such men as these Romans were no doubt always in danger of becoming formalists, true to the letter rather than to the spirit: legally rather than morally justified, hypocrites who tithed mint anise and cummin and neglected the weighter things of the spirit; but after all they were not conscious hypocrites: they imposed upon themselves before they imposed upon their neighbours. The English pater-familias is a hypocrite—say the French—but hypocrisy is hard always to distinguish from aspiration: is he a hypocrite who hides from himself the sordid side of his own character? who being evil yet veils it and knows at least how to give good gifts to his children, for all his own evil? (Henry VIII, observes Mr. Lilly, had "the nonconformist conscience": he would have been a better man had he been a worse.) When the Romans were extortioners, e.g. as were Seneca and Brutus, two of their loftiest characters, they never appear to have realized that extortion might be immoral for them, although legal, and that if for them it were immoral, then neither the strictness with which they kept the law, or the austerities of their lives, would save their names from the condemnation which lies in wait—even if it has to wait for several generations—for sinners against light: for those whose gifts and moral nature are in advance of their age, and who yet permit their practice to lag torpidly behind in company with the age. Finally these Romans were men who clung through good report and evil report, through learned Greek theorizing and loose Greek practice: yes and even in spite of learned Greek theorizing and loose Greek practice mutually allied for the preaching and the practice of evil, these were men who clung to the essential political virtues, to practical prudence rather than to logical consistency: to commercial honesty rather than Greek commercial "smartness" ("in Greece you call in twenty witnesses and attach twenty seals to a document and then you are cheated: in Rome there may be no witness and no seal but a plighted word is kept"[1]): and to the maintenance above all of a healthy domestic life, which surrounded the young from the first with an atmosphere of propriety, decency, sobriety.

It is for these reasons, I imagine, that if we want to see how little a good Pagan of the classical era differs from a good Christian of to-day, it is to Cicero with all his absurdities and insincerities, his vanities and his politician's manifold dishonesties, that many of us instinctively turn, rather than to Socrates or Aristotle, or even to Plato. This indeed is very curious and interesting and worth a minute's thought and digression. Many classical scholars would no doubt deny *in toto* the truth of what I am saying, and many perhaps, while conceding the truth, would explain it otherwise. They would say perhaps that the only reason why men prefer Cicero to Plato is —to borrow the famous phrase of Lord Westbury— that the latter has not even a redeeming vice, while Cicero has many redeeming vices, and is thoroughly human and in every way such a sinner as we are ourselves: we do not like, on the other hand, persons so immaculate and superior as Plato.

To my mind this is not a satisfactory explanation. I should prefer to say that we feel in the presence of the great Greeks—even sometimes in the presence of Plato himself—as we feel towards literary men of unrivalled genius but Bohemian type of mind and life: we admire their vast stores of knowledge and their equally ready wit and eloquence, and their fearless frankness verging often on brutal cynicism; but we feel a doubt if they have any principles or any feelings left, and we shrink accordingly and never give them a whole-hearted confidence. The Greeks lived by intellect, and the Romans by instinct, and the Greeks therefore dropped gradually—one by one—even without being able to help themselves and without guilt—all moral principle; moral prejudice as they would have called it: no man by thinking finds out good or God, and the Greeks came to be lukewarm therefore about character and morals (like over-educated men of all races since), and by the law of compensation and the bent of his own nature, he came to set a disproportionate value in consequence upon intellect.

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[1] Polybius.

This can be illustrated from his use of words. When the Greek or the Frenchman speaks of a man metaphorically left-handed—when he uses the adjective *σκαιός* or gauche, he means intellectually or artistically left-handed, i.e. stupid, dull, or inartistic and tactless: when a Roman or Englishman uses the word metaphorically he means by "sinister" morally left-handed: the Greek and the Frenchman think first of the intellect and give an intellectual meaning to their words, the Roman and the Englishman first of the character: and their words refer to the morals rather than to the intellect. The Greek came to be above all things critical: a callous man; in a sense a hard man, though always merciful: i.e. a man hardened against both good and evil; a man as incapable of simple enthusiasms and of a simple life of humdrum duties and affections as of unmitigated brutal vice. He was the most hopeless subject, e.g. for the early Christian preachers and apostles whose gospel was to him "foolishness," just as Evangelical religion has ever since excited the aversion of men of taste: this gospel might seem a revelation to babes and might be accepted "by honourable women not a few," but the Greek philosopher agreed with St. Paul that it did not commend itself to the wise and prudent.

And here, before we leave the Greek philosopher, and this problem which he affords to us, and the curiously mixed feelings with which we regard him, I think we can here trace the analogy which it is our purpose to trace. When these philosophers had become callous on moral questions and had taught themselves to justify deliberately as part of the resources of civilization such practices as infanticide, abortion and slavery and massacre, they generally, being Greeks, took refuge in art and style: they devoted themselves to literary polish and perfection of manner and expression, even more than to the accumulation of knowledge. On the other hand, when the Romans, in an age of material civilization and unbelief, had unlearned, through Greek influence, their moral prejudices and principles, they took refuge not in art but in learning. The elder Pliny and Varro became antiquarians of remorseless Roman energy and industry: they made life hideous and the flesh weary with much learning: they laid the foundation for all the dry grammatical and antiquarian research which has followed since: while the sceptical, artistic, unlaborious and indolent Greek was all the time pronouncing a great book to be a great evil, because it implies a want of balance: an excess: a limitation of the mind to one subject of interest. Have not the same phenomena been seen in similar epochs since? The over-educated Teuton, including the Englishman, in an age of moral revolution and anarchy like our own, gives himself, if to any intellectual life, to science, to learning in some form or other: to original research. The over-educated Frenchman, on the other hand, dedicates himself to art for art's sake and to criticism. He becomes a stylist above all, and a master of literary form and method, and an expert in criticism. However this literary taste and the passion for art in the Greek and the Frenchman, and the indifference to taste and art in the Roman and the Englishman, constitute an analogy so striking and far-reaching that we shall come across it again later on.

To return then to where we were. In the general description of the Roman character which I have attempted, how many suggestions there are of the stolid Englishman or the canny Scot: of the first of whom someone has said that ask him whether the earth moves round the sun or the sun around the earth and he would prefer to reply if he conscientiously could, "Sometimes one, sometimes the other": so great is his passion for compromise, his indifference to strict logical consistency in merely abstract questions; but who again on questions which are not merely abstract but practical and vital, is not seldom as strait-laced as any ancient Roman. The Romans were not less indifferent to Greek abstractions; in fact they summarily cut short the career alike of Greek mathematicians [1] and of the science itself, and Europe had to wait—thanks to Rome's conquest of the world—for nearly twenty centuries for a Kepler to carry forward the work of Greece. Among the Greeks—says Cicero [2]—"geometry was in the highest honour, but we have set the limits of this science at its practical applications to measuring and calculating." While of the second, the Scot, his clannishness and his thrift are qualities entirely Roman. Roman too is the laconic temperament of the British race: "the Romans" (says Plutarch in a passage recently quoted by Professor Mahaffy) "understood, as the Greeks did not" (except the Spartans and the Bœotians to whom Plutarch himself belonged), "the dignity, and the majesty and the solemnity of silence." "You Athenians," said the shrewd old Macedonian savage Philip—the Peter the Great or the Bismarck of Greece—"you Athenians are no better than your own god Hermes, all prattle and prurience."

So again in some worse features also of the Roman and British character, the points of contact are many. English nature and English literature are often coarse, as coarse as the life of Antony: or the verse of Juvenal: it is not so often prurient and morbid as the life and literature of Athens and of France. English nature and literature again are often rough and unpolished and prejudiced: they exaggerate one side of life, develop one style of virtue, miss the subtler shades of character; and accordingly, if we do not indeed turn to France for all our literature as Rome turned to Greece, yet we do still turn to France for the most delicate criticism, the most lucid analysis of life and character; as well as for the highest polish of literary style and harmonious expression.

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[1] Archimedes.

[2] *Tuscular Disp.*, 1. 2. 5.

I have already referred incidentally to this analogy between Greece and France, between England and Rome, but it needs more than a passing notice. The causes of the analogy are obvious: the Roman and the Englishman in his heart believes only in action, in deeds, in life; and under the head of action, deeds and life he does not willingly include thought, still less the expression of thought in language, though a book being a tangible material reality gives a certain importance in his eyes to its writer, such as the mere pursuit of some train of thought—not materialized into a book—would not have lent him. But the thoughts which the book contains must be solid, real additions to human knowledge, definite, tangible facts, some scientific discovery, e.g. capable of application to life, and having a commercial value: they must not be intangible, misty speculations: they must not be mere sentimental poetry, least of all must they be experiments in sound and phrase, a mere playing with pretty images, sonorous cadences, musical verses.

So too the Romans were equally contemptuous of mere literature. The Roman Senate only once passed a literary vote, and only once ordered a book to be translated into Latin and published; and that was in the case of a Carthaginian, not a Greek book: a practical treatise on farming. Accordingly we find that all Roman literature almost was a mere copy and adaptation of the Greek (except satire and such compilations of archæological and grammatical research as are not usually styled literature): and we find even that Rome's great literary men shared the Roman feeling of indifference to mere literature: we find that they were almost all men of action and proud of themselves as such. Cicero was a voluminous writer, but it was not as a writer he wanted to be known, but as a successful statesman, and even as a formidable aspirant to the Dictatorship: Tacitus and Pliny the Younger were writers, and the latter was even an affected and artificial writer, but both were men of affairs, governors of men. Horace was a poet but also a shrewd man of the world, the friend and confidant of the greatest statesman of his time. Virgil himself—though a student and master of words—not a practical man in any sense—was yet more than a mere artist and phrase-maker, he was a simple-minded peasant prophet, passionately attached to the sights and sounds of the country, and the rustic virtues; deeply in earnest: while Lucretius, his master, was another prophet, and even more entirely in earnest; so wholly taken up with preaching an explanation of life and the spirit in which life should be lived as to be quite indifferent to the melody and art of his sermon: and therefore we find it hard to read Lucretius to-day. Even Propertius thought as much of learning as of mere form and sound, and so far was not as sensuous and superficial as his Greek models.

Do we not see the same features, though to a less degree, in English literature? the sensuous school of writers, those who turn literature into a play of words, and into harmonies of sound, or those again who turn her into a series of pretty pictures and literary allusions and picturesque imaginings have never had a following in England: how many people care for the poems of the sensuous poet, William Morris? how many care for the brilliant melody of Swinburne? and no one reads the extravagant jinglings and rhymings of mere musicians, like

Marzials. Tennyson was a great master of words and he has a large following; but then, like Virgil, he was a great deal more than a master of words: he was very much in earnest and a very patient thinker: and after all his roughest ballads were the source of much of his popularity; just as to-day people are glad to read Rudyard Kipling's poems, which owe nothing to mere grace of form and smoothness, and are hardly to be called poems, but draw all their force from the riotous abundance of life and action, the spirit of reckless deeds and not of pensive meditation, which they breathe. (Kipling characteristically exalts Martha over Mary.) Browning again was a poet, but no one reads him for his literary finish and good taste, but for his vigorous pictures of life, and his insistence on reality and whole-heartedness, in fact as a sort of Carlyle in verse; and he never wished to be read in any other spirit: he could not bear to be thought a mere student; a "damned literary man," as he vigorously expressed it: the insincerity, the affectation, the hollowness, the ineffectual unreality of the man who lives only in ideas and words repelled him unspeakably. Turn to prose-writers: Thackeray was half ashamed of being a writer: he wanted to be judged as a man who lived with men and knew men: Macaulay was in politics and only secondarily a student: "had Montesquieu been an Englishman," he added, "he also would have been a civil servant and an administrator."

Sir Walter Scott, poet and prose-writer, and the greatest of Scotch writers, preached this doctrine of the subordination of literature to life, of style to character, alike in theory and in practice: in his novels and his daily acts: he pushed it so far as to declare that the greatest man he had known was the Duke of Wellington. But when Sir Walter went to Ireland, he was received by the poor Irish with enthusiasm; they thought that a greater man than the Irish soldier, Wellington, was among them.

So again Gibbon's contempt for the mere literary man of his time was not merely the aristocrat's contempt for Grub Street: it was partly the typical Englishman's contempt for ranters and sob-artists: just as when the older scions of old houses, which have supplied the state with soldiers, sailors and civil servants, are still heard occasionally lamenting the degeneracy of our days, and the tendency of the junior members of their houses to become journalists ("mere writers," as they say) it is permissible to hear in the lamentations, not the mere utterance of aristocratic prejudice, but the healthier instinct also of the practical English mind: a man they feel, loses touch with fact, misses the significance of life, when he abandons himself "to the chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

Jane Austen refused to dine out as the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*: only was willing to dine out as "Jane Austen": her books were not her life: she felt that she was more, if also less, than they: however ordinary her character and extraordinary her artistic genius, she yet set the first above the second, because it was herself. A mere artist, a French woman, would have been honoured beyond measure to receive an invitation in her character of an artist: she could receive no higher compliment.

The French criticism of the English Universities hits the mark and misses the mark for the same reason. It is true—as the French critics say—that Oxford has not developed science in any branch in proportion to her income and influence: but why? just because Oxford is an English University: in other words has aimed at a certain type of character, at a certain ideal of life, rather than at the development of science: it is not only because she values science less, but also because she values character more that she is so different from a French University: against her few discoveries or triumphs in science she can set the generations of young men whose very character and soul bear her stamp.

In short the material nature of the Englishman leads him both for good and evil like an ancient Roman, to distrust thought, to distrust, still more, language as less sincere than thought, as given us, in fact, to conceal our thought, and to distrust most of all eloquence and melody as the most insincere forms of language.

"What style, Sir," said an ambitious young Indian Civil Servant once to a magnate of the East India Company, "should be adopted in despatches home?"

"The style as we like, young man," said the ruler of India of those days, "is the humdrum": both in grammar and sentiment a typical English answer.

A learned English Bishop of the later Victorian age is reported to have said that the one feature of his Oxford career, to which he looked back with entire satisfaction, was that he had never attended a University sermon. The Verger in the same University church is reported to have commented with equal phlegm on the continuous flow of oratory there: "Yes, Sir, I have heard two sermons here every Sunday for thirty years; but thank God I am a Christian still."

It was the same Bishop, by the way, who being invited to bring his pastoral crozier to a school Confirmation Service wrote back on a post-card, "I send you this p.c. to say that I shall not bring my p.c. with me"; and who on another occasion receiving a gift of episcopal vestments, alb and cope and chasuble and the like, from a circle of devout ladies, is reported to have thanked the donors with a chastened sigh and the whisper that "he would have preferred twelve new night-shirts"; and yet again the same Bishop, who, after telling schoolchildren that there was one book beginning with a "B" which he consulted daily, met the raucous and eager shout of "Bible" with a hasty "No, children, 'Bradshaw'; good-bye."

A New York reporter I remember some years ago complaining of the taciturnity of the heroes of Chitral: if these men said he, would only talk as they act, how the expedition could have been boomed in New York: and what a scoop for the reporter and his paper: but they talk only of field sports and athletics and resolutely hide their souls in a plus-quam Roman reserve.

No one knows, therefore, whether an Englishman's silence is from contempt of words and love of deeds, or whether it be mere shame of all emotion: both varieties of silence, in fact, are found among Englishmen.

But if one turns to the Greeks and the French one finds a very different tone of mind: one finds men consecrating their lives to a minute observation and photography of the smallest abstract details of human character and circumstance, and to a laborious study of all the resources of words, in order that this meticulous picture of details may be brought home to us in the most artistic and the most convincing language; and we find lives, thus consecrated, eulogized after they have closed in terms which seem to our practical instincts monstrously exaggerated and wholly unsuitable: we should not use language so high-flown over the graves even of the great men of action: of the soldier, the sailor, the explorer, the missionary or the statesman (of the better sort).

There is an anecdote somewhere of a right-minded Englishman, John Austin, who went to an eminently respected and right-minded French thinker—Cousin, I think—and attacked Voltaire for his ribald and blasphemous libels on the most romantic and innocent figure in French history, the Maid of Orleans: a memory more deeply cherished probably in England than in France, and enshrined in English poetry rather than in French; and the eminent philosopher vigorously dissented: "Mais, Monsieur, c'est chef d'œuvre," he said; it was enough for him that the libels were as witty and plausible and well-written as the brain of genius could make them: as literature the book was to him admirable because of its form: neither truth nor decency had any bearing upon the question. So in ancient Greece we find the same perfection of form combined with moral callousness: or again combined—as in many of the dialogues of Plato—with no positive teaching, with merely negative conclusions or quibbling; yet Plato does not feel that the dialogue (though ending in nothing but mystification or sophistry), needs to be justified: it is dramatic: and life-like: and that is sufficient. In the case of Isocrates we see this tendency to form and art for art's sake at its maximum. Isocrates has hardly anything to say; but he is immensely interested and excited about the question of how to say it: no pains are too great to be expended in the effort to say it luminously and melodiously and antithetically and alliteratively and proportionately. In short the French and the Greek mind dedicates itself to literature which consists of matter and manner; but matter to be adequately elucidated to the reader depends upon manner. Naturally, therefore, manner from having the second place easily slips into the first place, and sometimes comes to have the only place in the writer's regard. Isocrates has no matter except, indeed, the theme "of the yellow peril," the danger of Eastern domination. In Plato the two are generally well balanced (though conclusions are often only negative): only in Aristotle, not an Athenian, is there an actual indifference to manner in the omnivorous curiosity for knowledge and facts and matter.

And so with regard to style in another form: graciousness of manner and courtliness: the Greeks on their tombstones—remarks Professor Mahaffy—continually record the urbanity of the deceased as his cardinal virtue; and the Irish occasionally do the same; while everyone who knows Ireland at all knows that the urbanity of the Irishman is at any rate not occasional but constant: the Irish jaunty-car driver, e.g., is excessively anxious to learn what are the politics of his fare in order that he may—out of courtesy—accommodate his own thereto: and it would give him acute pain to say inadvertently anything offensive to the stranger; in fact he makes you fancy that he at least understands the Christian precept that charity is the greatest of the virtues in its true and broad sense: as covering outward as well as inward charity, manners as well as heart: as including good-temper and courtesy no less than a good heart.

But the Englishman on the other hand, however good his heart, however ready he be to do a real service, has no use for outward courtesy: when every other hat is off in recognition of a lady's appearance, his is still on. In short this virtue seems almost as unnecessary or second-rate to the ordinary Englishman, when his attention is directed to it by what he reads about it in the Ethics of Aristotle, as it must have seemed to Cato the Roman, when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors amid surroundings which defy description further than by the brief report that courtesy and urbanity could not possibly have been more entirely absent. It was for these reasons that Greek became to the Romans the language of the highest society, and often the language of literature, just as French is to-day the language of diplomacy, the language of the courts. The late Bishop of London defined a gentleman as a man of good manners: the Spaniard (he said) is the best gentleman in Europe, the Frenchman next; the Englishman is not a gentleman: but he can be made one: the German never.

Other failings besides these are common to the Roman and the Englishman: the customary and instinctive character of his virtues becomes to each a snare when foreign ways and new ideas press importunately for recognition; they are resisted at first with an unreasoning obstinacy of conservatism: they are received wholesale at last with an equally unreasoning abandon. The tide which has been dammed too vehemently ends by bursting the flood gates and sweeping all before it. Thus Greek literature, at first dreaded and despised, was afterwards only too powerful in Rome; and it was a long time before the naturally conservative instincts of the Romans revived sufficiently to enable them to discriminate. In the same way foreigners have often said that the Englishman is so much the creature of custom that he at first is impervious to any change however just; and finally for the same reason the victim of any change however mischievous: because he has no reason to give for the faith in his own ways which was in him. He drops his religion, they say, when he gets into Southern latitudes: new surroundings, new principles, or rather no principles. Away from home, away from the sphere where routine governs him, he, like the Romans of Rome, or the "stunted Romans" of Greece, the red-coats of Sparta, is true neither to his own principles nor to those of any other people.

In all these details the Greeks, that is, of course, the Athenian type of Greek, and the French, are at the opposite pole of character from the English and the Romans. Logical consistency which means so little to the Englishman or Roman means a great deal to the French and Greeks. Abstract ideas become prolific in France as in ancient Greece of endless controversy, by no means always ending in words only. Take as an illustration the abstract idea which more than almost any other haunts the imagination of all of us, and influences our opinions to-day, the idea of equality; in some respects, perhaps, the demand for equality, the accompanying jealousy of superiority, are world-wide and world-old passions: powerful alike in Rome and in Greece, among Englishmen and among Frenchmen: all these races, e.g., someone may say, resent equally the assumption of intellectual superiority: resent being lectured to: detest academic oratory in their statesmen; and ridicule and despise (or affect to despise) and at any rate distrust the professor on the platform. Cicero is always obliged, when addressing a popular audience, to affect to despise Greek art, and Greek philosophy and Greek science: to dissemble his knowledge and interest in these things as Lord Sherbrooke did in Australia and in England. Cleon in Athens proclaimed that the plain man in the street was a better servant of the state than the student of the sophists: Robespierre in France proclaimed that "the Republic did not want savants." Every number of *Punch* in England used to contain ridicule of Mr. Lecky in Parliament: nor was Sir George Cornwall Lewis a great success there. So far these races agree in despising or resenting or distrusting—it is not clear which—intellectual, especially literary, superiority. But when we come to other spheres the contrast is great. Only France and Greece really try to carry out into practice the doctrine of social equality: only France and Greece really try to resist the power of wealth and birth. In Rome Cicero was weak because he had neither: because he was a new man of the middle class with no superiority but the objectionable superiority of a literary intellect. In Rome Crassus was strong because he was both a millionaire and a rather dull man. So in England one sees or used to see that a gathering of English radicals never feels happy in passing a vote against the House of Lords till it has put a Lord in the chair to make the vote respectable: and the radical London County Council elected a few years ago a Peer for chairman, a Baronet for vice-chairman, and an Honourable for secretary: and an English constituency will still perhaps elect a Marquis by preference; unless possibly he has against him a millionaire: a millionaire-Marquis is irresistible; for he is the personification of the devoutest aspirations of all his constituents. This may be snobbishness; but if so snobbishness like other private vices is a public benefit; for from this snobbishness flows a most salutary spirit of caution and conservatism; a most wholesome respect for the past and the real and the practicable. But in Greece aristocrats were driven out of politics or into insurrection; as the Orleanist Princes were ostracized in France; or as the young and foolish sugar Lord and millionaire Le Baudy was persecuted to death, some time ago, denied the usual consideration shown to all other men, just because he was a millionaire: and consideration to him would have looked suspicious and a violation of equality. And so in these cases the French and Greek passion for equality oversteps itself and falls over on the other side and ends in a new inequality —justice for everyone except princes and millionaires.

The ancient Greek democrat then was as jealous for equality as any Frenchman of to-day, as sensitive to "coercion," as clamorous for the abstract principle of autonomy as any Irishman: there is an old Irish stanza which—brought a little nearer to date—runs somewhat as follows:

> "Och—Dublin city there is no doubtin'
>   Bates every city upon the say:
> 'Tis there you'll see Tay Pay a spoutin'
>   And all the patriots making hay;
> For 'tis the capitol of a happy nation
>   With loyal pisintry upon a fruitful sod,
> Fightin' like divils for conciliation:
> Murtherin' each other for the love of God."

Compromise, the essence of practicable systems religious or political, was as abhorrent to him, as is the name "Republic" to a French monarchist, or the legal recognition of the Roman Catholic Church to a French unbeliever. In a delightful anecdote from Cicero (which has at last received the publicity it deserves through Professor Mahaffy), the Roman officer Gellius called all the Greek philosophers together and implored them to settle once for all their verbal disputes and get down to solid business, and to this end put at their disposal his own intelligent and cultured mind, in order to effect a working compromise. But working compromises were the one thing which these Greeks both for better and for worse reasons did not desire. Logical consistency, the symmetry and cohesion of their systems of thought, were as dear to their acute intelligence, as argument and oratorical display and everything in short except solid business were dear to their indolent vanity. These Greek philosophers and their successors were the men who elaborated the philosophical and religious dogmas which still largely hold the field in metaphysics and theology. For example the whole of the modern doctrine of the intrinsic immortality of the soul is said by learned theologians to be unevangelical and mere Platonizing; but in any case it is a building by Clement and Origen, and Tertullian and Augustine, and Athenodorus and Athanasius, along Platonic lines, upon some passages of the New Testament: the same Origen in the same way—a Platonizer—is the first preacher of restoration and of "universalism": he, like Plato, disbelieves in all punishment which is not remedial and corrective. For the Greek fathers, we are told, settled the metaphysical and abstract problems of theology—the relationship of the Father to the Son, of the Son to human Nature, and the like: the Roman fathers gave their attention to the doctrine of works and faith, and to the doctrine of the will.

And so in the same way it is to the acute intellect of France, to Rousseau, Voltaire and Diderot, that we can trace the political and social dogmas which have ruled the world since the French revolution. In the same connection see what a dignity attaches in Greece and France to words and ideas which either do not exist for Romans and Englishmen or exist only as of secondary importance. It would hardly be fair, perhaps, to quote the Greek "σχολή" the origin of our

" school," but meaning " leisure," as a proof that the Greek turned all leisure into an opportunity for instruction and education; in fact the true inference is as likely as not the opposite one that in the ancient world, taken up with the necessary tasks of life, all education had originally to be snatched in leisure moments: instead of being formally and regularly provided, as a serious part of life's business: and so education was " leisure " to the Greeks, and " play " to the Romans (ludus). But look, instead, at such a word as διατριβή: διατριβή means a " pastime," but it comes to mean in Greek—philosophical discussion or a philosophical treatise, or an oratorical treatise, or a scientific séance, or a conversazione: a " séance " and a " conversazione "! We have to go to France and Italy for an equivalent: and the Romans were equally unable to translate διατριβή into Latin. To the Greeks, i.e., a " pastime " was an occasion for literary and philosophical thought: or oratory: to us anything which involves sitting still and talking seems to involve waste of time and frivolity and frippery. Look once again at σχολή itself: " leisure " is not a very lofty idea to us; but how much it meant often to the Greek: it meant philosophy: it meant education: and so his word for leisure came to be the spiritual equivalent of our word " school "; his leisure was often passed voluntarily and deliberately in thought, in " schooling " himself, however little spiritual significance may attach etymologically to the kinship between these two words. When Aristotle uses the word σχολή for " meditation," it is impossible to explain away his use of the word for " leisure " as a mere insignificant historical accident. But turn from this abstract thought to conduct, and where is this strictness and tenacity of principle in Greek or Frenchman? If the Roman or the Englishman subordinates his religion to his spirit of thrift, yet the Frenchman or the Greek makes of his religion only an opportunity for a holiday: they are the gay nations of the earth: they never take their pleasures sadly: they neither themselves feel nor tempt the onlooker to feel that life would be tolerable but for its amusements.

They make even war with a light heart. But the Englishman in his amusements is between Scylla and Charybdis: the Scylla of coarse animalism, the Charybdis of Puritanism: "Scribes and Pharisees on the one side" cried Chillingworth, "publicans and sinners on the other." But the gayer and lighter French nature is beside itself with happiness when it is the season for happiness, as it is beside itself next day, it maybe, with political passion when the "red fool-fury of the Seine, the mad hysterics of the Celt" takes its turn with their impressionable mercurial temperaments. The impassive sober-minded Roman or Englishman despises this volatility and excitement: it seems to him childish: to show want of seriousness and principle. He is a matter-of-fact person: he is not suspicious, e.g., of all about him; but the Parisian like the ancient Athenian is nothing if not suspicious: often the atmosphere of Paris is one of preternatural suspicion: but suspicion there always is: his troops are beaten in battle, and at once there rises the cry "nous sommes trahis" just as a beaten general did not venture to return at once to Athens: and just as Athens went mad with suspicion at the time of the mutilation of the Hermæ, or again at the conspiracy of the 400: and just as Diodotus said of her: "Athens is the only city a man cannot serve frankly because you requite him by suspecting some sinister motive, some unseen price: to win your trust he needs must lie." All such morbidly-active intelligence is foreign to the Englishman. The English socialist mechanic, for example, is still, if not as much as ever, hated on the Continent by his confrères of "the International" because he yawns at their pyrotechnical orations: so the ancient Roman yawned at the histrionics of the Greek; "you know what asses Greeks make of themselves," says Cicero to a Roman jury (we are indebted again to the Dublin Professor for the reference), " with the arching of their eyebrows and the shrugging of their shoulders." And these lively expressions of lively emotion were not more offensive to him and his Roman hearers than the liveliness of the emotion itself: " You cry for blood," he says in another passage, " That is not Roman, it is only blathering Greeks or beastly barbarians who carry hate so far ": " blathering Irishmen " in the modern parallel. So in this matter of animated gesture, the American continent, where a Southern sun and French and Irish influence have modified Anglo-Saxon coldness, found the late Matthew Arnold a poor lecturer, because he was without that fearful and wonderful art, called elocution. He did not " orate ": he did not move from his place: he could not even slap his thigh: yet Caius Graccius himself, for all his Roman coldness, made that concession to democracy: he was quite unlike Henry Ward Beecher or Dr. Talmage. " I cannot discover, Madam," said the late President of University College, Toronto, to an American lady, " that your son has that acquaintance with languages and science which we require for matriculation." " Oh, he does not know much of those things," was the answer, " but you should hear him spout." I should not venture to say that this weakness for declamation extended even to the teachers as a rule across the line, but occasionally it is noticeable even in them. " I do not see," said a Professor of a not inconsiderable University, " how so and so—mentioning a very good student and a rising scholar—" can ever do well as a lecturer with those front teeth." " Good gracious, what do you mean ? " was the answer. " Have you not noticed, my dear Sir, the gap in his front teeth ? I do not see how he can ever attain to ' the vocal interpretation ' of literature."

Even where there is no declamation, the American is more high-falutin and eulogistic than the Englishman. "Out of Plato," says Emerson, "come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought." "There is no sort of rubbish or nonsense," says the Oxford Don, with his deprecatory air, "that you won't find in Plato." Perhaps it is for this reason that literary men seem to have in some ways more influence in America than in England. In America, it is said, the College President is the only personal power; the only figure corresponding to an English Duke: his influence is only impaired by that democratic jealousy which insists upon the equality of all men: one man is as good as another. In England, on the other hand, the College President will not be hampered by democratic equality, but he will be contemptuously thrust aside by the national contempt for learning; and will enjoy less influence than his colleague in America: unless, indeed, he be a nobleman; and then he will regain from the English aristocratic spirit, all the influence his American brother enjoys from the American admiration of literature: probably, on the whole, as the English aristocracy and the English upper classes are largely educated men and women, the educated have as much influence in England as in the States; but for different reasons. In England because of their birth and in spite of their education: in America because of the superior education and in spite of their superior birth.

So in the case of another kind of gesticulation—dancing: imagine, if you can, an ancient Roman when he was sueing for a lady's hand attempting to further his suit by standing upon his head upon the table and figuring with his legs: this is too much it is true even for Greek taste, and Hippoclides, the suitor in question, "danced away his marriage." But this was the only dance we hear of Greece rebuking; whereas there was no sort of dancing even the most dignified but was a scandal to the typical Roman, as it is to not a few Englishmen and Scotchmen. For one thing these races are too stiff and awkward to dance. The native of this Continent, the American or Canadian (or Red Indian) is distinguishable in Regent Square or the Strand for his lither and more lissome figure and carriage. And in matters much more serious than dancing, respectability and self-restraint were demanded of Romans, even of Roman youths, such as never formed a factor in the life of Greek youth, nor indeed were even required by the theories of Greek philosophers. In fact the Greek philosopher, the very crown of his race, often stood on the same moral (or immoral) level as an easy-going Roman man of the world who never professed to be a moralist. Socrates, e.g., stands on the same plane in some not unimportant details of morality with the coarse elder Cato, or the bon vivant Horace. It was only in Rome that efforts were made by parents to preserve for their sons the happiness which comes to him who is content with temperate pleasures: to shield their sons from the unhappiness which follows upon the appetite for intemperate and highly-seasoned excitements: for such excitements as leave a sting and project a sting; spoiling the past with poisoned memories, and the future with importunate desires; and making their victim ultimately—if he yield to them—to be in turn " a Prodigal's favourite and then a miser's pensioner."

In many other ways the laxity of the Greeks about conduct may be contrasted with their demand for precision of theory, and may be paralleled in modern France. The great Frenchman who died recently, Rénan, was a model of Greek excellence and polish, the very type of a Greek philosopher: polished in literary style and polished in personal manner: never dissenting without first politely agreeing. " Vous avez mille raisons," he would say—before proving to you that you knew nothing: eloquent: witty: subtle: lucid and fair. But in practical matters he did not profess to retain even rudimentary convictions. One who had scandalized the world by his writings, he would say, should in mere decency forbear to scandalize it by his acts: and therefore as a matter of taste, from a Greek sense of the artistic, *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, he preferred to keep the ten commandments: but whether they deserved such observance was an open question: in any case he could not feel much interest in practical questions of any sort. Thought and the exposition of thought in language (not action) was his métier, his line in life. Action was repellent to him just as to the Greek "labour" and "sorrow" are synonymous (*πόνος*): and "action" (*πϱᾶγμα*) is also "a bore" and "a worry" and "a nuisance": to the same Greek again "action" and "actor" came to mean "poetry and poet": "to act," or "to make," is to write poetry: "with all your making, make poetry," surely a bewildering and a dazzling light upon the nature of the Greek mind and its inherent love of literature. But to return to Rénan the very omnibus conductors, he complained, soon found out that he was not a practical person; and that no consideration for his wishes and convenience were necessary from practical persons like themselves. Serious men indulge in irony no doubt: but Rénan's irony rings of Greek scepticism and levity, not of Roman scorn and seriousness. A British statesman also, it is well known, must not only be serious to command attention, but must at pain of losing all standing, be almost heavy: levity, lightness, wit, humour, anything that can recommend him to literature, to cultivated hearers, all these things are equally anathema: a man cannot jest and be in earnest too: Plato's principle of[1] "refined earnestness and that playfulness which is earnestness' twin sister" is insufferable, unbearable, wholly unintelligible to a British audience. Something of dullness is the first factor in respectable seriousness of purpose. How much humour had Mr. Gladstone? And yet Rénan, from whom we have again digressed, was a very Puritan by the side of many other litterateurs and stylists of France, whose assaults upon the Decalogue have not been confined to raillery and playful doubts. If you tell a Frenchman, it is said, of someone whom you admire he asks, "What does he know?" if an American, "What can he do?" if an Englishman, "What sort of a fellow is he?" that idea of character as the chief interest in a man, was familiar to the Romans.

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[1] Plato's *Sixth Letter.*

Take even domestic life where Christianity by introducing higher standards has made it almost impossible for any nation to revert to Greek uses, yet even here French domestic life—in Paris at any rate—comes nearer to the Greek, and English nearer to the Roman type. The English are consummate hypocrites and consummate prudes on this question—the French tell us: in other words they show their usual political instinct and sagacity, but they are only politic not sincere; and no doubt the Greeks said the same of the ancient Romans; especially of that typical Roman, the elder Cato, of whom we have heard from Plutarch, that he never kissed his wife in the presence of his daughter. I recollect a well-known and highly-respected lady in Oxford—the wife of a popular Professor—finding fault with the late Canon Liddon for accepting an invitation to dine with the Master of Balliol there to meet "George Eliot." Allowance being made for our higher standards, Cicero, I think, showed a hardly keener sense of propriety when he confessed with what qualms he found himself dining at the same table as the actress Cytheris: but would any Greek have felt any qualms at all? the thing is incredible. Socrates in such circumstances would at once have cross-questioned the actress on the art of entrapping lovers, and would have suggested that she should try her skill on himself.

Even to Plutarch, the most exemplary and the least Bohemian of all great Greeks, marriage is very far indeed from being the sacred tie which it often was for the Roman. And so in modern Paris, while the divorce courts are as active as in the United States, domestic affection appears, on the whole, in the ancient Greek form, of devotion to children on the part of the parents: devotion to parents on the part of the children, rather than in the form of marital devotion of husband and wife. And this is natural. The Frenchwoman marries like the Athenian woman, at her parents' bidding: and to do so emerges for the first time from rigid, perhaps conventual, seclusion: her liberty begins with marriage, where the liberty of the Roman or Anglo-Saxon woman is apt to end. If happy marriages lie at the foundation not only of individual happiness, but of national well-being, it is not unreasonable to attribute to this source in some degree the success of Rome and the failure of Greece: the comparative strength of England and the many maladies of modern France. Again, while the courage and devotion of Roman wives was proverbial, and Arria and Portia are only two names out of many, the women of Greece (apart from those of Sparta), whether from want of depth in their natures, or from a vicious training, gained no such reputation. What reputation they did gain was rather as conversationalists and wits. Diotima of Mantinea and Aspasia of Miletus were more conspicuous for their gifts of intellect than for their force of character. Perhaps it is not less true that Frenchwomen have shone rather in this direction than in any other; and that their triumphs have been achieved in the creation and management of salons, and in the persons of Madame de Stael, Madame Roland, Madame Adam, and other prodigies of tact and conversation. The superiority of French actresses points in the same direction. The only great British actresses (or actors either for the matter of that), are of course Irish: to put the truth in an Irish way.

On the other hand the Greek and the Frenchman has this advantage over the Roman and the Englishman in that he is not liable to be carried away by foreign and novel habits for want of any principle of intelligent criticism: his habits are not based on unintelligent custom: they have been examined by him: they stand on their own merits: the Greek and the Frenchman is a law to himself, when the other law fails (and in his eyes it fails very often). If he seems to be sometimes blown about by every wind of doctrine and the slave of each new paradox, it is not for want of intelligence—as the Roman or Englishman—but from excess of intelligence—it is because his sceptical, inquisitive, fickle and susceptible intelligence becomes tired of harping on the same old truths for ever: becomes tired of hearing the same old virtues praised for ever: becomes bored to death with the stale old rant about Aristides and his justice. Most of us recollect that anecdote of the dull Spartan who asked the Athenian why Aristides had been banished: and some of us have heard of the Athenian's scoff at Socrates: "Hallo, Socrates, here you are repeating the same old illustrations." "Yes," said Socrates, "and, what is more surprising, to enforce the same old truths," or—in other words—"Yes, the same old songs and what is more to the same old tunes." The Greek then is the slave of each fresh paradox, only because "he is contemptuous and weary of ordinary things": only because "he is ever seeking for conditions of life other than those in which he lives, though he has not had the patience to master these thoroughly": only because he is, above all, "a visionary and a student, dreaming in a metaphysical lecture-room," and is, least of all, "the sober, practical statesman planning for a nation's welfare":[1] in short because "he is a walking interrogation point." "What's that you say?"[2] "Socrates," says Cope, "went about seeking whom he might confute." So for the same reason the Frenchman and Greek are apathetic and criminally patient about dull domestic wrongs, which bore without exciting them. An observer of the Reign of Terror wrote: "The patience with which the French have tolerated imprisonment *en masse*, the judicial assassination of hundreds, convicts the nation. In all that time not a son dared avenge his father, not a husband defend his wife, not a father rescue his child: and this in a country where swords would once have leapt from scabbards for the sake of a mistress or an epigram." It is this which makes Frenchman or Greek seem unstable, not unintelligent helplessness. The Greek even in the presence of his Roman master remained sure that *he* was incarnate reason and not his master: that *he* was the intellect of the world: just as the Frenchman however humiliated does not abate one jot of his confidence that France is, and must ever remain, the training school of Europe, the eye of the European body politic.

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[1] Thucydides, III, 38. [2] Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 1174.

I do not think it is inconsistent with this to add, that the quick sympathy and susceptibility of the Greek made him appreciate the strong points of other nations, and adapt himself to them more or less consciously and sincerely, while the Roman repelled all foreign ways at first with the savage's contempt and hatred of all foreigners, and then accepted them at last with the savage's helplessness in the presence of keener minds. The Greek was from the first sympathetic and appreciative, critical in the good as well as in the bad sense: he never lost his sense of his own keener insight, but this did not prevent him from admiring and flattering stronger types, and cringing to them or actually copying them sometimes even where he despised them. And so we find the Greek of the Roman Empire conspicuously demoralized and debased in character by his position as slave, even while retaining his intellectual pride: he became a time-server and an opportunist, and that most melancholy of spectacles, a man of genius without conscience and self-respect. And so we find the Greeks of Ionia from the very first orientalized and denationalized by association with Lydian and Persian satraps. His supple and elastic versatility despised the prejudices of nationality and became everything and therefore nothing: the chameleon of nations. And yet he is not a helpless and passive chameleon, changing against its own will and despite itself and from without, but rather changing like the poet who recognizes consciously and gladly every mood and type of life which meets him and answers to its appeal, and finds for it a voice and an expression better than it could have found for itself, and yields himself for the time to its influence, till the mood is past and begins to bore him. Or as the opportunist accepts each circumstance and character he meets—adapts himself to it—and without resisting it is content to turn it to his own advantage.

Or again, to vary the metaphor, as certain creatures are said to have the instinct—for their own safety—of taking upon themselves the colours and appearance of their surroundings: the protective mimicry of Nature it is called. In the animal world, that is, certain creatures are protected or assisted in the struggle for existence by their resemblance to their surroundings; and of this resemblance naturalists recognize two forms: (1) a resemblance produced externally; certain colours, e.g. which dominate the surroundings of the caterpillar, colour the caterpillar itself and assimilate it to the leaves upon which it feeds: but in other cases (2) the assimilation is from within: the variations of nature result in certain forms which accidentally perhaps, and yet intrinsically, and therefore in a certain sense spontaneously, resemble their surroundings. To this assimilation, which even if it be not really conscious and deliberate, is yet spontaneous, one may compare the conscious and spontaneous assimilation of himself by the Greek to his surroundings. But when we see a Roman, on the other hand, changed and transformed by his surroundings, we feel that there is nothing ingenious, quick-witted and dexterous in the change of attitude; he could not help himself; he changed without intending it; he would have stayed as he was if he had been able; but circumstances were too much for him; the prevailing colour prevailed over him because he could not resist it; though he may revert presently perhaps with his innate conservatism to the older and longer-established and instinctive type; but for the time he is the victim and the creature of his environment; he is the green caterpillar.

Not less of course but more conspicuous is the advantage of the Greek and French on the side of the fine arts: all the stories one hears of self-made Englishmen or Western Americans sending for casts of ancient statues, the Venus of Melos for instance, and then sueing the railway companies for damages or calling upon them to replace the statues with new ones as good as the old, because the casts arrive minus an arm: these are only the modern versions of the stories told in Greece from 146 B.C. and onwards, of the ignorance and stupidity of the vulgar Roman collector; who collects because it is the proper thing for a rich man to do, but who knows nothing and cares less for art: and who threatens the shipmaster who transports these treasures from Greece to Rome that he shall be forced to replace in its former condition whatever is broken on the voyage.

So again not only are style and criticism the peculiar glory of France and Greece—even after Greece lost all sense of style she still maintained in Polybius her pre-eminence in acute criticism, detachment of mind, and judicial impartiality of intellect—but in smaller matters wit is a French boast as it was a Greek virtue; just as—to refer again for a moment to Ireland—there is more wit bubbling over in a day in a Dublin home-rule riot (says Mr. Bagehot in one of his incomparable essays) than could be gathered in a year from the dull courts of Westminster. And in Athens nothing flourished more than the clubs for collecting and perpetuating bon-mots and epigrams. If the end of life was never quite a joke to the life-loving Athenians, yet a joke was certainly the end of life. Again, as Paris sets the style to the world for dressing, so the barbers and tailors and perfumers of Rome were Greeks: and it was a standing paradox no doubt to many a Roman (to quote Mr. Bagehot again), that while the Greeks taught him almost everything he learned, whether of science or of art, they still remained barbers, fiddlers, dancing-masters, actors, professors, domestic chaplains and literary hacks, while he and his countrymen remained rulers. Compare the Englishman's idea of Frenchmen: at any rate till recently. "Counts indeed," said Beatrice, "every one of these wretches says he is a count: Guiscard said he was a count, and I believe he was a barber: all Frenchmen are barbers: don't contradict me: or else dancing-masters or else priests."[1] If England, says someone, has 100 religions and one sauce, France has 100 sauces and no religion.

I said "almost" everything, for there is one exception which in itself illustrates the parallel I am drawing. Just as Paris is the most artistic, yet London the healthier and more comfortable, and also the more decent of the two capitals,—the Englishman's prudery again coming in—so also in ancient times if Roman art was inferior to Greek, and was borrowed from Greece, yet in some respects Rome surpassed Greek cities; in health, viz. in comfort and decency. For instance the Roman gave himself with whole-souled enthusiasm to the practical and congenial subject of drains: both as a matter of common sense and as a matter of decency. He even installed over this agreeable department of life his national goddess; and Venus received a new mission in life, to superintend and direct with supernatural guidance the working of Rome's very modern and very scientific sewage system; and in return was honoured with a new title, "Venus Cloacina"—"Our Lady of Drains." For drainage and washing purposes Rome received by her several aqueducts a daily volume of nearly 39,000,000 cubic feet of water, three times as much as modern cities of the same size (Toronto uses 35,000,000 gallons only, not one-fifteenth). Hence Strabo contrasts Greek cities with Rome to the advantage of the latter; just as anyone who dislikes to see sewage flaunting itself before the face of a whole people on the bosom of a majestic river, or who dislikes to see other small indecencies of the streets, prefers London to Paris (or at least used to do so: since Baron Hausmann's time Paris has been reformed in these respects). The Greek love of beauty in short did not extend to health or comfort or cleanliness always, and often stopped short at outward shape and form, just as politeness (a Greek and French virtue) often stops short at outward ceremonies. The same Greek love of beauty occasionally too conflicts with decency to eyes which are not Greek or French, when it seems to question the necessity of every one wearing at least an irreducible minimum of clothing. So too the Roman Bible contained the verse which the Englishman has boldly foisted upon his Bible, though it does not in reality contain it, "cleanliness is next to godliness." Neither Greeks nor French are religiously clean: nor is it only the politicians of Ireland who need whitewashing. But wherever the Roman went, there went also, as recent excavations are perpetually showing, his elaborate bathroom with its hot and cold water pipes and its steam pipes, precisely as the progress of the English pater-familias round the globe used to be signalled by a procession of zinc and tin baths lurching on the tops of cabs and in the luggage van of railway trains, and now is advertised less conspicuously by a neatly folded package out of which is blown up in a few minutes a rubber tub.

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[1] Thackeray's *Esmond*, Book III, chap. 2.

Under this same general head of the arts it is an old observation of Cicero's that music had less influence on Roman than on Greek minds. Part of this charge is due probably to the later date of Roman civilization: even the Greeks latterly—as we know from Philodemus' tract on music rescued recently from Herculaneum—had ceased to be so much influenced by it. The connection between music and morals is —says Philodemus—fiddlesticks: but part of the difference which Cicero notices must be put down to the intrinsically different characters of Greeks and Romans—the sensuous susceptibility of the first and the impassivity of the second. The only exception I can think of to this greater sensitiveness of the Greeks to the sensuously beautiful is the exception of Virgil, and Virgil's love of nature—the lakes and rivers, woods and mountains: a love which strikes the modern reader as much more profound and direct than anything of the sort in Greek literature: but this is only an individual exception, and Virgil was no more a typical Roman, was far less a typical Roman, than Wordsworth or Tennyson were typical Englishmen.

There are one or two isolated traits—to dwell no more on the arts—which illustrate our parallel. There is the Roman and the English respect for age: a trait noticeably missing in Athens as in America, and not specially conspicuous in France. There is the French and Greek passion for the theatrical, the piquant, the striking, for éclat, for notoriety. The Athenian and the French soldier, e.g., are conspicuous for dash, for élan, for brilliant enterprise: not so conspicuous for that dull hammering away at the enemy which has sometimes saved an English army from defeat even after it has been beaten. "They do not know when they are beaten," complains the exasperated victor, and so he loses his victory. And the Romans never knew: nor the Spartans. An English army might have won the battle of St. Quentin in 1871: the French won and then lost from premature despair (as the Athenians but for despair might have secured their retreat from Syracuse). Soult after Albuera wrote: "There is no beating these troops, in spite of their generals. I always thought them bad soldiers, now I am sure of it; for I turned their right, pierced their centre, they were everywhere broken, the day was mine, yet they did not know it and would not run."

But an army brilliant in battle under favourable conditions needs, as one of these conditions, to be wound up for battle by brilliant oratory: it likes to hear, it almost requires to hear, "that from the pyramids twenty centuries are looking down upon it." Every Athenian army was regularly wound up for battle by oratory, though even so it was not always bound to win: only a Spartan army could fight and win when taken unexpectedly and not wound up; as in the first battle of Mantinea. I presume, along the same lines of reflection, that a poetic and oratorical general, like Sir Ivor Hamilton, e.g., was not likely ever to be popular with British Tommies: Redvers Buller was their favourite. A British public again would never have elected Sophocles as general; even a French public would have stood rather aghast; it would have celebrated his death by a "mafficking" night in Paris, but it would hardly have elected him a general; yet this quality of oratory in a soldier is sometimes essential. When Lord Wolseley was fighting the Mahdi he prepared a proclamation for the Soudanese and had it translated into Arabic, but fortunately asked an Arab to revise it; it was very British, simple, prosaic, definite. The reviser read it and said that no Soudanese would have any idea of what it meant; his revision contained the same meaning but in the language of Isaiah. So when Marshal St. Arnaud was in the Crimea he issued a proclamation beginning "soldats l'heure est venue de combattre et de vaincre." Simultaneously came a general order from Lord Raglan to *his* troops: it said, "I have requested Commissary-General Fidler to take steps to insure that the troops shall all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days." Each order was effectual: the French and the British stormed Alma with equal gallantry. These are mild illustrations: there are others more quaint. An English general at Cadiz in 1702 is said to have issued the following proclamation: "Englishmen who eat good beef and soup remember that it would be the height of infamy to be beaten by this canaille of Spaniards who live on oranges and citrons."

I should like to complete these paragraphs by passing from military rhetoric to the rhetoric of laymen. In the last week of April, 1778, Franklin, the American ambassador, attended a ceremonial banquet at the Académie des Sciences in Paris. A general demand arose that "Monsieur Voltaire and Monsieur Franklin should salute each other in French fashion" accordingly, but it is only fair to add—with visible reluctance—the two veterans fell upon each other's necks, and the spectators burst into rapture: "It is Solon," they cried, "embracing Sophocles."

The same academy, by the way, held a similar function in 1910 when I happened to be in Paris. I read in next day's papers that a great savant had read a paper which had dissolved his Immortals into tears with its charm of style and pathos. I tried to picture the Royal Society dissolved into tears; but before my mind arose instead a memory or legend of the man who had left it ten thousand pounds: "because," said the testator, "after suffering through long years from insomnia, I lighted upon its lectures, and found immediate profound and refreshing slumber." There arose also a characteristic passage from Mr. Chesterton, which describes an English schoolboy fervently " orating " : while another and more typical schoolfellow buries his face in his desk groaning in shame and gasping, " Shut up, shut up, shut up."

Is not this the reason why personal government seems to appeal so much more to the French race, or to the Irish, than to the Anglo-Saxon ? It looks like a contradiction to say that the nation of logical theorists who have pressed the doctrine of equality to its extreme lengths can also be aristocrats and upholders of personal rule ; yet is not this contradiction a fact ? The dullness, the pettiness, the weary monotony and the snail-like pace of progress, all these features of constitutional democracy which the Anglo-Saxon accepts philosophically, as better than the brilliancy and the wisdom of any kingly philosopher or " patriot-king," because it involves self-government, i.e. education, while the philosopher-king educates no one but himself and his agents, all these features seem unspeakably disgusting to a brilliant, impatient, theatrical population : they are all preaching equality, and yet they are sighing for some dazzling and heroic figure to rule over them : to centralize the nation's brilliancy as no parliament can : to furnish just the one glowing exception which will prove the rule of equality, and deliver it from tediousness : and so the ancient Greek was for ever setting up for himself some tyrant or personal ruler whom the next generation proceeded to knock down again.

From this same point of view France, as wits have often said, is the feminine element in the modern European family : she is always unhappy if the reflection of herself in the glass of public opinion be not flattering : she always seems to be saying to herself, " How am I looking to-day ? is this style of government becoming to me ? how do they like my complexion in London and Vienna ? do these attentions which I am receiving from Warsaw and Belgrade make them jealous ? " These are the anxieties of the public mind of la belle France. It is not that she values foreign opinion more than her own opinion: quite the contrary: it is only that she must by the law of her being attract and dazzle even the benighted and vulgar boors of London and Berlin, or she is restless and discontented as a woman who is not receiving "attentions." In other words her predominating passion is rather vanity than pride, the passion of the Roman or Englishman. A similar picture is drawn in memorable words by Carlyle of the relations of England and Ireland, "a dull and selfish working-man mated with a vain and sharp-tongued wife, such is the tragic union of England with Ireland."

It is only to say the same thing in a slightly different way to say that the French are childish as compared with the English: and it is a very old rebuke of the Greeks which the priest of Egypt pronounced: "Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are childish always, there is no old age in Hellas." "The Jews after all," said Heine, "were men: the Greeks only handsome boys": or, again, the speaker in Thucydides' first book says of the Athenians, "They were created, never to be at rest themselves nor to let others rest": of the French Thiers said, "We are always in hot water ourselves and we are always the pest and plague of all who have anything to do with us: we are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices and breaking up institutions and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, new warnings. Two or three thousand years hence, when civilization has passed on in its westward course, when Europe is in the state in which we now see Asia Minor and Greece and Egypt, only two of her children will be remembered: one a sober, well-disposed good boy, the other a riotous, unmanageable, spoilt child: and I am not sure that posterity will not like the naughty boy best." And so Voltaire in one of his plays calls the English the grown men of Europe, "but the French are her children, and with them I love to play." (I am indebted for my quotations from Thiers and Voltaire to that mine of happy illustrations, the essays of Mr. Lionel Tollemache. Anyone who has visited Paris recently has a new illustration of French childishness staring him in the face on the heights of Montmartre. No sooner has the Roman Church built a new and specially conspicuous centre for its worship—the Church of the Sacré cœur—than Anti-Clericalism promptly follows suit and erects exactly opposite the door a shrine to the last martyr whom the same church burned at the stake! Where outside France are clericals and anti-clericals so child-like in their quarrels?

That Irish character—at its best—is feminine, is curiously illustrated by statisticians: even these dull gentry have discovered that while less than one-twentieth of the eminent men of the United Kingdom are Irish, not less than one-third of the eminent women are Irish on one or both sides. It was perhaps this childish love of glory which led the Greeks to justify tyrannicide more positively than the sober Romans ever did. There was a great deal of demur and doubt in Rome as to the right feeling to entertain towards Cæsar's murderers: there was only praise in Athens for Harmodius and Aristogiton and Timoleon. The only English champions of tyrannicide, if I recollect, were Shelley and Landor, "Greeks born out of due time." And so to-day it is the French or Slav anarchist—to say nothing of Charlotte Corday—whose love for dramatic and brilliant spectacular effects leads him to the modern form of tyrannicide, the removal of the propertied classes by dynamite; and it is the French-American or Slav-American anarchist of Chicago who revives the classical form of tyrannicide by killing for notoriety's sake American Presidents. The Parisian—said Voltaire—is a cross between an ape and a tiger—the French have always imitated the ferocity of classical history more closely than other modern people. If it cannot be said that suicide in the same way is Greek and French rather than Roman and English, it is only because suicide is so much more serious and unpleasant a responsibility for the notoriety-seeker than tyrannicide. A great Frenchman on a famous occasion entered upon war (he said) with a light heart: it was a light matter to risk other people's lives: but not even a great Frenchman takes his own life with light heart. In fact the gaiety and joyousness of the French and Greek races renders suicide specially unnatural and abhorrent to them. Just as in Ireland, the rate of suicide stands lower than in any other part of the British Empire, so low that it is infinitesimal. And yet of genuine moral scruples against suicide there is more trace in Roman than in Greek history: and more sympathy with the stoical sentiment of the modern poet.

> "When all life's hopes and blandishments are gone
> The coward slinks out of life, the brave live on."

The Roman Stoics were always divided on the question; for though the seriousness and the strength of Roman wills welcomed this effective way of vanquishing all enemies, whether the foeman or the tyrant or disease or pain or the whips and arrows of opposing fortune, yet on the other hand the seriousness of Roman purpose, the desire to use and not abuse the gift of life, led them to wait and ponder and act cautiously. But no Greek doubts the lawfulness of suicide unless it be the least Greek of the Greeks, Plato.

It is true that the whole of the ancient world was theatrical as compared with the modern world, but the Greeks went further in this direction than the Romans. This theatrical element in ancient life the French have often imitated, and so even suicide —so far as suicide has been a final bit of display, a magnificent defiance hurled at Fortune in tones loud enough to reach all men's ears and make them tingle

—so far even suicide in its dramatic form may be said to be specially Greek and French. Certainly English suicide, though common enough, is rarely dramatic or impressive. It is not spectacular, I mean: it is impressive only as a sign of sincere and profound strength of purpose. This aspect of British suicide it was which impressed Napoleon, who contrasted it with French indecision and infirmity of purpose. "The English character," he says, "is superior to ours. Conceive Romilly, one of the leaders of a great party, committing suicide at fifty because he had lost his wife. They are in everything more practical than we are: they emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. They are also braver than we are." Braver but less artistic surely: a more inartistic and horribly practical and matter-of-fact performance than that at which Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith confounds himself and his surroundings with a blunt razor cannot possibly be imagined. The ugliness of the deed is even more obvious than the sin of it.

It is only during these last few years that the yellow press and the theatrical notoriety-craving spirit of this self-conscious age has produced even in England suicides planned and perpetrated by hypocrites, i.e. by actors; actors who have one eye fixed on the newspaper reporter and the effect, the sensation, to be produced through him the next day upon the public. It is one of the evils for which we have to thank the popular penny press, and "the new dark ages" which these newspapers have brought with them.

There is only one remaining particular in which the parallel is still worth tracing. Look at the four peoples in their capacity for assimilating conquered dependencies, and the parallel still holds. The Englishman (says the Frenchman) is just but he is not genial; "he is a beast but a just beast" (like his great Schoolmaster-Archbishop). But geniality as it is more common in this world than justice, so also is it more effectual. Accordingly, though England rules as widely as Rome once did, she is not better liked by her subjects than Rome once was, and her sister and wife, though part of herself, and represented till yesterday and even over-represented in her Parliament, remained, after a generation of scrupulous justice and the concession of unique privileges, still unreconciled, for want of sympathy; for want of something, that is to say, which women and womanly nations love far more than mere justice.

The French and the Irish and the Greeks on the other hand are often very unjust but they are genial, and what is the result ? The result is that they have succeeded in wholly merging and absorbing into themselves alien populations : that to-day the most irreconcilable Irishman in Ireland is the Tipperary man of English extraction : the most irreconcilable Frenchman in Canada is the man with the Scotch name, who now knows nothing of Scotland, though his ancestors were Highlanders; the Frăziers and the Mácleans of Quebec ; and the most irreconcilable Frenchman in Europe in 1914 was the Alsatian or the Lorrainer, whose name and whose origin is as purely German as was till 1918 his citizenship; e.g., General Zurlinden, the late Governor of Paris, who would have been a citizen of the German Empire if he had followed his name and origin.

So in the case of Greece and Rome. Though on the one hand the intrinsic personal jealousies of the Macedonian officers of Alexander—men as jealous of each other and as treacherous to each other as Napoleon's marshals—and on the other hand the intrinsic political jealousies of the Greek City-States, prevented the Macedonian Empire from holding together, as the Roman Empire was held together, by the public spirit and the practical prudence of the Roman people, yet it is none the less manifest that Greece, though conquered, assimilated both her conquerors and her fellow-subjects with more completeness than Rome. Rome's conquests were more superficial, more confined to laws and institutions and outward life. Greek conquest sank deeper and transformed the mind. Rome's conquest left—sometimes—as in Great Britain—no traces behind it, but bricks and mortar, pipes and drains and high roads, law-courts and fortified camps: but Greece Hellenized and civilized almost the whole East and West, and affected in some degree even the two most obstinate and exclusive of peoples: the Jews and the Egyptians: at any rate their upper and literary classes: for instance the Pharisees and Sadducees show the influence respectively of Stoic and Epicurean philosophy.

This geniality has other results: it is from it I imagine that the epigram of Mons. Blouet derives its force: "As for the cry 'Liberty, equality, fraternity,'" he says, "the Englishman cares nothing for equality and fraternity, so he can have liberty: the American" (a cross I suppose between the Englishman and the Frenchman) "cares nothing for liberty or fraternity so long as he can have equality; but the Frenchman cares really only for fraternity, and for it he will dispense with liberty and equality." I do not mean that this geniality is the only cause of the absorption by the Greeks and the French of other nationalities: there are other causes, and these no less than geniality illustrate our parallel. The Greeks and the French have an historic consciousness: they are proud of the history of their race: they disseminate such a pride throughout their peoples beginning even among the school children: and the Americans do the same. Still more the Irish: they may grossly misrepresent history, but a history of a kind they know; just as the Athenian people misrepresented the expulsion of their tyrants, but they did not forget the expulsion.

But the Englishman is blessed and cursed with the virtue and vice of forgetting. His orators do not dwell, as Athenian orators dwelt, on the legendary glories of his race: they do not appeal to the past but to the future and the present: to expediency and commercial enterprise: even when they appeal to the flag it is because trade follows it, and because it is " a commercial asset." Their hearers—they know —have no historic consciousness: know little of their own past. Whereas an Irishman or a Greek thinks more of his past than of his present or his future. An Irishman, we are told, is more ashamed of himself and his family because some ancestor sold a fortress to Cromwell, than because he and his are in the present dirty, shiftless and idle. But the British public reads if any histories, impartial and philosophic histories, not partisan pamphlets " slopping over " with patriotism and nationalism: his orators therefore do not appeal to mere patriotism: nay more, they know that their hearers have a secret sympathy with that trenchant Roman phrase which dissipates so much sentiment and vaporous speech and lays bare the homely and material foundations, of that which is the healthiest kind of patriotism in the long run: " ubi bene ibi patria," think the hearers in their hearts. And so when they emigrate, to the United States, e.g., these Englishmen, they become Americans, sink their separate nationality, transfer their love to their adopted home: and it is not their fault at least if the United States are cursed with alien flags and types and ideals, and are not one people but mere sections of Europe out of joint. The Irishman on the other hand stays in Ireland though he starve there. His devotion is touching: " it is magnificent—but it is not war " or life. And yet it is better than emigrating to America, if he is going to bring Ireland and all Ireland's quarrels thither with him. That is the case where an historic consciousness becomes an unmixed curse; a curse to the possessor alike and to his new home. In short the history of Greece as that of the Celts is a history of political and material failures and of spiritual victory.

Rome's history is the opposite and England's also. Of course Roman magistrates were often brutal and unjust, like Verres, as well as often just and considerate like Rutilius Rufus or Cicero or the younger Pliny, or Felix or Festus. But their frequent injustice and oppression were no more the essential cause of Rome's unpopularity than the occasional excesses of Warren Hastings or Hodson of Hodson's House or the treacherous raid of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, are the causes of English unpopularity in India and South Africa. The causes of such unpopularity lie deeper: in that national narrowness and lack of sympathy, comprehension and imagination which are the compensating defects of a strong, a masculine and a practical character.

CHAPTER IX

SATIRE AND HUMOUR

HAVING had occasion recently to make a paper for a Centenary of Lowell, I have been led to consider the point of view of Lowell as humorist and satirist, but also the wider question of the point of view of humorists and satirists generally ; whence this separate paper.

The peculiarity of the humour and satire of Lowell lay in this, I think : that, though he represented literature and the universities to his countrymen, he yet set himself to reach the governing masses, the masses who did not belong to the universities or literature, and to be understanded of the people ; or again to put the same thing in a way more interesting and piquant, though he was satirist and humorist, of first-rate excellence, yet, unlike the majority of humorists and satirists, he chose the side of reform and championed the faiths of Reformers and Idealists, the " New Faiths " ; or I might as well put it more broadly and say he championed just " Faith," for Faith after all is broadly the quality of reformers ; he championed " Faith " and " Reform " against all those forces of conservatism which have generally included, for reasons not very obscure, the humorists' irony and the satirists' wit.

Plato, who has often photographed by casual anticipation the smaller and quainter ironies of our world's life, has an *obiter dictum* on this theme ; himself a humorist, and no one can tell just how often a humorist, he has the right to be heard.

Advocating emancipation for women, publicity and public service for them, " Glaucon," he made Socrates say, " Glaucon, my superlative friend, let us ask the wits and humorists to forego for once their usual line : not to make fun of all this novel and reforming feminism for its incongruities : not to jest unceasingly about the ladies who wear uniforms and ride a-horse back "—as who should say who drive motor cars and ride bicycles.

" Of course it is funny to see them, passing funny ; but so were our naked races funny even to us once, to see ; and they are a scandal still to the barbarian." (And so they still are after twenty centuries in spite of Plato.) " Let us ask the wits and humorists not to scoff but to believe and to be converted to the newer, truer Faith, that nothing can be ridiculous which is useful."

There it lies, you perceive, the doctrine ; ancient, simple, true, I apprehend ; that wits, satirists and humorists are usually men of little faith ; that they are obsessed by usage and conformity to usage ; that having eyes only for the incongruous and grotesque, they find the grotesque and incongruous more often than not, in the crude Faith of the Reformer ; in the zeal without discretion of the Idealist ; it is only natural ; the humorist does not take himself seriously ; it is the first condition indeed of humour ; he cannot then take other men seriously ; and how at any rate can he take seriously those most serious moods of humanity which are called Faith and Idealism ? If he took conscience, etc., very seriously, the first result would surely be—as we have all seen with our humorist friends when they " get religion "—an immediate falling off of wit and humour ; one would decrease as the other increased ; it happened conspicuously to that great and delightful humorist, Lewis Carroll, when he grew older and more sober and more serious ; he exchanged the lifegiving priceless nonsense of Alice for the painful moralizing of Sylvia and Bruno. So again if Dickens had been more of a moralist and less of a humorist, he could not have delighted in painting the brutality of Squeers and Mrs. Gamp and the humbug of Pecksniff and the folly of Micawber; he would have been instead depressed by the contrast between human nature, as it was in these grotesque creatures and what it might be and is in the saints; but if the wit and humour in a man do not decrease with age as they decreased with Lewis Carroll, why then they increase and at the expense of Faith; and with them comes an ever keener disgust for all Faith's foibles, an ever keener gusto in launching shafts against demagogism, hysteria, sciolism and the other grotesque garbs in which too often Faith is fain to masquerade; and after that it is but a step to a warfare against all enthusiasm; that dubious quality, that debatable land, enthusiasm; a reproach to our eighteenth century ancestors, the condition of all virtue to the nineteenth century. The wit and humorist, the satirist and cynic seem at last to be but one man with four names, and to have little more definite to say to us than—after Talleyrand, I think—" Surtout point de zèle."

This is the temperament broadly of the humorists from Aristophanes down to Hookham Frere his translator, down to Gibbon and Canning (with his " needy knife-grinder "), down to the Saturday reviewers; I think there was a touch of it on this side of the Atlantic in Hawthorne; he writes somewhere: " The time was come for me now to return to the merchants of Boston, and to the other old fogies, who in this general flux and intangibility of affairs still kept a death-like grip on a few plain truths, which had not been in vogue since yesterday morning."

But it was not the temperament of Plato or Lowell; Lowell seems an exception among English-speaking humorists, with Praed perhaps originally as a companion —but a companion of very imperfect sympathy—for if Praed began life as a reformer he soon passed over, as was to be expected of a wit, to the Conservatives.

I am trying to find other companions for Plato and Lowell, but it is not easy; one indeed there is, the prince or princess of wits, humorists and satirists, Jane Austen; but then is she really parallel with Lowell? She had no opportunity in her cloistered Hampshire life of meeting radicals and idealists; she expended her satire, therefore, on the people she saw and met, and they were all conservatives and conventionalists.

Perhaps a more promising parallel is Dickens; but then Dickens was a satirist, not of types and temperaments, not of reformers and idealists, or of conservatives and realists, but a satirist of individual eccentricity; he painted gigantic and side-splitting posters, extravagant caricatures of the monthly nurse, of his own sanguine happy-go-lucky father, of the professional humbug with the good bedside manner, of the rascally private schoolmaster; but these broad farces are not photographs of temperament; and only two, out of the four illustrations I have chosen, can, even by a stretch, be described as satires at the expense of conservatism, at the expense of existing institutions and established doctrines.

The author of the *Biglow Papers* was wit, satirist and humorist, yet he expended his wit on the Conservatives and Realists, not on the idealists of his day; and few seem to belong to his class; and Dickens to belong only partially.

I take a living author for comparison; even Mr. H. G. Wells, that prophet as he seems to America, that most popular in America of all satirists and humorists, even Mr. Wells—who certainly does not count himself a conservative—cannot compete with Lowell in this regard. There is humour and satire in Peter and Joan both at the expense of idealists and reformers; and also in other passages—at the expense of Tories and Conventionalists; but if intrinsically the figures of Miss Phœbe Stubland and Lady Charlotte Sydenham be equally fair targets for his shafts, yet the satire and humour directed at Miss

Phœbe the reformer is infinitely more entertaining, more piquant, better worth reading and writing, if only because the target is so much newer and brighter coloured, so much less fly-blown and dinted by previous archers.

It occurred to me that this perhaps was a mere personal judgment, born of my own twist towards the wicked Lady Charlotte and the conservatives, so I asked a young and clever graduate of the University of Toronto; he told me that he on the contrary read with greater zest the satire at the expense of Lady Charlotte, "because he hated and abhorred her; while Miss Phœbe, tho' silly, was a good soul."

I agree with him about the two ladies, of course; but not otherwise. Lady Charlotte is just a fool, and a heartless fool, and does not at this time of day repay study, but Miss Phœbe is an ass; and there are so many asses of her kind about and they bray so loudly and are so strong and willing, so patient and hard-working, that the world must take them seriously or they will take it; I don't think on mature reflection that I need be ashamed of enjoying the satire at Miss Phœbe more than the satire at Lady Charlotte; satire is not needed, is gratuitous, at the expense of moral deformity such as Lady Charlotte's, but satire and humour are discharging their regular task, their appointed work, their life-long rôle and métier, when they fall upon the incongruities of poor dear silly Miss Phœbe.

It reminds me of the old anecdote about Lord Lytton: he took in to dinner an emancipated lady, some Miss Phœbe; "Lord Lytton," said Miss Phœbe, "how can you be a Tory? all fools are Tories." "True, Madam," said Lord Lytton, "but—all asses are Radicals." Let Miss Phœbe then be written down an ass; and, oh, that she be written down an ass pretty quickly, or no one knows what price the world will not have to pay for the knowledge that Miss Phœbe is an ass, and that the mare's-nests and crazes and delusions of Faith and Reform are as perversive and pervasive, as the instincts themselves to Faith and Reform are essential to good life.

Then what is the métier and rôle of humour and satire ? and how does it cover both Plato, Lowell, Miss Austen, Dickens and Wells, and also Aristophanes, Gibbon, Canning, Frere, the Saturday reviewers, and again the same Wells (" old Wells re-opened ") ?

I take it the distinction between the two schools of humour and satire is pretty fine at first sight and slender ; humour is mockery at the incongruous ; and the incongruous takes two forms broadly which may be so defined—though in reality they are very different—as to seem alike ; there is the incongruity between our theories and our practice, our ideals and our actions ; and there is also the incongruity between our ideals and theories on the one hand and the actualities, possibilities and facts of life on the other ; has not the difference almost disappeared in this definition, the difference between Plato and Aristophanes great though it be ? Plato and Lowell satirize the incongruity of our actions in the light of our principles ; Aristophanes the incongruity of our principles in the light of the facts and laws of life ; it almost looks as if each humorist had the same thing, incongruity, in view ; only that they started from opposite points of view and chose the opposite of the two targets for their respective shafts ; one was mocking our faithless lives, our disloyalty to principle ; and the other our high-falutin principles, our disregard of facts and life and common sense.

But there is nevertheless here a real difference ; Lowell is—like my academic friend who hates Lady Charlotte—satirizing moral deformities, faithlessness to conscience ; Aristophanes—like a true Greek, a true intellectual—is interested rather in the intellect than in morals, even when he is scoffing at us ; and he is satirizing our unbalanced ambitions, our soaring ideals that are like balloons cut adrift from earth altogether, that take their occupant up to altitudes, the air of which no man can breathe; as that balloonist is a failure, so these idealists are failures. Their hearts are all right like Miss Phœbe's, but their heads are as silly as hers. Imperfect, impossible ideals are her foible; low life, coarse action is the offence—the sin rather—of the Lady Charlotte; Lowell is satirizing sin but Aristophanes philosophy.

Perhaps I am labouring the point unnecessarily. Why not quote what certain of our own humorists have said? The bulk of the humour of Mr. Stephen Leacock, if I recollect aright, is at the expense of foolish idealists, of Mr. William Jennings Bryan and Miss J. Addams, not at the expense of Germany, or, if at the expense of Germany, still at the expense of idealist Germany, the Germany of method and system, with six little birds on each tree-branch singing in harmony or unison, not the Germany of brutal violence and cynical hypocrisy. Impossible ideals, not betrayed and denied ideals move Mr. Leacock's intellectual mirth.

It is more profitable because more difficult to find other contemporary humorists of the opposite school, the school of Plato and Lowell. A critic in New York, after my paper on Lowell, observed that the same reasons which made Lowell interesting, endeared Bernard Shaw to him; Shaw satirizes not the pacifists and cranks, not the Sidney Webbs and Massinghams and Gardiners, not the nation with a capital "N," but the great public, the conventionalists, the nation with a small "n." I suppose that is true though it is at first sight rather paradoxical (and all the more Shavian) that it should be so; at first sight one would expect an intellectual—and Mr. Shaw is nothing if not intellectual, much more intellectual, his friends say, and he himself has said, than Shakespeare—one would expect an intellectual to be rather indifferent to the moral inconsistencies and hypocrisies of the great leviathan, to the vulgar commonplace eternal insincerities of raw human nature, and to be interested only in the false theories of other intellectuals; but after all there are two schools of intellectuals, as there are two of satirists and humorists; there are the "intellectuals" of the old world, men like Aristotle, who take a seriously scientific view of the world, and build on the past, on fact and history, and are thereby deeply prejudiced against reform and ideals; for were the reforms practicable they would have been secured already in that illimitable past which has already tried all permutations and combinations of circumstances and institutions, which seemed to promise improvement, and has adopted already all which really brought improvement; unrealized ideals are now presumably —Aristotle suggests—Wills-o'-the-wisp, misleading fires. The great flaws of life—slavery, infanticide, abortion, prostitution—though they be to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Christians a horror—I am not exactly quoting Aristotle you perceive but only Aristotelians—remain as permanent flaws—just as Ireland remains a running sore but not a mortal disease in the British body politic—simply because they have always been.

These are the conservative intellectuals; they accept permanent flaws as a part of the laws of life. But Mr. Shaw has always been a liberal intellectual; he has always been idealist rather than scientific; he has, for example, a violent feud with the doctors and the vivisectionists; though he be an intellectual he is even in a greater degree a humanitarian; *Androcles and the Lion* is not a scoff at the early Christian idealist; but rather a sympathetic picture of him as compared with the unchristian ruffians of the world of all ages. *Blanco Posnet* and *The Devil's Disciple* are not caricatures of impracticable visionaries but pictures of rough and foul-mouthed honesty, of unconscious Christianity in fact, which because it is rough and foul-mouthed is quite misunderstood by the smug conventional so-called

Christianity of the Sunday school; the only objection to these entertaining and spirited dramas is obviously that they are a little too obvious and unintellectual; if a reader knows already from his reading of the Gospels that the Sunday schools are not infallible exponents of Christianity, that the publican and the harlot have already been entered in the race for the Kingdom by a Higher Authority than the Sunday school, against the righteous who need no repentance, well, such a reader says " agreed " before the race starts and the intellectual interest of the drama disappears, though the moral interest undoubtedly remains. But there remains also the semi-paradox that an intellectual dramatist is maintaining interest only by his moral appeal. *Androcles* is much better than *Blanco Posnet* for this reason: it retains an intellectual as well as a moral interest; is the ideal of the early Christian really impracticable? " Suppose," Mr. Shaw is here suggesting—" suppose we really try Christianity for the first time in the world as a real working system." *Androcles* remains his best, or one of his best, dramas; there is nothing intellectually cheap about it, as about *Blanco* and *The Devil's Disciple*; but what again the intellectual interest may be in *Widowers' Houses* I cannot discover; nor even much moral interest for that matter; it appears to be a misanthropic picture of human nature, so wholly and unrelievedly bad, especially the feminine variety of it, that no hope remains for man, and interest disappears, except in the sense that Swift, the other Irish misanthrope, may still have an interest for some readers. Ireland is full of misanthropy; its inhabitants apparently enjoy despair; but despair is fatal to all interest, moral and intellectual, in the works it produces, except for Irish readers who love despair and negation and insoluble problems for their own sakes and would feel quite downhearted if a problem were solved.

I need not run through the catalogue of Mr. Shaw's plays ; some, like *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, are quite edifying, but intellectually even cheaper than *Blanco Posnet*; others are sheer fun and delightful farces, like *Pygmalion*; the humour whereof is abundant but does not come under either of the heads with which I am concerned.

Something reminds me of a stroke of satire from Mr. Goldwin Smith which does fall under these heads ; under the Plato, Lowell, Shaw head—" 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' said Patrick Henry, and bought another slave." The interest in that sharp lunge at Irish rhetoric is moral obviously, and not intellectual. But Mr. Goldwin Smith's epigrams were not always at the expense of common human insincerity ; there is another epigram hardly relevant here for it is not humorous or satiric, but not less characteristic of its author, at the expense of one of the most popular humanitarian ideals, universal education ; it means, said Mr. Goldwin Smith, "Sensibility without bread." I quote it only to illustrate the point that Mr. Smith coined epigrams on each side against common human nature, and against the idealists ; in the vein of Plato and in the vein of Aristophanes ; as an intellectual who was also idealistic and humanitarian, he could appreciate in turn each school of humour and satire ; but as a moralist and Puritan at heart I think, he probably found greater pleasure or more food for reflection in the moral humorists than in the intellectual, in the school of Plato, Lowell and Shaw and the like, than in Aristophanes, Canning, Frere, Gilbert and the rest. But after all, the two schools are not mutually exclusive ; there are humorists hovering between them, the connecting link ; when Fielding satirizes Square, is it the false pedantic ideal he satirizes or the faithless betrayal of the false ideal ? Or each alike ? The two sides of humour, the two species of incongruity, seem to have met and mixed in the humorous picture of Square.

CHAPTER X

THOUGHT AND ACTION

WHAT is the intellectual and spiritual significance of authors? I suppose it is something very profound indeed. For authors are the mediators between two classes of persons very incompatible, though each very interesting, and if authors, and authors only, can establish a *modus vivendi* between them, how supremely interesting should authors themselves be! Unless indeed like some other well-balanced and sympathetic people they become, by their very breadth and comprehension, lukewarm and pallid and colourless, and as unpicturesque, as the colours, separately picturesque, become, when, blended, they fade into the light of common day.

An Authors' Society should understand both the literary man, who is often extremely piquant and picturesque, and the man of action, who, if not always piquant and picturesque—and he often is—has the solid interest which belongs to reality and sincerity.

An author is not necessarily a literary man: he may be rather a man of action: a successful author must almost necessarily be something of a man of action: for he must have sound judgment and know the world he lives in bodily, and not merely the world in which his mind lives. And yet he is necessarily sufficiently akin to the literary man to understand him. For a generation now, in my capacity as Professor, or at least Professor of the two classical languages, I have tried to catch and compare the spirit of literature, which was incarnate in Greece, with the spirit of action, which at one time was Rome, and I have seized this welcome invitation to Montreal, to a city which, being French and British, is also Greek and Roman, to see if I can here, partly by means of the twin spirits of this place, and partly by grace of the Authors' Society, once more see those two great spirits in living and vital action and reaction upon one another, as they may be dimly deciphered through the spectacles of the scholar, in the words of classical history.

The natural history of the literary man has never been, so far as I know, adequately investigated and chronicled. Here is a subject for research which I commend to our Canadian Authors' Society: a subject as fruitful as any national history, in contrasts and contradictions, in tragedy and comedy. Where will you find in more riotous profusion the vagaries of human nature? than in the class which includes:

(1) The intellectual soldiers of fortune who have long since discarded, sometimes quite honestly and inevitably, all convictions, and who delight for dialectic exercise or for a livelihood, to pull to pieces all opinions put forward in their hearing, or all opinions unwelcome to their employers: who fire off their epigrams and paradoxes as effectively, rapidly, and much more entertainingly than the material soldiers of fortune their cannon: who have read everything and seen through everything, and of whom you can only be sure—apart from the necessity of their livelihood—that they will contradict what you say and will support the opposite: especially the unpopular side, the lost cause and the impossible loyalty.

Even the Universities contain such men; though such men gravitate more naturally to journalism and leave the Universities to the pedants. Jowett is reported to have said that he would rather break stones on the road than become one of these journalists. It was his good fortune that the alternative was never so forced upon his notice by his circumstances, as it has been upon some no doubt of the many clever men of his college before and since.

As a Puritan and middle-class Philistine myself I have sat in a college common room, among brilliant pyrotechnical performers of this kind, an exile returned for a brief space, and have been glad that I have been able to put bread in my mouth, with less expenditure of wit, less gymnastic contortions of the intellect, and less reckless abandonment of bourgeois prejudice.

(2) But the class includes the exact opposite of these gladiators; the men with quite a pedantic devotion to and belief in truth: quite a scholar's faith in words to heal the world's wrongs and solve its problems: with a Cicero's or a Dr. Arnold's faith in pamphlets, and with a Cardinal Newman's faith in theological distinctions: and a capacity for making oneself miserable, if one sees reason to suspect oneself a Manichee. Literary men, of the type of Cardinal Newman, are the simplest and most whole-souled believers in words and ideas: as horrified at paradox or insincerity as any serious-minded grocer: wholly incapable of diplomacy and economy of the truth: as far as the poles asunder from the intellectual gladiator on the one side, and the unscrupulous diplomatist—the Bismarcks of the world—on the other. They are not very manly sometimes, these simple pedants and scholars. For example, I think the Cardinal's verse—

> Bide thou thy time
> Watch with meek eye the race of pride and crime,
> Sit in the gate and be the heathen's jest
> Smiling and self-possest.
> O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway
> Bide thou the victor's day——

does not ring very wholesome: there is a little feminine spite in it. But at least these men, wholly sincere, are worshippers even to idolatry of words and theories:

words are only counters to the gladiators and to the men of the world, but money, real coinage, to these dreamers. Who loves truth, who sacrifices more for it, his career, all that he has, more than this style of literary man (and where is there a greater name in literature than Newman's ?) Who makes more of a scoff of it, and more disbelieves in it, than the other mind, the gladiator ? Yet both are typical products of literature. And there is this defence for the believers in words, that often the iotas for which they fight are only the last and literary expression of a real and sufficient difference of creed, as Carlyle came to be aware.

For literature covers a multitude of virtues and of vices. All the unworldliness and saintliness of Newman and all the morbid and unnatural excesses of the mere Bohemian, and the artistic blackguardism of De Maupassant and Verlaine. For they, too, are the natural products of literature in a restless age of inquiry. We have our childish creed (says Plato) and we obey it as father and mother ; but when we grow out of childish things, we find it is not precisely true. We find our father and mother are not really ours, but only adopted us. They are make-believes to us and we to them, and we give our attention instead, for the first time, perhaps, to the flatterers who have always surrounded us, but to whom we have not listened. And the voice of the flatterers sounds sweeter, when our parents' voice has lost its parental authority ; and the flatterers are by interpretation, just the elemental passions of our own body ; and we may listen so long that the flatterers guide our whole after life, and even at our funeral scandalize our serious friends by their attendance—as when at Verlaine's funeral, Esmée somebody or other, stole all the umbrellas of the litterateurs, perorating over his grave. Such a life is vanity, but it is literature, and sometimes quite extraordinarily good literature : quite amazing in its contrast with the life from which it issued and the other literature in which it is sandwiched.

(3) Nay—and this is another paradox in our subject—the very man who makes literature a byword by his excesses, by his Bohemianism, yet in his own way takes it very seriously indeed; "in his own way" (as Dowson said of himself); and the artistic blackguard, who may seem without principle of any sort, will resent as much and more than any simple-minded Cardinal Newman, Plato's verdict that literature is just trifling, is not serious: is amusement and not work. No men have worked harder than some of the reckless literary libertines of France.

(4) And over some of them a truthful charity or a charitable truthfulness will cast a yet further mantle; they are sometimes the opposite of Verlaine or Goldsmith who could write like saints however they talked. They are only reckless in their books not in their lives; they are purging themselves (as Aristotle said) of morbid and unhealthy fancies and imaginations by their books; you cannot have your emotion and express it also. They have expressed theirs; it is gone and there no longer; and in their daily life they are all that their books are not; as their books are all that they are not. If you want to know what a man is, says Mr. Hardy somewhere, you must often wait to hear what he says or writes, and then find the opposite and you have him. The ideal is never the real; and these men's rebellions and defiances are in idea only. All that they feel of rebellion, in fact, is felt in the mind only, and not with the immediate and simple feeling of the man of action. I am told that even Nietzsche, the prophet of blood and iron, was only so theoretically: was only so as a species of rebellious idealism. He was sensitive and shrinking himself and so he glorified the brutal god of many sensitive and shrinking persons—the unspeakable Prince Bismarck. The same is true in a converse form of Coventry Patmore.

(5) The literary man and thinker, of necessity rises to greater heights and falls to deeper depths than the man of action, for the ordinary balance of mind and body does not keep him from extremes. He lives in each in turn, but in each wholly, while the mood lasts: whence come at once, as Mr. Hardy has said, his shortcomings as a friend, a father, husband son or brother. I mean that they come from his living in the mind and imagination so deeply and so constantly. He loves the ideal not the actual brother; and distance is needed to make him brotherly: in the actual presence of the actual brother—considerably damaged from the arch-angelic type—his affection chills at once; and again, unlike and the opposite of women, even such chill affection as he has, he spreads over all his brethren, even over the human race; and the butter of his affection becomes too thin to butter their bread: to butter the bread of the individual brother. He is devoted to the race in a way, but callous to the individual, as Emerson was callous and even indignant if his daughter suffered toothache, in a world which her father, following in the footsteps of another eminent authority, whom he condescended to quote with approval, had pronounced to be very good.

(6) And there is yet another genus or species of literary men who are interesting and always with us: the keen mordant intellects, which, piercing the shows and shams of life, its affectations and humbug, and yet not reckless gladiators only bent on fighting, elect to support the cause which is at once solid and also in an age of education apologetic and humble: the cause of the established order of old fogeyism; for what these men hate most is Sciolism. They see it in the liberals and reformers, and they launch upon them a multitude of jests, which made Plato smart and makes revolutionaries smart still. Humour is not serious nor takes life and itself seriously; and these conservatives are humorous: almost all the

wits and humorists are conservatives, I think, from Aristophanes, through Hookham Frere, and Gibbon and Canning, down to Mr. Seaman and Mr. Godley, and the Modern Saturday Reviewers: I can only think of Praed and Lowell, who used their humour to help the reformers. It is very natural. The reformers believe so much and gush and "gas" so much about it.

This, I take it, is why Lord Beaconsfield passed over from the reformers to the conservatives and Mr. Gladstone from the conservatives to the reformers; because the former was a sceptical and doubting intellect, and the latter was full of faith and enthusiasm. It is also surely the reason why Erasmus remained so conservative and friendly to the old faith: Erasmus who was always humorous and sceptical, whilst the blatant enthusiasm of Luther carried him over to the reformers.

(7) Again you have seen the literary man of moody silences; Lord Beaconsfield once more: the man who breaks out at long intervals only into some caustic epigrams. But you have also the literary man of exuberant verbosity. Even Mr. Gladstone must not be shut out from the house of literature, even if his mind was third rate as Mr. Bagehot said, and only his energy first rate: and even though no speech of his will last, for none had humour or distinction or even first-rate phrases, but were as commonplace as his taste in novels and in theology; for he had at least one real enduring faith which is not the faith of the practical man, for which he surrendered office and leadership: a faith in cosmopolitanism and a horror of jingoism for which he fought early in life with Lord Palmerston and surrendered late in life to President Kruger, provoking from his great rival the best-known and the not undeserved epigram about cosmopolitans.

And even if Gladstone did not himself stand high enough to count, there are plenty of others, men as delightful in their incessant talk as Bonary Price, least British most vivacious of Englishmen; or as Anthony Trollope and other gifted men. One such I remember who made his home here in Canada, an Englishman with a French name and origin and all a Frenchman's vivacity—Mr. De Soyres.

(8) You have seen the literary man with his contempt for "gas" and "gush," for emotion and rhetoric and sentimentality—like Byron. But the same Byron was forever himself posing, and paraded before Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart in his Childe Harold; and other leaders of thought who seem at first mere men of action, on closer scrutiny have a real affinity with the world of thought. Even Cardinal Manning surrenders for an idea *his* leadership, and though he was a man of action and a diplomatist, and disregarded narrow scruples of truth-speaking like an ancient Greek, and shocked Cardinal Newman's studious soul, yet no one who surrendered so much was merely a man of action.

(9) You have seen literary men as pessimists in Europe; but also as optimists, even fanatic optimists, and just as naturally in America. You have seen him as the believer in law and in necessity (Zeno, Holmes); but you have seen him also as the believer in free will (Erasmus).

(10) You have felt both as men of your race and also as authors and practical men, the vanity and unreality of literature; but you have felt no less, doubtless, the vanity and unreality of practical life. When I used to sit in lecture room No. 5 in our University and translate Plato's *Republic*, I used to leave that room and the society of Plato and half a dozen students and return to the open town and to the perusal of my tradesmen's bills with a sense of the vanity and unreality of Plato, and a regret that I had not chosen a more live profession and one which would have helped me to cut down those bills by showing me how to do more of the plumbing

of my house and of the stoking of my furnace for myself.

But some years afterwards, when I had a brief opportunity of " service " as it is euphemistically termed, that is "of serving tables," and became a practical man almost and an administrator, I somewhat changed my point of view. I found that when I left the council chamber after discussing for some time the list of prominent citizens and their wives to be entitled to a seat at some University function, and the question whether the same seat was entitled to a label " reserved " or not: or again, when as Principal of my college I leave my college council after we have discussed the precise details for a students' entertainment; the number of tickets to be issued, the authority which is to issue, the hours of opening and closing the same, the methods for carrying out the closure, the means of scouring the passage-ways, lecture rooms and even cellars perhaps for stragglers when the doors are to be locked, the problem whether the turning out of the lights or the turning off of the heat will be the most effectual damper upon the continuance of an entertainment which has been declared " off," I say when I have spent a few hours in the discussion of these most practical and important details, I find to my surprise that I am renewing very keenly an old experience, and a sense of vanity and unreality again takes possession of my soul, and a sense of vanity even more overpowering than that which followed the translation of Plato's *Republic*; and it dawns upon me that that sense of vanity is no whit more intrinsically associated with the life of scholarship, speculation and theory than with the life of practical administration. That after all it is intrinsically only the echo—temperamental, perhaps, but inevitable—of the unsatisfactoriness, the wastefulness of all human life, practical alike and speculative. And so I no longer resent the translation of the dreams of Plato and I am just as willing to translate into words his co-education-programme in room No. 5, as to translate it into action in the council chamber. Each translation may be defective, but the translation into fact is bound to fall further behind his vision than the other and more literal and more speculative translation; for words and speculations (as Plato says) have necessarily a far greater grip of the truth of things than mere realizations in fact and flesh and matter.

And so, though you feel the vanity and flimsiness and the want of body in the creeds and systems of literary men like Coleridge and Channing, when you see Coleridge arguing at great length with a Birmingham tallow-chandler to persuade him to subscribe to his short-lived paper, when you watch in imagination Channing conducting a religious service with a few cut flowers in a glass of water on the table by way of ritual and vestments: though you ask for a religion and a system with more body in it, more power in it for the ordinary man, though you miss the pomp and circumstance, the lights and ceremonies of the Roman church, though you miss the colour, the candles, the sensuousness, the music, the things which make life, from these pallid and emaciated rites, this spectral theology: though the appeal of Coleridge and Channing is too far above human nature, too rational, too rarefied, too neutral and impartial, when compared with "the blessed mutter of the mass and the strong, stupefying incense smoke" in the chapel of Rome; or again, when compared with the fervid denunciations of the scarlet woman, and Anti-Christ in the chapel of the anti-Roman fanatic, though all this be so, you have but to turn to the opposite pole, to the illiterate life, to the life of the multitude and the men of action to be reconciled to Channing.

For after all you feel not less acutely the superstitions, the vanity and the folly, the stupidity and the ignorance of the great world of men of action, the men of action, who interfere through their agents and policemen with students and dreamers: who arrested Coleridge and Wordsworth as they sat debating on the Somersetshire hills, on Realism and Romanticism, for French spies marking out the English coast, and arranging suitable plans for Napoleonic disembarkations. Was the vanity greater in the philosophers' conversation than in the activity of the suspicious politicians and the local magistrates? Vanity of vanities: all was vanity.

Ideas as well as words are only counters to the man of action, unreal, trivial; but is there nothing to be said in honour of poor Robespierre, the idealist (however blood-stained his hands), who sat through the night, his last night of power, debating and debating and debating should he sign the order for the arrest of his enemies which meant more bloodshed and perhaps civil war: and deciding at last not to sign but rather to lose his own life than violate constitutional forms: was he not therein a reputable type of the student and literary man? Let him who is without ideas and is the mere man of action cast the first stone at him; or even in honour of poor Camille Des Moulins on the scaffold: "If I could only have got out the 7th number of the Vieux Cordelier I should have turned the tables," the literary man's pathetic faith in words. Even in honour of the poorest of all; even in Fabre d'Eglantine there is something tolerable: he groaned (says M. Belloc) all the way to the scaffold. "What is the matter?" asked Danton. "I have written a play called the Maltese Orange: I fear the police have taken it and some one will steal it and get the fame": to which Danton the cynical man of action answered, "Tais-toi: dans une semaine tu feras assez de vers."

Vain and pathetic and ludicrous often will seem this faith in words; and vital and solid the antithesis between words and deeds and wholly in favour of deeds. Yet of a sudden, by a shift of mind or mood or memory there sweep across our ears the chimes of the New Testament making discord with our harmony and upsetting all our confident conclusions: "By your words ye shall be justified and by your words ye shall be condemned." It is a strange sentence and a hard saying to a Briton when we have just assured ourselves that words are often the antithesis of deeds, and the safety-valve of steam, and that by their means deeds are often avoided, both for good and ill.

To whom can it apply? to anyone? Yes: perhaps to those rare students who live wholly in their words and thoughts and have and should have no life outside them: to whom words and imaginations are not the sufficient substitutes for one sort of action, but their only action. Some students of literature there are perhaps of the Pater type who live wholly in their literature and must by it or by nothing be justified or condemned. Perhaps it is better so for them: all the impressionist fancies of Pater, all the admonitions against habits, and fixed principles and stereotyped forms of life and thought, all the warnings against the ruinous force of the will, and the necessity of an open mind above all things and a susceptible nature, all this practically applied to action would probably break down and land the practitioner in awkward places, if not in prisons: as words and theories they are at least innocuous imagination, if somewhat flimsy.

This text illustrates also the creed of the "verbal" scholar, the scholar who labours hard for verbal niceties: for iotas, though iotas (as said before) are often only the last not the first stage of his meditations. The grammarian who "settled *ὅτι*'s business: let it be; properly based *οὖν*, gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *δε*, dead from the waist down." It illustrates also, perhaps, the fastidiousness of the scholar about words, and his difficulties with his spiritual self, which will not use high words lightly, or throw them before swine—so that the common people do not hear him gladly: and the fastidiousness of hearers who cannot abide high words except from those who are justified by their lives in using them. It illustrates also the scholar's horror of action, his absorption in words and thoughts: it illustrates even ultimately the difference between the civilization of Protestants, namely action; and that of Roman Catholics, namely, thought and meditation.

Now this Society is a society largely of British origin, originating in the race which has always despised literature even when it practised it, and not only when, like the Duke of Wellington, it was exposed to it. This Society is not likely to take literature too seriously, to take it as seriously as Frenchmen take it. We belong to the race of Sir Walter Scott, and Thackeray and Gibbon and Miss Austen; and they, none of them, thought of themselves, at least of their literary selves, more highly than they ought to have thought. Sir Walter thought much more highly of the Duke of Wellington: Thackeray of his knowledge of men and of life; Gibbon of his position and station: Miss Austen of her gentility. You should be able by right of British birth to escape the danger of any servility or superstition about literature.

And also as a Society of Authors, literary men with some business capacity and business success, you should be doubly able to weigh literature in the balance and judge it discriminately, and mediate between it and action.

You see enough of literature, and of the better sides of it, I shall suppose, to sympathize with the man of thought and theories, of words and principles, against the mere men of action, the Bismarcks of the world, who brush aside all theories and all principles to accomplish their material and their immediate ends. You see enough to sympathize rather with the dreamers and visionaries who, like the Stoic philosophers, rush in where angels might fear to tread, and attempt to separate warring armies, warring competitive nations, with lofty theories and phrases of Christianity and of the Fatherhood of God, and of the Brotherhood of man.

You see enough of literature to see that it is not all humbug and cant and insincerity, and trifling, in spite of Plato, who plays the advocatus diaboli for anyone who thinks of canonizing literature. You see that its hypocrisy, is like other and quite commonplace hypocrisy, merely, very often, an ugly name for aspiration.

And yet, your very name the Canadian Society of Authors, is sufficient proof that though you welcome literature and that republic of letters in which there is neither bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile, you are not unmanned by literature, nor so literary as to dispense with nationality, national feeling, and common patriotism, but you rather desire, while becoming scholarly, that your scholarship and your literary work shall be known by the name of Canadian, and shall reflect credit, and win interest and esteem for our young—and in literature—our still infant and voiceless country.

CHAPTER XI

QUALITY AND EQUALITY

NO one can read history and philosophy and theology and politics—nay, no one can read the fiction of this day without seeing the pervasive attraction exercised over the imagination of theologians, statesmen, philosophers, and historians, and even the novel-writers, at least of the present age, by the idea of equality.

It is even their obsession. It is assumed that in a divinely ordered society equality is the ideal in view, if not the end actually obtained. It is assumed that the ruling principle of the world—Christianity—is but another name for equality. Christianity means democracy, that is, a democratic equality. It is an ideal, but something more. The founders of the United States introduced into their Declaration of Independence, as men are apt to fancy that they secure their ideal by announcing it as a present fact, the curious clause, that all men are born free and equal. The founders of the French Revolution repeated the proposition in their triple watchword which stares one in the face on the public buildings of Paris—Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. One of the founders, Philip, Duc d'Orleans, bore it as his nickname—Philippe Egalité.

On the other hand, more modern Egalitarians, even though they are Socialists, press the doctrine of equality less far. Mr. Hyndman, the Socialist, in his reminiscences, for example.

But a second thought and a second study of these sources reveals an undercurrent not running precisely in the same direction. Democracy means the right of numbers, the count of heads, the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But it also means—and the two meanings are forever clashing and have created two widely different views of democracy in all ages—liberty for every man, the rights of the individual, the value of the individual soul, the rights not of men only, but of man.

This democracy involves the rights of minorities, not less than majorities; proportional representation is its legitimate offspring, and a new " divine right " makes its appearance superseding the divine right of the majority, as that superseded the divine right of kings, the divine right of every man, even of a minority of one, against the oppression of numbers. And this divine right—not less than the divine right of numbers—rests on the idea of equality. If every man has equal rights with every other, there comes a point, sooner or later, when his rights cannot be over-ridden by the rights of any number—however great—of his neighbours.

Everyone admits the right of numbers, of the mass, of the State, to supersede individual and personal rights in all non-essentials; in the expropriation at a price of land required for public purposes, and the like. Few, if any, thoughtful persons admit the right of the majority to confiscate the property of the minority, even of a minority of one, or to dictate to them their way of living, their habits and religion—provided these things are not endangering the State.

It may seem to benefit the State if the minority can be forced into the same grooves of thought, life, and religion as the majority; it may seem to secure the unity necessary to a perfect State; but the French statesmen who on this plea exterminated the Huguenots, are voted to have been wrong. Not that they failed exactly, but their success was worse than failure and constituted a greater failure than direct failure;

namely, failure indirect. The success of their persecutions filled all lands but France with the best blood and intellect of France; enriched the world at the expense of France and was, while seemingly successful, the worst blow ever dealt at French interests. The right of numbers therefore, though it is the principle of modern governments, has its limits, however vague they be, and if their limits are overrun, the numbers—the nation itself that is—suffer more than they gain by so exaggerating their rights.

But yet a third current is as traceable in the river of democratic politics as the current of individual rights; an undercurrent distinct from the main stream of democracy, and distinct from the other and first undercurrent of the rights of the individual.

The United States deny in practice whole-heartedly, though in theory half-heartedly they support, the equal rights of alien and so-called inferior civilizations. They claim the continent of America for the white race; they forbid the immigration wholly or in part of the Chinese and of the Japanese. They withhold by artifice—if not yet by positive law—the franchise from the negro. The Canadian government resists the intrusion of Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos. The South African government resists the same immigration and withholds, or sharply limits by an educational test, the franchise of the Kaffir and the other native tribes of Africa. The Australian government resists the invasion of Japanese labourers. The British government itself—though looking askance at these things and in perpetual conflict with its daughter states over the details of this question—denies the absolute equality of the brown races of Hindostan: gives them civil but not exactly political liberty, and civil but not political equality.

And many of these states further deny the political equality of the white race, as far as one sex, the female sex, is concerned, and confines the suffrage to men.

And so neither democracy in its natural form—the rule of numbers—nor in its secondary and higher form—the equal liberty and equality of all—expresses the whole thought of the age and of its popular thinkers. There is no occasion to consider here the thought of its unpopular thinkers, though they may be legion—absolutely; relatively they are few, until they convert the rest, and then they are no longer unpopular.

But this second undercurrent, then, in the river of modern democracy represents what? Not the idea of equality obviously, still less the idea of the rule of numbers (which is itself implicitly and in germ inconsistent with the idea of equality); this second undercurrent naturally and absolutely contradicts equality; it bids equality mind its "p's" and "q's." More precisely, it strikes off the "e" and puts the "q" first, and sets up in its place the principle of "quality."

And then it begins to dawn upon the puzzled theorist that even Christianity itself, which lies at the basis of democracy and has been assumed to be its synonym, has somehow, somewhere, in its meanings, implications inconsistent with mere democracy and inconsistent also with mere equality. It begins to dawn upon him that the only equality recognized by Christianity, or by any religion for that matter, is not the equality of which the politician speaks, but only the equal responsibility of all men for the making the best of the very unequal talents committed to their charge; their equal responsibility for using to the full the ten, or five, or one talent committed to their charge.

But if the talents be ten and five and one, there is no longer any equality in the ordinary sense of the word. There is instead the principle of quality. The man with ten talents has quality; the man with five has an approach to it; the man with one has no quality.

And after all—without any such parable—Christianity, if it be a religion, must be aristocratic in some sense, not merely democratic ; must seek to get the best out of any one, not the average only. It is a religion and cannot then be like a labour union which prescribes that the best bricklayer regulate his number of bricks by the capacity of the poorest, or rather of the average bricklayer. It is a religion ; it cannot mean then that the good workman starve his ten talents till they seem like five, or whatever be the average number of talents vouchsafed to men. That would turn the Creator into a labour boss, or walking delegate. The imagination cannot go so far ; not even the imagination of a decent labour " boss " or respectable walking delegate.

There may be a divine right underlying all government, the divine right of the individual to develop his individual talent to the limit to which nature permits its development. It is a terribly difficult right to secure as society is at present constituted, hampered as a man may be by heredity and circumstances. But something in us, nevertheless, attests the divine right of such development. But there is another divine right—the divine right of quality to rule, which will seem even more divine because it is less difficult to secure, because indeed it cannot, however often defeated, be permanently effaced or ignored. In proportion as men are generous and intelligent, the human nature in every man acknowledges the right of quality and gives to it unstinted obedience and ready acknowledgment. No man of generosity and intelligence is so misled by the false and perverted kind of democracy which calls itself democracy while it is only the voice of jealousy and envy, as to count himself the equal of one in whom he sees superior quality.

But what is this superior quality, so universally recognized and obeyed ? The question is never an easy one to answer, and is impossible of answer in a democratic age of universal education.

In the old aristocratic and caste societies of one hundred years ago, it was easily answered. The peasant in an English village of those days with that keen perception of facts, that realism, which belongs to the illiterate and makes the illiterate so much more interesting and edifying as companion than the literate, seized upon the superiority in knowledge, birth, wealth, and manners—not in any one of these things only but in them all—which he found in many of his squires and class superiors and called it "quality." They became to him "the quality"; and there was no difficulty for him in saying where quality resided. But in this age all that is gone.

What peasant, however humble or servile from years of subordination, could give to-day that picturesque epithet "the quality" to the squire or nobleman or millionaire whose only inequality with himself may be in money; who thunders past him in an infernal motor covering him with dust and spoiling the flowers of his tiny garden, and coating garden and cottage and flowers with dirt, but who may know no more nor possess better manners than himself; who may amount to no more in Oxford or Cambridge than himself; who may be even a lesser part of Oxford than himself. A long string of scholarships from the elementary school scholarship to the scholarships of the university may have taken him or his sons to the universities; they cannot have taken the squire or the millionaire in England to seats of loftier learning or better manners. The universities may not have stamped the impress of these things so deeply on the squire's mind as upon his own. Whatever quality—in the proper sense of the word—there be in the world may now be his as well as his squire's, and more than his squire's. And there is no longer any very sure or easy outward badge and visible sign by which the inward and spiritual grace of quality may be distinguished. Money will not do; for it is still as ever doubly hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven or quality; and few will do it. A few rich men will survive the obstacles and engrossments of wealth, the distractions of petty business, and still pettier society, which it brings in its train. A few abnormal camels will pass through the needle's eye; nothing is impossible to God, or to those men on whom His grace has fallen, but as a criterion of quality money will not only not serve, it will not begin to serve. It will more easily serve as a criterion of grace's absence, seeing that the victims are many in whom "dull affluence repressed their noble rage."

Birth will not do; for nature is capricious, and the golden nature is sometimes found in modern states, as in the Platonic Callipolis, in the brazen or leaden class of the proletariat. Biologists cannot agree as to the value of heredity and hereditary culture; for families, like lands—as Pindar says—soon suffer from intensive culture and continual cropping, and have to lie fallow for a few generations; and rapidly exhaust themselves when they are forced and cultivated to produce talent and grace and genius. The virgin land which has never been cultivated, the germ plasms of the uncultivated proletariat are apt to be more promising, like the soil of Manitoba and the West; the proletariat is our political Saskatchewan.

Clothes will not do. They are too cheap and easy an index. So that it becomes even safer to argue from them inversely; a poorly-dressed and dowdy woman may be a great lady; a lady of quality, and a gentlewoman; a richly caparisoned damsel runs the risk of being at once set down as a dressmaker or a housemaid enjoying her afternoon out.

Then if clothes, birth, money are no index, what index remains? Education remains, but it is delusive and disappointing. Latin grammar does not give quality necessarily; nor even does the lack of it. Physical science does not preclude illiteracy, and though illiteracy does not preclude "quality," it disguises it. A good modern education may leave its possessor where it found him; it may do worse, and overlay and freeze the genial current of his soul, as Dickens would have been pruned out of existence by a good education.

There is no index of quality and no outward test; only a long experience, and the guarantee furnished by a record of years will carry with it the conviction that this man or that—nobleman or peasant—has the indescribable distinction, a distinction of nature primarily, only slightly disguised or arrested by unfavourable circumstances.

Then, obviously, quality—so hard to describe and so much harder to recognize—can be no measure for political purposes, for the possession, for example, of the franchise. Here, of course, when we reach this democratic conclusion we are "up against" Socrates. Socrates scoffed at democracy because it neglected quality, because it counted noses. No man, he was fond of saying, when a ship was tempest-tossed, took a show of hands to find a helmsman. Every man rushed for the expert—for the helmsman—for the man of quality, and rushed him to the helm, and held him there by force if necessary. A state should rush to its natural helmsmen, the experts in government, and hold them to the job.

The figure is entertaining, but it does not seem very profound or salutary. Presumably on shipboard there is a helmsman already, who is known, or at least supposed, to understand something of the business. Presumably, also, on shipboard in a storm even human vanity is not so prodigious that the ignorant but vain man, who is eager to be in the limelight but knows nothing of seamanship, will choose the limelight at the cost of drowning; to drown in the limelight is imperfect distinction.

It is not quite the same in the ship of State, in politics. A man may love the limelight (or the Limehouse light) inordinately, but, unfortunately, there is no deterrent drowning, just ahead of him, to curb his vanity ; and besides, it is so much harder on the ship of State to recognize the expert. Democracy, so far as I can judge, is only a method, and the only method so far as I can at present imagine one, of choosing that expert. I think Socrates was very unfair and unjust. We all agree with him in his object. We all want that expert. But we cannot, for the life of us, imagine any better way of finding him than taking a show of hands ; at any rate, of white hands (metaphorically white, of course). We might, indeed, restrict the franchise to the B.A.'s of the University of Toronto ; we might restrict it to the chief newspaper editors ; we might restrict it to university professors (I lean to this myself at times) or to all doctors of medicine, or to all surgeons ; we might restrict it to the ministers of the Anglican Church (I put this in out of compliment to Trinity College) ; we might restrict it to the bank managers ; we might restrict it to Canadian Pacific Railway magnates ; we might restrict it to lieutenant-governors. Alas, for human nature, we have none of us sufficient faith in any of those amiable persons ; for many reasons, but two are sufficient : that we know by bitter experience that many of them—and not the worst of them—have no faith in themselves for any such high office ; and secondly, by still bitterer experience, we know that they have no faith in each other, and frankly tell us, under their breath and in a corner, that other B.A.'s and other university professors, and other bank managers, etc., are little better than fools ; are, practically, morons.

These, you see, are the fancy franchises which the late Mr. John Bright—who was not a B.A. or a university professor, or a doctor or a surgeon, or even a bank manager—unmercifully ridiculed ; and which only the state of Belgium has ever (even partially and in combination with manhood suffrage) put into practice. We can all of us sympathize with Mr. Bright. It is so easy to ridicule, so hard not to ridicule, these professors and professional gentlemen as heads of a government. But personally I sympathize also with the state of Belgium, at least in their idea, in their aim and object, if not in their method of achieving it. For, after all, what can be more absurd, as Socrates saw, than this principle of equality in the franchise. What can be more absurd than that a man who is managing well, let us say, a large estate or a large railway, or a large bank, or any large establishment should see his vote cancelled by the vote of the laziest, most shiftless and most incompetent of his tenants or his employees: the thing is preposterous, absurd, even wicked, at the first glance. It is so obvious, as Aristotle says, that a State is a factory—a large business engaged in the manufacture of virtue; and the dividends from it, that is, the honours and the chief posts and the chief power, should go to those shareholders who contribute to its capital of virtue the largest number of shares, that is, the greatest amount of virtue. But, once more, with Aristotle's metaphor, as with Socrates' metaphor of a ship, the difficulty is to decide who are these shareholders, and what is virtue. And who can decide that, and what tests or index have we?

And so democracy, in spite of Socrates' scoff and Aristotle's metaphors, is justified in not looking just yet for the index; in ignoring it; in basing itself frankly on numbers and equality, with only this recognition of quality in the background: that it demands that the civilization of a land be the civilization of the higher race, not the lower. Whether that means the civilization of the white men, instead of the civilization of the black and yellow or bronze, is a different question, demanding the judgment of an expert without prejudices, who has seen and known intimately all these civilizations. And where is he to be found? But democracy may properly limit its doctrine of numbers and equality with this vague proposition of quality, though the proposition be at present too vague and academic for practical utility, and be one of those many discoveries which we must patiently leave to the science of the future to discover.

What comes of all this ? Does anything come of it ? Where does it all point ? Only to this, I think : that in politics, in the distribution of the franchise, we must base ourselves upon democracy and on the principle of counting noses—I don't say noses out of slang or flippancy or irreverence, but only because it is so abhorrent, so unscientific, to talk of the counting of heads, when you are not counting what is in them. When I see in the distant future the true counting of heads, that is, the counting of what is in them, or better the counting of what is in heads and hearts combined, I cannot reconcile myself to speak of counting heads in any lower, more vulgar, and more democratic sense ; it shocks me.

In the administration of a state, then, and in the distribution of the franchise, we must for the present be content with our poor democratic principle : the counting of numbers. (That avoids the vulgar word noses.)

But secondly, we shall guard and limit the principle of numbers by recognizing the more divine principle of equality. We shall recognize minorities and give minorities representation. We shall introduce proportional representation. We shall give to each considerable minority its representatives proportioned to their number. We shall not be content much longer to swing with the pendulum, as they swing in England ; to be governed by a House of Commons which represents now this snap majority and now that. We shall find something more stable by proportional representation and the representation of minorities ; and perhaps still further stability by the adoption of the referendum, a device which represents at once the right of the majority but also the equal rights of each voter. Our present system of representative government recognizes the equal rights of each voter only for a moment; only when the pandemonium of a general election is in progress. After that is over, the individual voter is helpless again—more helpless even than he was when the two parties were cajoling him for his vote—and becomes nobody, until another election comes on. In the interval he is governed by the snap majority which he put in power, only because he had to put some party in power, and which never represented him perhaps, except on the one question which was paramount for the moment during the election, and which may have ceased to represent him only a month afterwards, when circumstances have disposed of that burning question and have put another in its place on which the snap majority does not represent him at all.

Proportional representation, minority representation, and the referendum, these three reforms seem all urgently needed to defend the rights of minorities and also the rights of equality—the rights of the individual voter; to deliver us from the tyranny of single chamber government, from the tyranny of a House of Commons and an autocratic Cabinet, from the insolence of elected persons.

Of course there are the theoretic safeguards of a House of Lords and a Senate, but we need not discuss those safeguards just now, when the House of Lords is a cypher and cannot even act any longer as a referendum and force an appeal to the real rulers, the electors; and when the Senate—as we have known it in this country—has come to be only the refuge of the enfeebled or unsuccessful statesmen of the party in power, of the men who are too old to go through the hurly-burly of an election, or have done so unsuccessfully, and have claimed a senatorship as the recompense of that rough and tumble experience and of that electoral horseplay.

For government then, for politics, democracy and equality ; and quality in the background as a dubious principle—absolutely sound, the soundest of all principles in theory—but academic and impracticable in fact, until we are nearer the millennium.

But government and politics do not absorb life, any more than trade and commerce and arts and sciences absorb life. Socrates, by the way—I can never get away long from Socrates—thought that trade and commerce and arts and sciences *did* absorb life. He thought that poets were demonstrably fools and ignoramuses, because, while professing to understand life, to understand men, women, and children, to understand what a king says, and what a queen says, and what a merchant and a judge and a doctor and a tradesman says and does, he yet never could tell you what a tradesman actually will say when you ask him to recommend you a sugar or a tea ; what a doctor will say when you ask for a prescription for mumps ; what a seamstress will say and do when you ask her to mend your gown and sew on some collar buttons ; or what a muleteer will say or do to get his mules up an impossible pass in the mountains. The right words in all these cases, objects Socrates to the poets, the mystical right-prescription for the swollen face, the mystical right-swear-words for the mule, are always known only by the expert, the doctor, the seamstress, the tradesman, and the muleteer, never by the poet.

Well, we have our Shakespeare, not to say our Homer, who know what a man is, and a woman and a child and a king and a tradesman and a doctor, and a muleteer even, who did express human nature over all these walks of life, or even over their mountain passes. And having Shakespeare and Homer we know that Socrates was talking Socratic nonsense, and that life is greater than art, and much longer, in spite of half-true proverbs ; in reality *ars brevis vita longa est*. The time a man spends in his technical pursuits is short. The part these things play in his life is short and small. The man in them is greater than the artist or craftsman, and the specific character which he possesses as a man, that is, as a king, as a doctor, as a tradesman, as a muleteer, is something infinitely greater and more complex than his technical knowledge, and the technical jargon in which he expresses himself for a few minutes when he is "on his job," "doing his bit" as king, tradesman, etc.

This specific character of man—modified in each case by his place in society and his trade—this it is which the poets—because they are poets, and are men of every sort, and, more, are man, woman and child all in one—comprehend and interpret to us outsiders, so that we go to them, to Shakespeare and to Homer, to know other men and to know ourselves.

Life is much greater, then, than government and politics and franchises, much greater even than the arts, trades, and professions which are greater than politics. And what is to be the guiding principle of life—of private life, of the inner life, of the only life most of us really lead—of the life we lead when we are not either voting or lecturing, or selling sugar, or exhorting mules, etc., etc.?

And here comes in at last and incontestably now, and not theoretically or academically, nor as a vision of some millennial future, here comes in again at last our third principle of quality. Quality, however vague, is that which we seek and express in private life, in our very life and character; by which we are judged now; by which we expect to be judged hereafter—at the Great Assize, I mean. I will not attempt at this late hour to prove there is a Great Assize, it would take a little too much of that valuable time which I have been wasting on hair-splitting and experiments of an ultra-academic and professorial character. I will content myself with a proposition, which hardly anyone I think will deny: if there be no such Great Assize there ought to be, for it represents the deepest instinct of justice implanted in the human heart from kings to muleteers. The belief in it springs from the deepest instincts and leads to the noblest living. Therefore it must be true. What is the good of pragmatism if it cannot at least teach us that ? Quality I say is that by which we are judged here in our private lives and expect to be judged at the Great Assize.

And therefore there remain the three principles we have been discussing—democracy, equality, and quality. Democracy for government and politics and franchises ; equality for the law courts and as a secondary principle, a principle of limitation and regulation, even for our governments and our politics and franchises—yes, and even for our trade and professions ; for all true and necessary work honourably done and to the level of our best is in a certain sense, a subjective sense, a religious or Christian sense, equal. And quality, for our true lives, our inner lives, our real selves, and our religion : now abide these three principles, and the greatest of these is quality.

CHAPTER XII

THE BEST POLICY

(1) I HAVE spent my sheltered and cloistered life in reading Socrates and Plato and Aristotle (whose opinions outweigh with me Mr. Lloyd George's and other modern lights, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Baldwin, though the opinions of the two latter, being classical scholars, have a certain adventitious and adscititious value of their own in my eyes) and something also of the other Greek sophists. One of the later sophists—Carneades, you will all remember—went to Rome on one occasion and shocked the Roman Purists and Puritans—the British hypocrites of that dispensation—by lecturing on behalf of justice one day and against it the next.

(2) I have been driven by force of my reflections upon life recently into the same predicament. I have been protesting in season and out of season for years against that popular and utilitarian maxim of this age and zeitgeist, that honesty is just the best policy and only that. I have been preaching against John Stuart Mill and Grote and John Mackinnon Robertson and scores of other men, much more eminent than I am, that such honesty is no honesty, and fatal to the nation (in the end) that should adopt it. That utility and expediency is no basis for honesty : that honesty must rest on less obvious and easy and precarious and shifty quicksands : that it must rest on foundations more close to rock-bottom : more mystical and metaphysical and instinctive : that it must rest on religion in fact : on those unfathomable and invisible beings and things

known as the soul and God and duty and conscience: on the first great words least understood. I have been preaching that duty and expediency may be often coincident but are never identical.

(3) And now having argued thus for years for honesty—for a real honesty—I am going back on this occasion only to argue like Carneades not for this real honesty but in favour of the best policy.

(4) But I am not proposing just to eat my former words—I don't suppose Carneades did so—but to distinguish the different circumstances under which men had better follow mystical instincts and instinctive conscience and God and duty, and under which again they should be content with the best policy, and should be very careful—very, very careful—to find the best policy, and therewith to stick to it though the heavens of the politicians fall.

(5) You can guess why I have trimmed my sails and taken a large reef in the main-sail, and steered for a nearer and an easier port. We are hearing so much about the maintenance of the British Empire and its commonwealth of nations: the necessity of maintaining it and the difficulty of guaranteeing its maintenance.

(6) I quite agree: it is, I think, necessary to maintain it, not for Great Britain's sake only, though I was caught too late ever to forget her interests; not for Canada's sake only, though I have been so long here—fifty years practically—as to feel often a Canadian: (and if and when I don't, my speech bewrays me often and advertises me for one) I see nothing for Canada of supreme value outside the Empire: she would become just an inferior United States (whether or not she were absorbed in the United States), just a poorer America, a northern North America, commercialized to her Southern neighbour's likeness, gravitating every year more and more to that type: not for Great Britain's sake only or for Canada's sake only: but for the world

—for the whole world's sake—This British Empire of nations is the greatest and most beneficent experiment in politics ever made: at least the greatest and most beneficent experiment which is already a going concern: the League of Nations is greater and more beneficent, but it is not yet secure, not yet really going steadily. The British commonwealth of nations is a going concern and it is an experiment which benefits the whole world, for it makes for world peace.

(7) But how maintain it, this British Empire? That is where this "best policy" comes in. You can't maintain it as you may hope to maintain individual honesty: a man's and a woman's honesty, by appeals to conscience and instinct and the soul and God and duty. No one can easily count the maintenance of our Empire a part of the word of God and the voice of duty. Let us be content to see that it is the best policy and stick like leeches (8) to the best policy through good report and ill report: through sensational journalism and fire-eating politicians and all the personal feuds and piques and misunderstandings between man and man, which are for ever breaking up homes and separating man and man, and man and wife, and may easily break up our beneficent Empire if we do not cling desperately, in spite of all human feuds and friction, to the best policy. All imperial questions, all international questions—and imperial questions are already almost international questions—should be settled not on sentiment only but on sheer cold-blooded reason, and on considerations of the best policy: and the good of the Empire and of the world.

(9) They can bear that scrutiny, even as constitutional monarchy, which is often treated as a matter of sentiment only, can bear the closest scrutiny, and will turn out the best policy as well as the best sentiment: for constitutional monarchy as Venizelos knew, poor man, and argued and fought for it and suffered for it (fighting for it even against

a monarch who disliked him)—constitutional monarchy is the best defence of a state against the four evils of modern life: the ambitious politician, the ambitious soldier, the ambitious millionaire, the ambitious journalist (the greatest danger of them all —to-day).

"My handkerchief" (said the King of Italy the other day to Mussolini) "you cannot have: it is the only thing you still let me poke my nose into"; Mussolini represents three out of the four evils: he is an ambitious statesman and soldier and journalist all in one.

(10) Can imperial questions and international questions be settled calmly on the lines of the best policy? Are they now? You know the difficulty: a whole nation, like an individual, will destroy its future, will tear up its prospects, will doom itself and its unborn generations, in a fit of national anger, in a momentary pique, if it conceives itself insulted or even depreciated.

(11) Let some touchy and self-conscious demagogue be snubbed by a foreign Power (as the French ambassador in 1870 was supposed to have been snubbed by William of Prussia), and not only will the politicians of France be ready to fight, but all France and especially all Paris, will be ready to take up arms and shout, "à Berlin, à Berlin."

(12) And that is only one case. Germany was in her turn carried into war in 1914 by ambitious soldiers. No need for it: everything already going or coming her way; she had only to sit still and consider the best policy, and she would have mastered Europe without war, as she failed, just failed, to do through war.

(13) Every man round the British Empire may well tremble when he thinks of these things, when he reflects how weak and frail to an angry man and even to an angry nation is "the best policy" against wounded pride and injured self-love.

(14) Some statesman of South Africa, of Australia, of Canada, even of India in the long days to come, is affronted, let us suppose (it is so deplorably easy and natural a supposition) by the hauteur or the tactlessness or the misunderstood shyness even and silence, of some other statesman in Downing Street: the Dominion statesman is vain, perhaps, and the other in Downing Street is tactless and stupid; a quarrel starts on personal grounds: it grows and grows and from being personal becomes at once (thanks to a yellow Press) national; and the greatest and best experiment ever tried in politics comes to an untimely end, and ends in a judicial separation and a *divortium a mensâ et toro*: although the continuance of the marriage—as often of the individual marriage—was the best hope of peace and happiness for the world as for the private house.

(15) It is hideous and awful to reflect that all the world's prospects of hope and peace may vanish in one hour through two stupid men's vanity and tactlessness: and are not all men vain and tactless? If Downing Street is not *always* arrogant or tactless it has often been so at least in the past; and if it is less and less so now, still it is not the vanity of Ministers and Premiers only which threaten the peace of our Empire: the chief statesmen of Downing Street are very cautious to-day and try desperately to be tactful, no doubt; but there are deputy ministers and civil servants also who have lived with politicians and statesmen all their lives, and are heartily sick of them and contemptuous of them: they know the domestic article in Downing Street and humour it and make allowances for it; they do not know the exotic product, the alien statesmen from the Dominions: they are not familiar with their nuances of manner and accent and appearance and language. Almost without meaning it, they proceed with nonchalance to knock the chips off the shoulder of some Dominion representative, some simple, ignor-

ant, vain man, who flaunts chips upon his shoulder and almost seems to ask some one to knock them off—the bored and blasé official rather gladly knocks them off—and the fat is in the fire and the chips blaze up splendidly, and a whole Dominion—if the outraged official has "a good Press," that is, a bad Press at home—is alienated and outraged, and perhaps irretrievably.

(16) Ah, gentlemen, gentlemen, remember how it has been and may be again: it was only Lord Salisbury's cynical aristocratic good-humour and philosophic instinct for the best policy, that prevented him from quarrelling with President Cleveland and Mr. Olney over Venezuela, when they began to foam at the mouth for the benefit and to the delight of all the fire-eaters and tail-twisters in the United States. To-morrow there may be other fire-eaters and tail-twisters to be delighted, in a Dominion much more essential to the Empire's peace and happiness than the United States.

(17) "Good policy" is a poor motive in individual life: it is only a dope, a drug, a dodge, a dose, and a dole, to tempt men into a false honesty; it is only a pious fraud, which is really very impious, to disguise from men the necessity and the difficulty of real honesty, if the state is to last long and succeed. Real honesty, I mean, is necessary in the long run for every state, but it is difficult; because it is not always necessary to the individual, who has only a short run of seventy years; or in this age of medicine of eighty years or even ninety years: (it is not necessary for the individual always, or patent medicines would not have made so many fortunes; they often do little harm and are compounded of harmless sugar, but they never achieve the results claimed for them).

(18) But "good policy" is the only safe motive in international and imperial politics: we are told to take short views in politics: we cannot take short

views in imperial and international politics, and then hope that the Empire which we love will long survive the innate quarrelsomeness, vanity and tactlessness of human nature : these original sins are not confined to Irishmen. Honesty cannot be secured in private life by thoughts of the best policy, but by high principles. But only thoughts of the best policy will secure the survival of a commonwealth of nations, made up of average human nature and human quarrelsomeness.

(19) This University college and this University of Toronto ought to be—must be—if it is to serve Canada best, among the chief forces in Canada which will make for the discussion of Canada's relations to the seat of Empire and to the other Dominions in a spirit of hard common sense and intelligent prudence and far-sighted wisdom and, in a word, the best policy.

(20) This college and this University will require to breed the best type of journalists—for journalists are now in the place of the old diplomatists; they alone know the world, as even the old diplomatists never knew it (they only met the people in dress clothes and white ties, whereas the journalist makes it his business to meet every one). This college and University must breed the best type of journalists : men who will make it their business to snuff out the yellow Press, to smooth over difficulties of personal tempers and misunderstandings and personal idiosyncrasies between the members of the different states of the Empire; to effect compromises; to seek peace and ensue it and ensure it ; to work day and night to iron out the creases and wrinkles of individual irritation, to preserve the unity and peace of the whole many-sided, many-coloured fabric which is the hope of the world : and the only hope (a second world war will destroy civilization); and to do all this to achieve this beneficent end, what weapon have they to their hands and pens, except this prosaic and

comparatively humble weapon, which is called "the best policy"; but which they can so transfigure by unselfish service to it, that it will almost shine in the end with the radiance and the unearthly light, which never was (for long) on sea or land, and which belongs to things generally lying outside mere policy; true peace and real honesty, and the best service to God and man, which any man can render in his day and generation?

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